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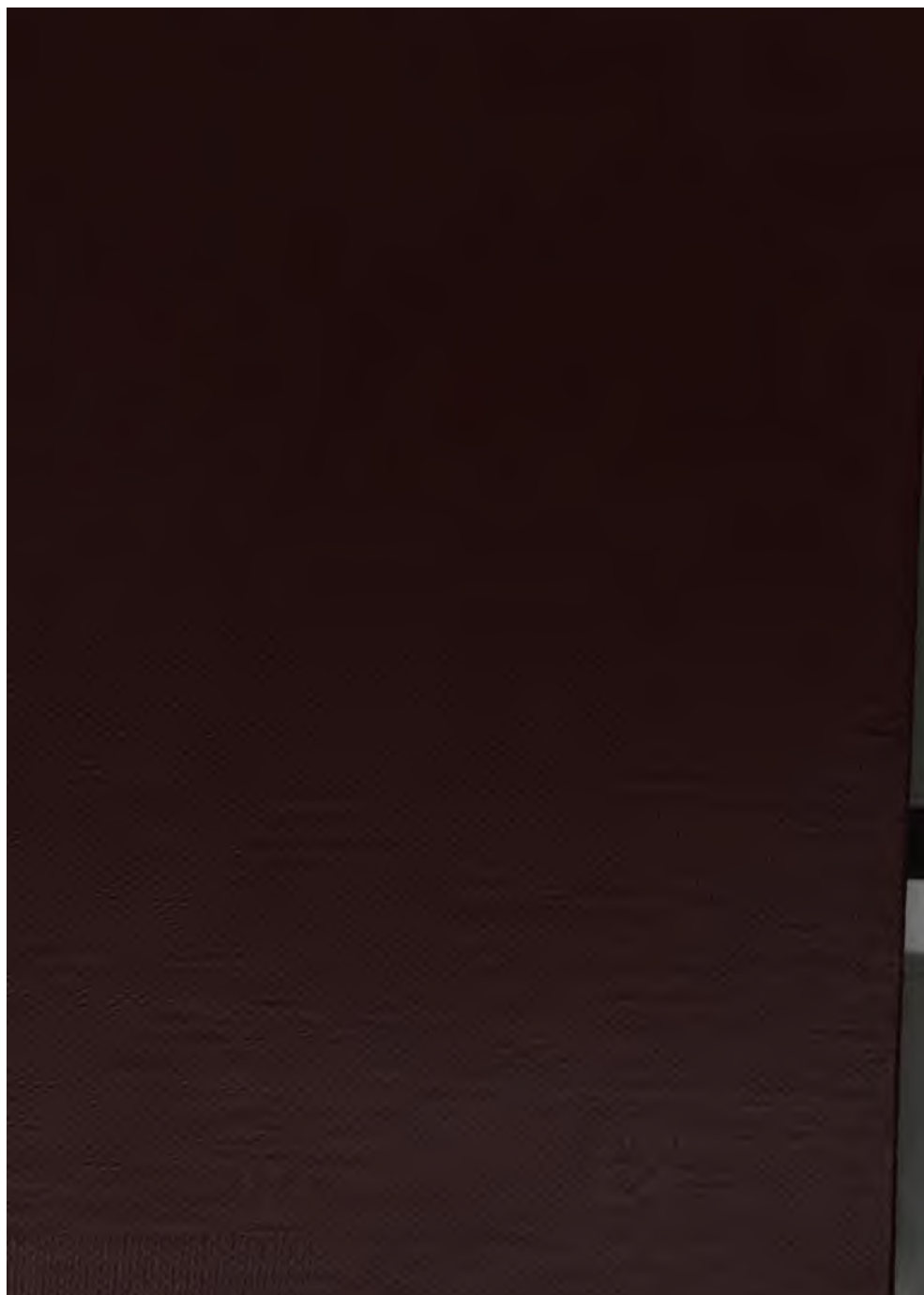
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\\DRAWING-ROOM PLAYS\\

AND

Parlour Pantomimes.

COLLECTED BY

CLEMENT SCOTT

FROM

E. L. BLANCHARD, W. S. GILBERT, J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON,
TOM HOOD, CHARLES SMITH CHELTNAM, B. BEECE,
J. C. BROUGH, SIDNEY DARYL, J. A. STERRY,
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LONDON:

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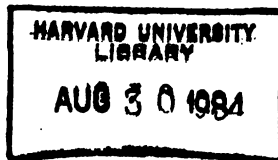
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LONDON:
ROBSON AND BONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.

PREFACE.



I SUPPOSE that we have all of us, at some time or another, assisted at private theatricals. However conscious we may have been that we are wretched actors, I doubt if any of us can honestly say that he or she has not been guilty of play-acting. Long evenings, and pleasant companions, have surely many a time suggested the impromptu charade, or the frequently-discussed and often ill-rehearsed comedy. For my own part, I will cordially own that I have constantly been guilty of suggesting and helping in a humble way this merry kind of fooling; and dear memories of country-house days recall familiar faces, and with them morning discussions, in the library, of a strictly private nature, and evening rehearsals, in the back drawing-room, with doors hermetically sealed against intruders.

In arranging a sudden charade, or preparing an elaborate play, one difficulty has invariably presented itself. I don't mean the dresses—for many girls of

my acquaintance are wonderful contrivers; or the scenery—for the ingenuity of the amateur stage-carpenter, or manager, is not to be sneered at;—I allude to the text of the entertainment. I have rarely known an impromptu charade go off without an obvious hitch, though undertaken by a clever and extremely ready company; and I appeal to all who have in any way identified themselves with amateur acting, if it is not an uncommonly difficult matter to make a selection of extant stage-plays for drawing-room performance. I can certainly speak from experience in this matter; for, having an affection for the stage of long standing, which happens to have been discovered by my friends, rarely does a Christmas or an Easter pass by which does not bring with it appeals from affectionate mothers, and pretty daughters, to select, and send home, some plays for “our private theatricals.” The obvious difficulties of scenery and costume render most stage-plays useless for the drawing-room or the library.

Such being the case, I was asked to undertake the compilation of a Book of entirely new Plays, all of which, besides being ornamental, were to be strictly useful from the amateur-actor point of view.

Here, then, is the result of my pleasant task, and *the cheerfully-given* work of old and valued friends

and popular authors, with whom I am proud indeed that my name should be associated. The names of many others—fanciful poets and writers of rare taste—will no doubt suggest themselves to all who know anything of the history of the modern stage; but the inevitable refusals I received were couched in such kindly and affectionate terms, that I cannot but trust, if happily the public favours us with its approval, to drive our second edition with a full team. It would be ungrateful of me not to acknowledge in unmeasured terms the deep obligation I am under to those who, at the very busiest time of the year, generously answered my appeal, and wrote the Plays which I here present.

I have endeavoured to make the selection as varied as possible. Here are toys for all tastes—the Comedietta, the Duologue, the Domestic Drama, the Opera Bouffe, the Burlesque, the Extravaganza, the Farce, and last, but not least, the Pantomime, always so welcome at Christmas-time. Whatever may be thought of our work, that our book may be really useful is, I am sure, as much the sincere wish of my kindly Assistants as it is of their friend

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

Christmas 1869.



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AN INDUCTION.

By E. L. BLANCHARD.

[This Induction may be found useful to take the place of an occasional Prologue at Private Theatricals, and can be easily modified to suit circumstances.]

INDUCTION: *The Factory of Fun in the World of Wagery. The scene may be fancifully painted as the Workshop of Burlesque. Bales of goods respectively labelled "Pasquinades for Punch," "Comicalities for Fun," &c. On wing L.H. label "Puns provided for Evening Parties on the shortest Notice;" R.H. board inscribed "Old Jokes neatly repaired on reasonable Terms."*

**JOKETTA, PARODINA, WITTICISMA, PUNARENA, and
WHIMWAG discovered.**

Curtain rises to symphony of the following

OPENING CHORUS: Air, "Mynheer Van Dunck."

Mind here we've fun,
Though our work's not done
Till the sun through the roof shines gaily;

Whilst we make the worst
Of the best puns first
That are making the world laugh daily!

Whim. Singing, O!— [Interrupted in song.]

Joke. Come, come! as overseer, be steady;
We've all been "singing, O!" too much already.
Our loom stands still, and so do we in one sense;
We want the raw material—

Whim. Stuff and nonsense!

Joke. That's immaterial; but we want the stuff;
As for the "nonsense," you've supplied enough.

Whim. What, not a pun?

Joke. Not one—all used before.

Whim. Make a new language, and invent some
more.

Joke. In every dictionary there's a baulker;
We've mangled Doctor Johnson.

Whim. Have you? Walker!

Joke. But see, our mistress, Fun, herself appears
Behind her hour—

Whim. But much advanced in years.

[*Music.*

Enter FUN.

Joke. Allow me to assist you.

Fun. Many thanks!

I'm quite exhausted. Where are my quips and
cranks,

My jokes, my repartees—all sadness scorning?

Whim. Tom Hood looked in and took the last
this morning.

Fun. What, all my little ones?—Did you say all?
Not one remaining?

Whim. None, though e'er so small,
That would the first row in the boxes reach.

Fun. He has no children.

Joke. Now, then, for a speech!

Fun. O, now for ever farewell the tranquil jest,
The jocund joke that gave each meal the zest,
The spirit-stirring wit, ear-piercing pun,
The pomp and circumstance of glorious fun;
And gay Burlesque, that stood a friend in need,—
The funny fellow's occupation's gone indeed!

Whim. Joe Miller's worn-out page but proves a
slow thing;

There's nothing left—no jokes, no puns, no *nothing*.

Fun. "Whatever *is*, is *right*," says Pope; and so
Whatever isn't *must* be *left*, you know!

Whim. Good logic, but this cheque it will not
pay

[*Presenting paper.*]

On you for a Burlesque—it's due to-day.

Fun. Say that the bank's stopped payment.

Joke. O, but yet
Think how they'll gaze on *Fun* in the *Gazette*!

Fun. 'Tis true, 'tis pity; well, then, for to-night,
I'll draw a *bill*, made payable at sight.
But on what story shall we build forsaken;
Our stories got from *histories* are taken.

Whim. You cannot lodge on any, I would bet,
Where you shall find "This story to be let."

Fun. As for the time—why, take King Arthur's
reign,

When errant knights for Beauty crossed the *plain* ;
Stock it with all the jokes that you can find
The scribes who've come before have left behind.
And for this bill, 'twill *run* here as it stands,
If you'll *accept* and *back* it with your hands.

SOLO : Air, " Long ago."

Fun.

Play a burlesque of the days gone by,
Long, long ago,
Of King Arthur so famous in his-to-ry,
Long, long ago, long ago.

When the knights sallied forth, and adventures they
found,
In quest of fair damsels by sorcery bound,
And they sat all night long at the great Table Round,
Long, long ago, long ago.

TWO GENTLEMEN AT MIVART'S.

A Dramatic Dialogue, in one short Act.

BY J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

SCENE: *An Ante-room in Mivart's Hotel. Doors
R. and L. Table R., on which an umbrella is
lying. Chairs.*

Enter the ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, R.D.

E. Gent. [*speaking back, and waving his hand
at the door with affectation*] Ta, ta, fair lady! Keep
up your spirits. I shall be back soon. [*Coming
forward*] Come, there can be no doubt of the mat-
ter. I have made an impression, and a devilish
good impression, I flatter myself. I have but to
pop the question, and she will accept me with her
eyes shut. A capital match!—good connections—
good fortune—just the thing for me! I don't know
what sort of a grimace my family will make, though,

to my marrying at my years. My years!—nonsense! Why, I am in my very best years—at the age of—well, never mind. After all, what can my family say to it? I'm a bachelor. Hum! When I say "bachelor," it ought, perhaps, to be "widower." But that is such an old story; and my only encumbrance has been off my hands so long, that it is just the same as if I had none at all. So that's all right. Well, I'll be off to Swan and Edgar's, and see whether I cannot find something to please the fancy of my pretty widow here. I am glad she took up her town quarters at Mivart's; for here one can run in and out without remark and without obstacle.

[As he speaks, gets to door L., and knocks against the YOUNG GENTLEMAN, who enters abruptly.]

E. Gent. Well, sir!

Y. Gent. Well, sir!

E. Gent. You might have seen where you were coming, sir.

Y. Gent. And you might have seen where you were going, sir.

E. Gent. The door was wide enough to avoid any pushing, sir.

Y. Gent. I perfectly coincide in your opinion, sir.

E. Gent. No matter, sir.

Y. Gent. No offence, sir.

E. Gent. [*aside*] What the deuce can that young fellow be doing here?

Y. Gent. [*aside*] I should like to know what that elderly individual is philandering about here for.

E. Gent. [*aside*] I don't like the looks of him at all.

[*Exit L.D., looking suspiciously at YOUNG GENTLEMAN.*

Y. Gent. Well, I have come up from Oxford on a spree; and, by Jove, the campaign seems to open with spirit. I dashed off to the Park to see something of the gay world, galloped down Rotten Row, spied a pair of bright eyes in Lady Blunder's carriage, evidently created a sensation—for I'll be sworn, by the glances from those same bright eyes, that she was flattered by my attentions—tracked my fair incognita to this hotel, where the old lady set her down, tipped the porter to let me know where her rooms were—and here I am! Once in the fortress, I'm not to be dislodged in a hurry. I must reconnoitre my ground, however. [*Looking R.*] That must be the room where the aforesaid bright eyes shine. I wonder whether she is alone. It isn't quite the thing, I know; but, come what may, I must have a peep; there's no resisting the temptation.

[*Goes on tiptoe to R.D., and peeps through the keyhole.*

Enter ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, L.D.

E. Gent. I've left my umbrella, and it's beginning to rain; and when a man's made up for the day, damp's the devil! [*Takes his umbrella from table, turns, and sees YOUNG GENTLEMAN.*] Hollo! what is that young fellow doing near my intended's door? [*Coughs loudly.*]

Y. Gent. [*startled and turning*] Hollo! what's the row? Here's old Philander again! Ah! hem! [*Lets fall his riding-whip, and pretends to pick it up.* *Aside*] I think that dodge deceived him. He can't say I was caught in the fact.

E. Gent. [*aside*] That looks monstrously suspicious. Can he be a rival?

Y. Gent. [*aside*] What can he want? Deuce take the intruder! This is very awkward.

E. Gent. [*aside*] I can't say I'm jealous; but I feel very queer.

Y. Gent. [*aside*] I'll brazen him out.

E. Gent. [*aside*] How he stares!

Y. Gent. [*aside*] What ferocious eyes he makes at me!

E. Gent. Ahem!

Y. Gent. [*mimicking*] Ahem!

E. Gent. Did you speak, sir?

Y. Gent. No; I thought you did, sir.

E. Gent. [*coughing with vexation and embarrassment*] Ahem!

Y. Gent. You seem to have a cold, sir.

E. Gent. Not at all, sir. Are you looking for anything, may I ask?

Y. Gent. I am looking for what I have found.

E. Gent. [*aside*] Found! What can he mean?
[*Aloud*] You are acquainted, perhaps, with—

Y. Gent. Exactly so. [*Mimicking*] I am acquainted with—

E. Gent. Ah, really! [*Aside*] Then he is a rival!
[*Aloud*] And you wish, perhaps— hem! hem!

Y. Gent. Precisely. [*Mimicking*] I wish—hem!
hem! [*aside*]— you at the devil. If he would only go one way or the other! The position is getting embarrassing.

E. Gent. [*aside, sitting at table R.*] He may retire, if I show myself determined to stay.

Y. Gent. [*sitting L.*] He shall see that I am resolved to sit him out; and then perhaps he'll mizzle.

[*They sit, turning their backs. After a pause, in which they show marks of impatience, they look round.*]

E. Gent. [*aside*] Confound the young fellow!

Y. Gent. [*aside*] Has the old stick taken root?

E. Gent. [*getting up. Aside*] My suspicions must be cleared up. Suppose I were to pretend to go—leave him free to pay his visit; then I might see—

Y. Gent. [*aside, without rising*] He seems disposed to quit the field; the best thing he can do.

E. Gent. [*gruffly, going to L.D.*] Good-day, sir.

Y. Gent. [*rising, and making a very ceremonious bow*] Sir, your most obedient, very humble servant.

[*ELDERLY GENTLEMAN grunts loudly, and exit L.D. YOUNG GENTLEMAN bursts out laughing.*]

Y. Gent. Victory! The day is mine! The enemy has fled! That heavy artillery of his [*mimicks Elderly Gentleman's grunt*] was a last shot. I had better profit by his retreat to make an immediate attack. [*Goes briskly towards R.D., then stops.*] 'Pon my soul, I like my own impudence! This is one of the biggest bits of effrontery I ever— Well, isn't impudence the current coin of the age? Brass buys more nowadays than any amount of sterling gold. Look at the orchestras in modern operas. There's brass for you! [*Mimics playing the trombone and trumpets with his voice.*] It overpowers all your old-fashioned fiddles, and does double the effect in half the number of bars. Brass be my metal, then. Courage! Faint heart never won fair lady. I'll knock. [*Knocks at R.D. and listens.*] What a sweet voice murmurs [*mimicking*] "Come in"! O, it shot right through my heart! Now, quick, forwards, march! [*Exit L.D.*]

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN peeps in L.D., then enters in a rage.

E. Gent. He is gone in! And she receives this *unknown* rival. Perfidious woman! Could I have

ever dreamed that she would have encouraged such a being when *I* tendered *my* suit? But these young jackanapes fellows think they are to carry everything before them, and run an experienced man of the world off the course. What infernal conceit! But conceit is the vice of youth. It is only at a certain age that a man is able to appreciate his own merit with any true discernment. [*Walking about angrily.*] Surely she can never prefer such a young puppy to me—such a bit of marabout feather as that [*blows through his fingers*] to the solid [*banging floor with his umbrella*]. The solid? No, no; it is impossible. Such a little nobody-knows-who—not even a real gentleman, I'll be sworn; for I caught him looking through the keyhole—I am sure of it; and if there is anything that is dirty, and mean, and low, and ungentlemanly, it is such an action as that. O, it's beneath me to be jealous! But I own I should like to know what they are about all this time. O, I can't stand it any longer!

[*Goes to R.D., and looks through the keyhole.*

At the same moment the door opens violently. The YOUNG GENTLEMAN enters precipitately, and knocks the ELDERLY GENTLEMAN down.

Y. Gent. Sent about my business, by Jove!
[*Mimicking woman's voice*] She wondered at my effrontery. Threatened to ring for the waiter. I never was in such a rage in my life.

E. Gent. [*who has been trying in vain to get up in a passion, and slips down again with a cry of pain*] O!

Y. Gent. [*turning*] What's this? old Philander floundering like a porpoise on the floor.

E. Gent. Sir, you have knocked me down!

Y. Gent. How could you be so awkward as to stand in my way, then? But I forgive you. You may get up.

E. Gent. [*sitting up*] He forgives me! I shall burst with rage! [*Struggles in vain to get up.*]

Y. Gent. What! you can't? Rheumatic, I suppose. Such inconveniences will afflict elderly gentlemen. [*Gives him a hand to help him up.*]

E. Gent. [*accepting the hand with rage*] Rheumatic! no, sir, I am not rheumatic! [*Getting up with a wry face.*] What do you mean by "rheumatic," sir? [*Rubs his back with pain.*] Do you mean to insult me, sir?

Y. Gent. [*aside*] Well, so be it! I came for a spree. A quarrel instead of a courtship! I must be revenged on some one for my disappointment and mortification. [*Aloud*] Insult you, sir? as you will, sir!

E. Gent. [*drawing himself up*] You must be aware, sir, that I am in a position to demand the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Y. Gent. As you will, sir.

E. Gent. The satisfaction of a gentleman, I say, *sir!*

Y. Gent. And I answer, "As you will, sir." Are you deaf as well as rheumatic? Deafness is another inconvenience which *will* afflict elderly gentlemen.

E. Gent. [*in a towering passion*] Deaf, sir? No, sir; nor blind, sir! I can see that you are my rival in the affections of the lady in that room, sir.

Y. Gent. So! you pretend to the affections of—
Ha! ha! ha!

E. Gent. [*aside*] The fellow's laughing at me into the bargain. [*Aloud*] And you fancy, perhaps, that you are the preferred one. But you are mistaken, sir.

Y. Gent. Elderly gentlemen are subject to mistakes as well as young ones, sir.

E. Gent. Elderly again! Sir, you shall fall, or I.

Y. Gent. As it may happen, sir.

E. Gent. I say, "You shall fall, or I!"

Y. Gent. And I answer, "As it may happen, sir!" The poor old fellow is as deaf as a post.

E. Gent. [*suffocating with rage*] Old fellow! Deaf! Very well, sir! very well! I shall go and settle the preliminaries. I have a friend in the house; he shall wait on you here immediately.

Y. Gent. Let him wait.

E. Gent. I tell you, sir, he shall wait on you here.

Y. Gent. [*bawling*] And I reply, "Let him wait!" That old man will ruin my lungs.

E. Gent. [*turning away with an angry grunt*]
Ough! [*Aside*] It's as well matters have turned out

thus. My duel will make a noise at the club; she will hear of it; and the impression will be clenched if I can wing the fellow. Ah, ha! I haven't forgot a trick or two of the trigger yet!

[*Makes the action of shooting towards the*
YOUNG GENTLEMAN, and exit L.D.,
furiously.

Y. Gent. He's off, and I'm in for it! Well, I wanted an adventure, and I have got one, though it is none of the gayest. No matter, there's plenty of excitement in it. Pistols for two—Chalk Farm—distance measured—stand taken—one—two—three—off we pop. Elderly individual makes a wry face—or I—I? To be sure it may be I. I may be packed off, six feet by three—"very snug lying"—hat-bands and mourning-coaches—[*gradually going over into emotion*]—and my second mother following me, flooded in tears—her heart broken—I didn't think of her. [*Sits down*] She would die of grief, she who believes me the steadiest of men, and loves me more than life. Come, come, no more of this! [*Springs up*] These vain imaginings are out of place. I am not going to write my own epitaph yet. [*Gaily again*] Ah! here comes old Philander again, and without his friend. He surely can't mean to show the white feather.

Enter ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, L.D., with a letter.

E. Gent. Ah! you are still here?

Y. Gent. Didn't I tell you I should wait? But you are so deaf. [*Beginning to bawl*] I told you—

E. Gent. [*stopping his ears*] There, that will do, sir! I am not deaf, I tell you. I have not yet seen my friend. But I go immediately; you shall not escape me, sir. But first I have a service to render you.

Y. Gent. A service to me?

E. Gent. Which my injured dignity calls for at my hands. On the stairs of the hotel I met my intended's maid; she started at the sight of me in evident confusion, and endeavoured to conceal a letter. There could be no doubt, from her manner, it was a communication intended for my rival. I tore it from her hands, and I bring it you myself, sir. This rival is evidently you; there can be no other.

Y. Gent. [*aside*] Can the fair one have relented, and sent after me to apologise? By Jove, it must be so!

E. Gent. [*reading address aside*] "Sir Charles Fancourt." Now I know my detestable rival's odious name. [*Aloud*] There, sir, is your letter. [*Gives it*] It shall decide which of the two is to resign his pretensions to the lady.

Y. Gent. [*taking letter, and opening it without looking at the address*] "Dear Sir Charles"—Sir Charles! why, this letter is not intended for me. Hollo! what's here? [*Reading*] "That silly coxcomb, Mr. Dashwood—" [*Aside*] How the deuce did she know my name?

E. Gent. "Silly coxcomb!" Perfidious woman!

Y. Gent. Thank you, sir. It is odious, to use such unladylike expressions.

E. Gent. Thank you, sir; so it is.

Y. Gent. You are very kind. It's unheard of.

E. Gent. You are very kind. It's abominable, to use such an epithet to me!

Y. Gent. No, sir! to me! It's addressed to me!

E. Gent. No, sir! It is I who am the silly coxcomb!

Y. Gent. No, sir! It is I who am the silly coxcomb!

E. Gent. Your pardon, it is I!

Y. Gent. No, I!

E. Gent. It is I who am the above-mentioned Dashwood, sir.

Y. Gent. But *my* name is Dashwood too, sir.

E. Gent. You don't say so?

Y. Gent. You are Algernon Dashwood senior?

E. Gent. And you, Algernon Dashwood junior? My boy, whom my sister Mary brought up when I became a widower!

Y. Gent. Yes, papa!

E. Gent. My son!

Y. Gent. In your arms, papa! [*They embrace*]
And the voice of Nature never spoke in your bosom?

E. Gent. I rather think we both bellowed too loud to let it be heard. Mary wrote me word you *were studying* at Oxford, a sober-sided bookworm.

[*Shaking his head*] But I fear, from all I have seen to-day, that you are a sad scapegrace, Algy.

Y. Gent. As aunt Mary always told me my father was before me.

E. Gent. Your aunt Mary is a fool. Give me the fatal letter. [*Aside*] I hadn't seen the jackanapes since he was in his cradle; and to think he should have grown up to this, like a head of asparagus in a hotbed! Why, he'll kick me off the perch, and I shall be a grandfather before I can pop the question to a pretty woman again. As for that confounded jilt, I renounce her for ever; for there *is* a preferred rival, after all.

Y. Gent. Shall it be "forgive and forget," papa?

E. Gent. We are both conceited puppies, I fear; and both have had a lesson. So, let's shake hands on it.

Y. Gent. I'm proud of being a chip of the old block, papa.

E. Gent. Ah, my boy! we'd better hold our tongues about it. Perhaps our friends might say we have neither of us any reason to be proud of the little comedy we played when we appeared as—

Both [*laughing*] Two Gentlemen at Mivart's.

A MEDICAL MAN.

I Comedietta.

By W. S. GILBERT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALPHONSO DE PICKLETON, a dramatic author.

JONES, a manager.

BELINDA, a young lady.

SCENE : A particularly untidy and shabbily furnished apartment, the residence of Alphonso de Pickleton. The pictures on the walls are hung awry, the curtains are drawn unevenly, the table-cloth is carelessly spread, the floor is covered with books, manuscripts, and articles of clothing. Indications of extreme untidiness on the part of the occupier are everywhere visible.

Enter ALPHONSO, cleaning a pair of old and muddy boots.

Alphonso. Now then, to polish up these boots. And yet [*looking at them*] it seems no end of a pity to waste all this good ground. There's a rich loamy soil! Why, in their present condition, I'm a sort of landed proprietor on a small scale. I'm not sure

that I'm not entitled to a vote for the county. But Alphonso de Pickleton was always a spendthrift, and thus he proceeds to squander the only landed estate he is ever likely to possess. [*Brushes vigorously*] There; it's some satisfaction to reflect that, although the land is no longer in my possession, the "rents" [*thrusting his finger through a hole in the boot*] still remain to me; and if I can derive any consolation from the fact that they're likely to increase day by day, why, I'm quite at liberty to do so. Whew! there's an aristocratic shortness of breath about me that makes it tolerably certain, to my mind, that Nature never intended that I should work. Why, I can't write a letter without going into a profuse perspiration; and the absolutely necessary operation of dressing in the morning so completely prostrates me, that I only recover from the effect in time to undress and go to bed at night. No; it's pretty clear that I was originally destined to be an Eastern rajah on a striped sofa, with a couple of hundred fascinating young houris to fan me and draw my beer. That's clearly the line on which I was intended to run. But somehow or other, owing to some absurd mismanagement of the signals, I've got shunted off my own line on to that of somebody else, who, though in all probability a hard-fisted, long-winded, pudding-headed dock-labourer of a fellow by nature, is at present rolling in rose-leaves, and bathing his big muscular body *in strawberries-and-cream*; while I, the rightful heir,

am cleaning a confounded pair of broken old boots—a miserable dramatic author without a shilling in his pocket, and with scarcely a coat to his back. And yet I don't know that, after all, I'm not better off than my friend the rajah. I can go out whenever I like—at least, I can after dark and all day on Sundays—without a running accompaniment of tom-toms; and as to the two hundred houris, why, I'm so exceedingly bashful in ladies' society, that I'd sooner have to do with two hundred devils. Not, mind you, that I don't admire them! Admire them? Why, I adore them all; my only difficulty is, that I never can make up my mind to tell 'em so. It's a very curious fact, that, bashful as I am in ladies' society, when I'm among men I've the impudence of the old gentleman himself. Yet, bashful as I am, I'm remarkably anxious to get married. I feel that it's high time that I settled down into a respectable married man as quickly as possible. Impressed with this fact, I actually inserted a matrimonial advertisement in the extensively circulated columns of the *Halfpenny Teaser*. To this advertisement I received no fewer than two thousand three hundred and twenty-seven replies from ladies of all ages and all conditions, differing considerably in most material respects, but unanimous in one matter—an intense and all-absorbing desire to be united in the bonds of matrimony to the gentleman who is at present employed in cleaning this boot.

One young thing was fifty, but rich—that was too old; another was twelve and a half, with three-and-sixpence and a doll's-house—well, that was too young. In short, of all the two thousand three hundred and twenty-seven replies, one only appeared to offer anything like a temptation. It purported to come from a beautiful being, Belinda, who said she was nearly twenty-one, small, but charming, and with three hundred a-year in house-property when she came of age. She was delightfully candid with me, and at once admitted that her only reason for answering my advertisement was that by marrying me, she would be able to escape from the clutches of an objectionable old father, who had determined to marry her to a repulsive old bill-discounter whom she absolutely abhorred. Her plan was to engage herself to marry me on the day she came of age, which event would take place in three weeks, and in the mean time hoodwink the objectionable old father by pretending to accept the addresses of his friend, the repulsive old bill-discounter. To the lovely and importunate Belinda I sent an ardent reply, making an appointment to meet her on the ensuing evening. But unfortunately, at the appointed time my confounded timidity stepped in, and I couldn't make up my mind to keep it. A reproachful letter from her raised my courage; and in order to bind myself down to keep the next appointment, I wrote her a formal *promise of marriage*, asking her to meet me on the

ensuing evening. This appointment I also failed to keep; but I sent her my photograph, requesting the favour of hers in return. Well, in due course it came; but conceive my horror, rage, and disgust, when I discovered that, instead of a blooming young lady of one-and-twenty, I had given a formal promise of marriage to a battered old hag of seventy, without a tooth in her misshapen old mouth, or a hair on her antiquated old head! So, as my first and only matrimonial venture has turned out a decided and unmistakable failure, I've given up all hopes of ever getting married—provided, that is to say, that the affectionate old lady don't insist on her bargain—and spend an uncomfortable bachelor existence in this particularly uncomfortable old room;—at least, it looks untidy, but in point of fact it isn't. There isn't an article in it which hasn't its duly appointed place. For instance, I want the shining-brush. Very good. Now anybody, to judge from the present condition of this room, would be justified in regarding the task of finding a shining-brush as a new edition of the old feat of the needle and the bottle of hay. But, in point of fact, it is not so. I know, without looking, that that shining-brush is exactly three feet four inches sow-sow-west by sow southerly, distant from the off hind-leg of the mahogany chiffonier. Here [*picking up leg of chiffonier*] is the "off" hind-leg, and [*pointing to brush*] there is the *shining-brush* in question. [*Polishes boot*]

There! Now to put these rattletraps away. "A place for everything, and everything in its place;" that's my motto. Now let me see; the blacking-pot, if I recollect rightly, spends a cheerful and elevated existence on the mantelpiece nor-nor-east of the clock, and six inches three-eighths from the portrait of Anna Maria. There you are. [*Placing it. A noise as of a person falling downstairs is heard.*] Hullo! What's that? It can't be the whole of the second floor coming down to pay the parlours a visit, although it certainly sounded uncommonly like it. [*Goes out, and returns immediately, bearing BELINDA, apparently insensible, in his arms.*] A lovely and accomplished female, who's just taken a tremendous and uncompromising header down two pair of stairs! I found her lying quite insensible at the foot of them. Poor little thing! I hope no bones are broken. But what in the world am I to do with her? Here's a pretty situation for a bashful man! I don't object to her now; but what'll become of me when she returns to her senses? I can't ring for my landlady; for, in the first place, I owe her five weeks' rent; and in the second place, she'd never believe I found her outside insensible. I have it! She tumbled down stairs, so she must be the property of the second floor. I'll go and see him about it directly.

[*Exit ALPHONSO. BELINDA then rises coolly, and smooths her dress.*

Belinda. So, here I am at last in Alphonso's

apartment! The trouble I've had to get at him no mortal would believe. After answering his matrimonial advertisement, as the only means of escaping from the tyranny of my unreasonable old papa, and making two appointments, both of which he failed to keep, I received a letter from him asking for my photograph and enclosing his. Not being altogether ashamed of my personal beauty, I had no hesitation in forwarding the portrait in question; but judge of my horror when, after I had posted the letter, I discovered that, instead of enclosing my own photograph, I had sent that of my respectable old grandmother, who's eighty if she's a day! Of course, after once seeing that, he won't want to have anything more to say to me; and he would never believe, if I sent him a genuine photograph, that it wasn't an imposition. So I have adopted the ingenious plan of pretending to tumble downstairs, and so be picked up insensible at his door, in order that I may prove to him that I am not quite as bad as the photograph makes me out. But what a room! what a pig-sty! Gracious goodness, what a miserable man he must be, and what a happy man I'll make him! But here he comes. Good heavens! where in the world was I lying when he left the room? I'm sure I quite forget.

[The door opens, and ALPHONSO enters. MISS B. throws herself on to a sofa opposite to the chair on which she was lying in the first instance, and resumes an appearance of insensibility.]

Alph. No, nobody upstairs knows anything about her. It's a most extraordinary and perplexing thing. I've taken the precaution of borrowing a bottle of strong salts from the second floor [*smelling bottle*], and if that don't bring her to, the deuce is in it. [*Looks at chair*] Hullo! where in the world is she? [*Sees her on the sofa*] Well now, really this is a most remarkable circumstance! Do you know, I could have sworn that I left her on that chair. It really seems incredible, but she must have had a fit in my absence, and have wriggled herself off the chair on to the sofa! This is curious; this is decidedly curious. Now then, to administer the restorative. [*Takes a chair*] How nice she looks! I wonder who she is? I never enjoyed the society of a fainting woman before. It's much more agreeable than the waking article—not so obtrusively noisy. Somehow or other I don't feel any of that awkward nervous restraint that always seems to monopolise my faculties when I'm in the society of a lady who has all her senses about her. [*Getting nearer*] What a nice little girl! [*Strokes her hand*] Soft as velvet! Sly dog, Alphonso de Pickleton. [*Pokes himself in the ribs*] Leave her alone, you dog, leave her alone! [*Strokes her cheek*] O, this is simply maddening! [*Gets closer*] Well, Alphonso, for a bashful man you're getting on. I wonder if I might—eh? No one's looking, she'll never know. I never did yet. I *think—yes*, I'm sure I will. [*Getting closer to her*,

and putting her arm round his neck] This is extremely sociable ; I like it much. Pretty little girl ! What lips ! Shall I ? I wonder if I might ! O, I'm sure I might. [*Kisses her. She opens her eyes and screams.*]

Bel. Gracious, where am I ?

Alph. [*aside*] This is embarrassing. Madam, you—a—

Bel. I insist, sir, on knowing where I am.

Alph. [*aside*] Just as we were getting on so comfortably together ! That's always the way. As long as a woman is asleep, she's all right ; but the moment she wakes, she begins to make herself disagreeable. [*Aloud*] My dear madam, pray compose yourself ; you've no occasion to alarm yourself. Allow me to explain. [*Aside*] Confound this bashfulness ! I can't get a word out ! [*Aloud*] The fact is, I found you in a fainting-fit at the foot of the stairs, having apparently fallen headlong down them.

Bel. Headlong ? [*about to scream.*]

Alph. Apparently headlong, but with the extreme possible propriety nevertheless. [*BELINDA relieved.*] You fell most gracefully ! I picked you up and carried you in here, and I've spent the last five minutes in doing all in my power to restore consciousness.

Bel. But a hideous recollection forces itself upon me. I have an indistinct notion, that when I recovered, I found you with your arm round my

waist and your face pressed against mine. Was that so?

Alph. [*aside*] What in the world am I to say? Why couldn't she have continued as she was? Just as we were getting on so comfortably together, too! [*Aloud*] Madam, to a certain extent it was so. I was adopting the recognised means of restoration in the case of a fainting-fit. I was engaged in biting your ear, when you revived.

Bel. Upon your honour, sir, was that all?

Alph. [*aside*] What the dickens am I to do? Alphonso would scorn a lie, but— [*Aloud*] Upon the honour of Alphonso de Pickleton, that was all!

Bel. Then I am satisfied, quite satisfied [*aside*] that the honour of Alphonso de Pickleton is not a particularly valuable security.

Alph. [*aside*] Well out of that scrape, anyhow.

Bel. Now, sir, there is nothing left for me but to thank you for your hospitality, and to wish you a very good-morning.

Alph. [*aside*] O, hang it! I can't let her go yet, How shall I stop her? O, I have it! I'll say I'm a medical man. [*Aloud*] Good heavens, madam! you surely would never dream of leaving this house in your present precarious condition?

Bel. [*aside*] I haven't the smallest intention of doing so. [*Aloud*] My precarious condition, sir? What in the world do you mean?

Alph. Madam, as a medical man of extensive

experience, I must positively forbid your leaving the house for many hours, it may be days, to come!
[Aside] I wonder if I look like a family doctor!

Bel. O, ho! So you're a medical man, are you?

Alph. A—precisely—O yes, a very medical man indeed! *[Aside]* Wish I'd a pair of gold spectacles!

Bel. O, if you're a medical man, why of course that is sufficient; but you are sure you're not deceiving me?

Alph. Madam, I am incapable of such a thing. It is useless for me to attempt to conceal the fact, but you have had an exceedingly ugly fall, and it's impossible to say what the consequences may be.

Bel. *[aside]* O, the impostor!

Alph. Exposure for one moment to the open air might, and probably would, induce rheumatic ossification of the pericardiac sal ammonia! Think how dreadful that would be!

Bel. Well, it doesn't sound nice, I must say!

Alph. Besides, I am very far from certain that your bones are broken!

Bel. Indeed!

Alph. I shall consider it my duty to ascertain that no bones are broken. *[Aside]* Well, for a bashful man, you're getting on, Alphonso.

Bel. *[aside]* Indeed, you'll do nothing of the kind. *[Aloud]* I assure you, sir, that there's nothing broken. There is not the slightest occasion for any investigation.

Alph. If you'd like a leg whipped off, I'll do it in a jiffy. Do have a leg off!

Bel. Thank you, sir, you are very obliging, but I won't trouble you.

Alph. Isn't there anything I can do for you to prove the strength of my affection?

Bel. O, I've already received a sufficiently convincing proof of that. *[Clock strikes.*

Alph. *[aside]* Half-past two! Why, that was the hour at which Jones, the manager of the little Snugborough Theatre, was to call about my sensation drama, the "Patriarch and the Precipice, or the Blue Pill of Despair." Hang it all, if he keeps his appointment, he'll spoil all!

Bel. So this is the room in which you usually see your patients?

Alph. This is the identical apartment. Not half an hour ago I whipped off three legs and an arm in the very chair you're sitting in.

Bel. But what an untidy place, to be sure! Look at the pictures; they're all awry. No, I insist upon your putting them straight!

Alph. No, no; you mustn't move. I hear your leg creaking; I'm sure it's broken.

Bel. Broken? Nonsense! it's all right. Look here *[dances]* There! *[places pictures square]* and there! *[again]* and there! *[again.]* Why, who's that?

stg *[Clock.*

Alph. Jones, by all that's miserable! What shall I do?

Bel. Jones? Who's Jones?

Alph. Jones? Why, Jones is a patient, my dear; he's a patient! [*Aside*] That's not true; he's confounded impatient—but no matter.

Enter JONES.

Jones. Morning, De Pickleton! How de do? O, busy? I'm afraid I'm intruding.

Alph. Intruding? Not a bit! [*Aside*] What in the world shall I do? I daren't send him away; he'll take offence if I do, and I can't afford to offend him. [*Aloud*] O, no; this is—ahem!—my aunt.

Jones. O, indeed! delighted, I'm sure! [*Aside*] Sly dog!

Bel. [*aside to Alph.*] If this gentleman is a patient, I think I'd better go. [*Going.*]

Jones. Pray don't go, ma'am; it's quite unnecessary, I assure you. We've nothing to say to each other that you mayn't hear.

Alph. Confound him!

Jones. I've called about this "Blue Pill" of yours. Do you know, I'm afraid I can't take it.

Alph. Can't take it? Nonsense! why not?

Jones. Why, in the first place, there's a great deal too much of it.

Alph. Too much of it? Why, what do you mean?

Jones. Why, I mean that I don't think it will go down. I'm quite sure it wouldn't be long in the bill.

Bel. [*aside*] Long in the bill?

Alph. Never you mind whether it will be long enough in the bill; the question is, whether you're broad enough in the throat.

Jones. Broad enough in the throat? I don't understand you, sir.

Alph. Yes, for it to go down. It's a joke.

Jones. O, it's a joke, is it, sir? Well, you're quite right to mention it.

Alph. My dear sir, don't be foolish, but take it at once.

Bel. Yes, do take it, sir; it will do you a great deal of good. He must know better than you.

Jones. The devil he must!

Alph. My dear sir, if you don't take it, I won't answer for the consequences.

Jones. Consequences? What consequences?

Alph. [*aside*] Why to me, of course.

Jones. O, I've nothing to do with them. Then, again, Miss De Montmorency isn't at all pleased with what you've given her, and she is determined to throw it up.

Bel. O, the nasty creature!

Jones. And Belville don't like what you've done for him. He's uncommonly sore; but it's my opinion it will have to be cut very much in order to

bring it closer together. He'll feel it very much, but it can't be helped.

Bel. O, poor Belville! how he will suffer!

Jones. Then Cholmondelay wants a combat. He says he must have a combat.

Bel. What in the world does he want a combat for?

Alph. [*aside*] O, Cholmondelay's mad; he's a raging maniac. [*To Jones*] Very well, he shall have a combat if he likes. Anything for peace and quietness.

Bel. Eh?

Alph. [*aside*] It's necessary to humour these madmen in their harmless little fancies sometimes.

Jones. Then there's another point. I see that you are going to kill Brown as soon as he discovers that I've run away with his wife.

Bel. O, the monster! [*To Alphonso*] Well, I should never have believed it of you—never! O, you medical men!

Jones. Well, Brown objects to being killed so soon. He says he must live and avenge his wife's faithlessness. What do you say to that?

Bel. I say that Brown's objections are perfectly natural; Brown is quite right.

Alph. O, you think Brown is right?

Bel. [*emphatically*] Quite right.

Alph. O, then, that settles it. Brown is respited.

Jones. Very well then, that settled. I've brought

you back the manuscript [*giving manuscript*]. Now I'm off. Good-bye. [*Exit Jones.*]

Bel. That's a very extraordinary patient.

Alph. Quaint, quaint, perhaps; nothing more.

Bel. Well, I really must go; so good-bye, and thank you for your kindness.

Alph. Good-bye? Nonsense! You don't leave this room to-day. The consequences, ma'am, would be disastrous. Stop here, ma'am, and make yourself at home.

Bel. But what am I to do all day?

Alph. Well, I'm going to breakfast; you may help me if you like.

Bel. O, very good. But where in the world do you keep your things? The place is in such a state, that it is impossible to find anything.

Alph. To find the tea-pot, align the right-hand corner of the chiffonier with the centre of the loo-table; carry your eye up, bearing thirty-five degrees to the right, and thirty-eight inches from the chiffonier you have it [*she obeys his instructions, and finds tea-pot*]; table-cloth under third chair from the right [*she finds it*]; butter behind coal-scuttle, six inches nor'-nor'-east [*she finds it*]; bread in book-case, behind first six volumes of Cumberland's *Acting Dramas* [*takes out books, and finds bread*]; tea-cup—

Bel. [*interrupting*] Only one tea-cup?

Alph. Only one tea-cup at present.

Bel. But what am I to do ?

Alph. You shall have the saucer. Tea-cup on arm-chair [*she finds it*]; tea on mantelpiece in tobacco-jar [*she finds it*]; and there you are.

Bel. [*proceeds to make tea*] Well, of all the untidy— Why, what in the world's this? [*looking in tea-pot.*]

Alph. Eh—what ?

[*Bel. fishes out a number of pawn-tickets.*]

Alph. [*much confused*] Those?—O, those are— [*Aside*] Confound it! what are those? [*Aloud*] Those, my dear, are bills—unpaid bills.

Bel. What curious bills—on little bits of cardboard !

Alph. Yes ; it's a way they have down here.

Bel. But they are so small !

Alph. Yes ; I couldn't pay them if they were large.

Bel. But I mean, they're so small in size. But the things seem cheap.

Alph. Yes, it's a cheap neighbourhood.

Bel. [*reading*] “ Coat, 1s. 6d.”

Alph. Yes, that was a decided bargain [*aside*] for the pawnbroker.

Bel. [*reads*] “ Pair of boots, 9d.” That's very cheap.

Alph. Ye-es—pretty well ; single soles, though.

Bel. [*reads from different tickets*] “ Shirt, 4d. ;”
“ Pair of socks, 1d.”—that's a halfpenny each.

Alph. What a head for figures! So it is.

Bel. Well, this is a rare neighbourhood for bargains.

Alph. Yes [*getting closer*]; it's possible to live very cheaply here, and what is enough for one is enough for two.

Bel. [*thoughtfully*] "Boots, 9d."

Alph. Yes, single soles, though.

Bel. O, then double soles are dearer?

Alph. Much.

Bel. Then if double soles are so much dearer, don't you think that, as we are single souls just now, we had better remain as we are?

Alph. But soles always go in pairs.

Bel. Always?

Alph. Always.

Bel. Has your soul always gone in double harness?

Alph. I think I may say always.

Bel. And, may I ask who—

Alph. [*interrupting*] You!

Bel. No, but before me?

Alph. O, before you? Well, let me see; there's Medusa. In a kind of way I'm promised to Medusa now.

Bel. And who is Medusa?

Alph. A monstrosity, who answered a matrimonial advertisement of mine inserted in the *Half-penny Teaser*. I blindly engaged to marry her

without ever having seen her, and I am hourly expecting her to arrive, and compel me to keep my promise. See, here is her photograph [*produces photograph*].

Bel. [*aside*] Poor grandmamma! [*Aloud*] My dear sir, I congratulate you! Heavens! what a lovely face!

Alph. Go along with you! She's seventy.

Bel. Yes; but what a noble old lady! O, if I were a man, I think I could be happy with such a one. No disguise here; no "make-up," no false teeth, no rouge, no false front—all that there is is true to Nature's self!

Alph. Yes, she's as bald as an egg. Now, do come to breakfast.

Bel. Breakfast? O, I can't breakfast in an untidy room. See here—what are all these things? [*puts various articles of clothing, books, &c. away*]. These pictures are all awry [*sets them straight*]. Books, papers of all kinds, all muddled up together—O, you untidy fellow! [*She bustles about the room, and puts everything in its place, until the room begins to look comfortable.*] There, now come to breakfast. [*They sit down. She pours out tea.*]

Alph. This is uncommonly snug.

Bel. I'm so glad you like it.

Alph. What a difference your bright cheery presence makes in these dull old chambers!

Bel. Thank you, that's a very pretty compliment.

Alph. Not at all. I mean it.

Bel. And when do you think I shall be well enough to go out?

Alph. Well enough? Not for months; it may perhaps be years before you are fit to be moved.

Bel. O, but what will Medusa say?

Alph. Medusa? O, I forgot Medusa.

Bel. The written promise, you know!

Alph. Yes; I quite forgot the written promise.

Bel. Perhaps she'll give it up.

Alph. O, not she. Why, she's dying for me.

Bel. Is she?

Alph. O, she'll never give it up; depend upon it, the old girl knows when she's well off.

Bel. Does she? [*hands him a paper*].

Alph. Eh? Why, this is the identical document!

Bel. And I am the very identical lady.

Alph. You? Go along with you; why, Belinda's eighty!

Bel. No, but Belinda's grandmother is. Let me explain. Belinda in answering your note made a very stupid error, and enclosed her grandmother's portrait instead of her own. So, in order to remove the unpleasant impression she must have created, she thought her best plan was to come in person, and show you that she was not really as hideous as you believed her to be; so I pretended to fall down-stairs outside your door; and you know how well my *plan succeeded*.

Alph. Then you—that is, I—

Bel. Well!

Alph. Then you were not really insensible when I—when I—

Bel. When you were endeavouring to restore consciousness. O dear no!

Alph. This is awkward. [*Knock*] Come in.

Enter JONES.

Jones. Well, it's all right. I'm quite willing to take your "Blue Pill," and not only that, but also to give you a commission to prepare something of the same kind to follow it; and here is a cheque for fifty pounds on account.

Alph. Fifty pounds! Congratulate me, and—

Bel. That's rather a heavy fee, isn't it,—fifty pounds for a blue pill?

Alph. Ha, ha! she thinks it's medicine, when it's a piece!

Jones. Ha, ha, ha!

Alph. Ha, ha, ha!

Bel. A piece!

Alph. Yes; I'm a dramatic author.

Bel. But you said you were a medical man!

Alph. Did I? That's so like me!

Jones. Sly dog!

Bel. O, it's too bad of you to deceive me on such a point.

Alph. But *have* I deceived you? Am I not a

medical man? See here. Jones's theatre don't fill; he is hipped and melancholy; he comes to me, and I write him a piece that brings him thousands; he revives, and Jones is himself again. You [*to Belinda*] are moping and miserable, living a desolate solitary life, and seeing nobody worth naming, and you come to me; I provide you with some one to love, some one to cherish, some one to obey, and Belinda is herself again. I am unhappy in my solitude, I provide myself with a wife by prescription answers, and I am myself again. Am I not, under these circumstances, justified in describing myself as a singularly successful Medical Man?

[*Curtain.*]

HARLEQUIN LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD;

OR THE WICKED WOLF AND THE WIRTUOUS WOODCUTTER.

♫ Juvenile Pantomime.

BY TOM HOOD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JACK, the woodcutter, who rescues Red Riding-hood from the Wolf, quite by axey-dent; afterwards HARLEQUIN.

THE WOLF, a wicked wretch, who pays his *devoirs* to Little Red Riding-hood, but is defeated by his rival; afterwards CLOWN.

DAME MARGERY, mother of Little Red Riding-hood, a crusty *rôle*, and very ill-bread; afterwards PANTALOON.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD, a fascinating little pet, so lovely that you are not likely to see two such faces under a hood; afterwards COLUMBINE.

THE FAIRY FELICIA, a beneficent genius, versed in spells, and quite *au fay* in magic.

GRANNY, an invisible old girl, by kind permission of the Prompter.

Butchers, bakers, sweeps, tag-rag and bob-tail generally,
for the comic business.

Period, uncertain. The Scene is laid near Ware?

SCENE I. *The exterior of Little Red Riding-hood's Cottage.*

Enter Red Riding-hood's MOTHER. She runs about the stage, looking for her child.

Mother. Red Riding-hood! Red Riding-hood, I say!

Where can the little monkey hide away?
Red Riding-hood! O, deary, deary me!
Provoking child, where ever can she be?

[Looks off on both sides.

She is a shocking disobedient child,
Enough to drive a loving mother wild;
But stay! where are the butter and the cake
That to her Grandmother she has to take?

[Fetches basket from cottage, and shows cake and butter.

Here is the cake, and here's the butter, see!
The nicest cake and butter that could be.
These in this basket I will neatly lay,
A present to poor Granny to convey.
They are not tithes, though given to the wicker;

[Puts them in basket.

Bless me, I wish the child were only quicker!
Red Riding-hood, Red Riding-hood! Dear, dear!

Enter Little RED RIDING-HOOD.

R. R. H. Here I am, ma.

Mother. You wicked puss, come here !
 Take this to Granny! Poor old soul, she's ill ;
 Give her my love, and these tid-bits.

R. R. II. I will.
 Won't it be nice? Through wood and field I'll
 walk,
 And have with Jack, perhaps, a little talk.
 Dear Jack! At thought of him why quickly beat,
 heart?

Dear Jack! he's no Jack-pudding, but a sweet-tart !
 Won't I catch butterflies and gather flowers !

Mother. Mind you don't dawdle and be gone for
 hours,
 But go straight there, and back again with speed, .
 And do not loiter in lane, wood, or mead ;
 Or else a great big wolf shall come to eat you.
 At any rate, your loving mother 'll beat you !
 [*Threatens R. R. H. with stick.*]

Enter JACK at back.

Jack. Where is Red Riding-hood, my heart's
 delight ?
 La, there's her mother ! What a horrid fright !

Mother. What are you doing here, you rascal
 Jack ?
 Be off, or I will hit you in a crack.

[*Strikes at him, but misses.*]

Jack. Before your hits, ma'am, I prefer a miss ;
 [*Bows to R. R. H.*]

So blow for blow, I mean to blow a kiss.

[*Kisses hand to R. R. H.*]

Mother. Kisses be blo—

Jack. Hush! don't be coarse and low:

If you don't like my company, I'll go;
Your words are violent, your temper quick,
So this young woodcutter will cut his stick.

[*He and R. R. H. exchange signs, blow kisses, &c. Exit Jack.*]

Mother [*to R. R. H.*] That spark is not your
match, and you're to blame

To take de-light in such a paltry flame.
Now go; and lose no time upon the road,
But hasten straight to Grandmother's abode.

R. R. H. I will not loiter, mother, by the way,
Nor go in search of butterflies astray.
Instead of picking flowers, my steps I'll pick,
And take the things to Granny, who is sick.
Good-bye, dear mother.

Mother [*kisses her*] There, my dear, good-bye.

R. R. H. See how obedient to your word I fly!

Mother. A one-horse fly! What nonsense you
do talk!

You have no wings, and so of course must walk.
You go afoot. How now, miss? Wherefore smile?

R. R. H. Why go afoot? I've got to go a mile;
That was the reason, mother, why I smiled.

Mother. That joke's so far-fetched, that it's very
miled. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *A Forest Glade.**Enter RED RIDING-HOOD.*

R. R. H. How nice the wood is, with its cool green shade!

I must sit down and rest here, I'm afraid;
 Though mother would declare I'm only lazy,
 I'm very tired and weary. [*Yawns, then sees flower and starts*] Lawk! a daisy! [*Picks flowers.*
 It can't be wrong some pretty flowers to pull;
 With them I'll fill my little apron full,
 And take to please my poor old Granny's eye.

[*Butterfly flies across stage.*

O, isn't that a lovely butterfly! [*Runs after it.*
 Stop, little butterfly, a moment, do.

[*Tries to catch it, and runs into the arms of Jack, who enters.*

I've caught it.

Jack. Beg your pardon, I've caught you.

[*Kisses her.*

R. R. H. Don't you be rude, sir! Fie, why treat me thus?

Jack. You thought to take a fly, I took a bus.

I love you, pretty maid! Suppose we say
 That we'll be married? Just you fix the day.

[*Embraces her.*

R. R. H. You're very pressing, sir! Well, let me see;
 Next Wednesday a wedding's day shall be.

Jack. An earlier date far better, dear, will do ;
Say, why not Toosday as the day for two ?
Another kiss !

R. R. H. A kiss ? O, dear me, no !
Farewell. To poor old Granny's I must go,
For mother has commanded me to take
The poor old soul some butter and a cake.

Jack. I'm off to work, then.

R. R. H. Whither go you, pray ?

Jack. I'm not quite sure, but mean to axe my
way. [*Exit.*

R. R. H. Now I must hurry off to Granny.

FAIRY *appears.*

Law !

How lovely ! such a sight I never saw.

Fairy. I am a fairy, and your friend, my dear ;
You'll need my aid, for there is danger near.
Your disobedience to your mother's will
Has given bad fairies power to work you ill.

R. R. H. Thanks, beauteous fairy. But no harm
I meant,
And of my disobedience much repent.

Fairy. I know it, and will therefore prove your
friend :

You shall o'ercome your troubles in the end.
Remember when your case my help demands,
You've naught to do save simply clap your hands.

[*Exit Fairy.*

R. R. H. How very sorry I am now that I

Was disobedient, let the time slip by ;
 Neglected Granny and my mother's words,
 To gather flowers and list to singing birds ;
 To hunt the butterflies 'twas wrong, I fear—
 But, goodness gracious me, what have we here ?

Enter WOLF.

Wolf. O, what a very pretty little girl !
 Such rosy cheeks, such hair, so nice in curl !
 [*Aside*] As tender as a chicken, too, I'll lay ;
 One doesn't get such tid-bits every day.
 [*To R. R. H.*] What brings you wandering in the
 wood like this,

And whither are you going, pretty miss ?

R. R. H. I'm bound to Granny's cottage, but I fear
 I've strayed from the right path in coming here.
 I'm taking her a currant-cake and butter ;
 So nice, their excellence no tongue can utter.

Wolf. [*aside*] However excellent, I'll bet I lick
 it ;

As to the cake, I'll gobble pretty quick it.

[*To R. R. H.*] And where does Granny live ?

R. R. H. Not far from this :

It's near the river.

Wolf. [*pointing off*] Then, my little miss,
 Along that path you have but to repair,
 And very shortly you will find you're there.

R. R. H. O, thank you ; now I'll go. [*Exit.*

Wolf. And I'll be bound

You'll find that same short cut a long way round.
 The nearest road I'll to the cottage take,
 And of old Granny I short work will make,
 And then I'll gobble *you* up, little dear.
 I didn't like to try and eat you here ;
 You might object to it—some people do—
 And scream, and cry, and make a hubbuboo ;
 And there's a woodcutter, I know, hard by,
 From whose quick hatchet quick-catch-it should I !
 Here goes to bolt old Granny without flummery,
 A spring—and then one swallow shall be summery !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Interior of Grandmother's cottage. On the right hand, close to the wing, a bed with a dummy in it with a large night-cap. Wolf is heard knocking.*

Granny [*spoken from the wing close by the bed*]

Who's there?

Wolf [*imitating R. R. H.*] Your little grand-child, Granny dear.

Granny. That child has got a shocking cold, that's clear.

Some carelessness—she's got her feet wet through
 With running in the rain or heavy dew,
 Perhaps without her bonnet ; and of course,
 The little donkey is a little hoarse.
 Her words she used not croakingly to utter.—
What do you want ?

Wolf. I've brought your cake and butter,
But can't come in, the door my strength defies.

Granny. Pull at the bobbin, and the latch will
rise.

Enter WOLF.

Granny. How are you, little darling?

Wolf. Darling! Pooh!

You didn't bolt your door, so I'll bolt you!

Granny. O, mercy! murder! what is this I see?
Some frightful spectre must the monster be!

Wolf. Don't make a noise, for you're a hopeless
hobble in;

I'm not a ghost, but soon shall be a gobble-in'!

[WOLF flings himself on a bed; shrieks and growls are heard. The dummy is removed without the audience being able to see it, as Wolf is in front of it.]

Wolf [coming down] Yáhen! yáhen! yáhen!
yáhen! yáchn!

I've finished her ere she could angry be with me,

I didn't give her time to disagree with me.

Now for a night-gown *[takes one]* and a night-cap,

[takes one] Good! *[puts them on.]*

How do I look as Grandma Riding-hood?

[Gets into bed, and covers himself up. A knock is heard at the door.]

Wolf [imitating Granny's voice] Who's there?

R. R. H. Your little grandchild, Granny dear;

I have a cake and butter for you here.

Wolf. Pull at the bobbin, and the latch will rise.

Enter R. R. H.

R. R. H. Good-morning, Granny! Here are the supplies. [*Sets down basket.*]

Wolf. Good-morning, dear; come sit beside my bed. I'm very bad indeed, child, in my head.

[*R. R. H. sits on the side of bed.*]

R. R. H. Why, Granny, what big ears you've got!

Wolf. My dear,

That is that Granny may the better hear.

R. R. H. And, Granny, what big eyes you've got!

Wolf. Dear me!

That is that Granny may the better see.

R. R. H. Then, Granny, what big teeth you've got! O, la!

Wolf. To eat you up with all the better. [*Springs out of bed and strikes an attitude*] Ha!

[*R. R. H. screams and runs away, Wolf pursues her round the table. Business.*]

Enter JACK.

Jack. As I was passing by, I just dropt in.

[*To Wolf*]. Shall I drop into you?

Wolf. O, pray begin!

Jack. You hideous brute, your wicked game I'll stop. [*Hits Wolf with axe.*]

How do you like that, monster?

Wolf. That's first chop !

Jack. That isn't all—another chop to follow !

[*Strikes him again. They struggle. Wolf falls with a loud cry.*]

Don't holloa, sir !

Wolf. I must—I'm beaten hollow ;
You've felled me to the earth.

Jack. Yes, I'm the feller !

I'll beat you black and blue.

Wolf [*aside*] Then I'll turn yellor !
[*Goes into convulsions, shrieks, and feigns to be dead. Jack flings down axe, and embraces R. R. H.*]

R. R. H. You've saved my life, dear Jack ! What can I do

To show my love and gratitude to you ?

Jack. Sweetest Red Riding-hood, say you'll be mine,

To jine our hands the parson I'll engine.

[*Wolf creeps behind them, and secures the axe.*]

Wolf [*leaping up*] That en-gine won't assist you tender pair ;

If that's your line, why I shall raise the fare.

[*Snatches up R. R. H. with one arm, brandishing axe.*]

Jack. He's got the axe—O, here's a nice quandary !

R. R. H. [*claps hands*] You'll raise the fare ?
Then I will raise the fairy !

FAIRY appears at the back. Enter R. R. H.'s MOTHER.

Mother. You wicked child, where have you been ?

Oho !

You're listening to the *shoot* of that young bean !

But I forbid it, and I'll have my way.

FAIRY comes forward.

Fairy. Excuse me, but your orders I gainsay.

Mother. And who are you, ma'am, I should like to know ?

Fairy. If you'll be patient, time will quickly show.—

I come, Red Riding-hood, to give you aid ;
But for a short space you must masquerade—
Partly as penance, part because it's time
When little folks expect a pantomime.

[*To Jack*] With Jack the woodcutter I will begin,
And change him into spangled Harlequin.

[*To R. R. H.*] While you, Red Riding-hood, awhile
shall shine

As skipping, tripping, pretty Columbine.

[*To Mother*] I told you you would learn my business
soon ;

Now learn your own as silly Pantaloon.

[*To Wolf*] While you, with fit reward your deeds to
crown,

I change to foolish, flapping, filching Clown !

[*Transformation ; red fire, &c. ; a rally.*

Clown. Hullo! Here we are again!

COMIC BUSINESS.

SCENE: *A street with shops.*

Enter HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE. [Dance and exit.

Enter CLOWN, who goes to Butcher's shop, followed by

PANTALOO, and tries to steal a leg of mutton.

Butcher sees him and hides, and then hits CLOWN.

CLOWN turns round and knocks down PANTALOO.

PANTALOO explains by signs that he didn't do it.

CLOWN picks him up. PANTALOO engages Butcher

in conversation while CLOWN steals a round of

beef, and tries to put it in his pocket; but it flies

up and disappears at the touch of HARLEQUIN'S

wand, who comes in at back.

Clown. Hullo! There's a rise in butcher's meat!

He then goes to Baker's shop and steals a loaf, which

disappears in the same way as the beef.

Clown. O my! Bread's a-goin' up!

Servant-girl comes out of a house and begins to clean

the steps. CLOWN and PANTALOO both make love

to her. She drives them off with her broom.

CLOWN pushes PANTALOO backwards into the pail.

After helping him out, he takes the pail, and

washes his face in it, and then drinks the water.

He then kisses Servant, who screams. Enter

Policeman. CLOWN makes signs that it was PAN-

TALOO. While Policeman is taking PANTALOO

in custody, CLOWN goes off and brings a red-hot poker. He walks on the other side of PANTALOOON, and touches-up the Policeman with the hot end. Policeman shrieks and exit. CLOWN and PANTALOOON run off in the opposite direction.

Enter HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE. Dance.

Enter CLOWN and PANTALOOON in pursuit of HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE; they try to catch them. COLUMBINE dances off. They take HARLEQUIN, each holding a hand; they spin round, and then HARLEQUIN dodges under their arms and gets off, giving each a slap on the face.

Enter a Costermonger with a basket of fruit, a Fishmonger, and Baker with rolls. CLOWN and PANTALOOON trip them up; general row and pelting. Enter Policeman and drives them all off. CLOWN hides in a shop, and comes out with some butter; licks it, and greases his hair with it. PANTALOOON asks for a taste. CLOWN gets red-hot poker, and suddenly substituting it for the butter, burns PANTALOOON'S tongue. While laughing at PANTALOOON, he inadvertently takes hold of wrong end of poker and burns himself. Recommends PANTALOOON to go to the doctor. As soon as he has gone in, CLOWN makes a butter-slide on the steps, and knocks loudly at the door. PANTALOOON and Doctor rush out, and both fall down. They threaten CLOWN, who jumps through Doctor's window. Doctor follows him, and CLOWN running out of

the door, tumbles down on his own slide. Jumps up and hides. The Doctor comes out and rushes off in pursuit. CLOWN goes in and steals a lot of pill-boxes and bottles; he and PANTALOOON sit down in front to share them. Enter HARLEQUIN, who comes behind and tickles CLOWN, who thinks it is PANTALOOON, and knocks him over. They then sit down again to share plunder. Enter Doctor, who shakes his fist, and fetches in Policeman, who quietly sits down between them. As fast as CLOWN has been giving PANTALOOON his share in front, he has reached behind him and stolen it. As he is putting down something, he happens to look up and see Policeman. Terror; he slides away and bolts; PANTALOOON ditto, pursued by Policeman.

Enter HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE. Dance.

Stage gradually darkens; music ceases; they begin to grope about in the dark; CLOWN steals HARLEQUIN'S bat, and he and PANTALOOON take him prisoner.

Scene changes to Transformation. FAIRY discovered. Coloured fires. The Characters form a group.

Fairy. You've had enough of frolic and of fun,
Your troubles end, the Pantomime is done.
[To audience] To you, kind friends, our grateful
thanks are due;
We've done to please you all that we could do.

To pardon faults we pray your condescension,
And ask your hands to mark our good intention.

NOTES.

As this little *Pantomime* has been actually performed by a company of little folk, I can answer for its not containing any impracticabilities. Papers pasted together and affixed to a long lath formed the canvases for the scenes. Brown paper or newspaper will do, as the paint is opaque—the powdered colours of the oilman mixed with weak glue. The transformation-scene was a sheet on which coloured tissue-paper and tinsel were pinned, with muslin draperies.

The dresses for the opening are easily enough contrived, with the exception of the Wolf. A rough shawl or a fur jacket will answer the purpose, and the head can be made with an animal mask (of which there are lots in the shops about November), with Berlin-wool hair. The Harlequin's dress consists of merino drawers and vest, patched with scraps of coloured silk. The Clown's is nothing more than a night-gown drawn-in at the waist, with a frill, the lower part forms the trunks gathered-in above the knees; the whole garnished with scraps of red cloth. Pantaloon's costume is more simple, and can be contrived out of an old suit of knickerbrockers braided and trimmed with yellow, with the addition of a small apron-mantle. White-cotton wool will supply a capital wig and beard, sewn on a calico skull-cap.

The best means of managing the transformations is to wear the dresses of the opening over the pantomime costumes. Wolf wears a mask, and therefore his red and white face is hidden; and Jack has only to turn his black-visor up on the top of his head, under his hat, which should have a fringe of Berlin-wool locks. Aid from the wings soon divests the actors of their attire, if strings and hooks-and-eyes have been undone at the beginning of the scene.

The Butterfly in Scene II. is affixed to a wire held at the wings. The Prompter reads the part of Granny, standing close to the bed, in order to assist in getting rid of the Dummy when Wolf is supposed to eat it.

The properties for the comic business must be made of calico, stuffed and painted. It does not require much ingenuity to give them some resemblance in shape to pats of butter, fish, rounds of beef, and loaves. They can be painted with the same colours as are used for the scenery. The loaf and round-of-beef which go up to the flies must of course be attached to a thin string running through a ring somewhere at the top of the theatre—for instance, the top of the folding-doors, which are generally the wings of Theatre Royal The Drawing-Room. The Prompter can pull the strings, and should indeed be quick and handy to see that all goes well, and assist the actors in case of a hitch. The red-hot poker can either be painted red or rubbed while warm with scarlet sealing-wax. For the comic scene a clothes-horse (or two, if possible) will be found to make good stable foundation for scenery. When covered with paper, and painted to represent shop-fronts, it can be stood in such a way as to allow Clown to jump through the window without tumbling down. Of course that acrobatic feat is to be arranged at a safe elevation.

It may encourage readers who think the getting-up of a pantomime a serious undertaking to know that this one was written, put on the stage fully appointed with dresses and scenery, in two days by three people—two ladies and a gentleman; and they had, besides their work, to drill and rehearse the juvenile company.

I have put no songs or breakdowns in the libretto. It is not every rising actor or actress of from eight years upwards who can boast these accomplishments, or even, if a singer, has an extensive *répertoire*; but if necessary, words can easily be put to any tunes they know; and any young Roscius who can execute a double-shuffle will have no difficulty in discovering where it can be introduced. The comic business can of course be added-to, and does not pretend to be more than a suggestive outline.

N.B. In writing-out the parts for each character, you have only to copy that character's lines, preceded by a few words of the preceding speech as a "cue:" *e.g.* in Red Riding-hood's part, p. 39, you write :

"and these tid-bits.

R. R. H.
Won't it be nice?" &c.

I will.

FIRESIDE DIPLOMACY.

3 Comedietta, in One Act

(ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH).

BY CHARLES SMITH CHELTNAM,

AUTHOR OF "EDENDALE," "A LESSON IN LOVE," ETC.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. REGINALD FLORESTAN.

JOHN.

MRS. FLORESTAN.

MRS. EVEESLAY.

Time: 1869.

SCENE: A drawing-room in Mr. Florestan's house, elegantly furnished. Doors F.C. and R. Fireplace L. On the mantelpiece lustres with candles burning. An ottoman c. Piano, chairs, &c. &c. An arm-chair and work-table by the fireside. A looking-glass over the fireplace.

Enter MRS. FLORESTAN D.F.C.; she is embroidering a handsome smoking-cap.

Mrs. Flo. [*pausing reflectively*] What makes me shrink with a sort of shame from saying to him,

“My love, for the first time these ten years you have forgotten the return of our wedding-day”? It is that the words might sound like a reproach, and then my eyes might fill with tears while I was speaking. No, no; neither tears nor reproaches belong to a day from which date ten years of tranquil happiness. He loves me dearly, completely: and if he has failed this once to remember our wedding-day, I know how many other things he is called upon to think of, active and laborious as he is. If he *had* remembered—well, it would have added one more drop of sweet to the well-filled cup of my wedded happiness. But as he has chanced to forget, let me reflect that his memory might be as retentive and methodical as that of an almanac, and yet he might not love me. No, I’ll say nothing to him, but avenge his forgetfulness in my own way, by making the fireside of which he is so fond more than ever pleasant to him this evening. [*Seating herself by the fireside.*] The other day he was regretting that the custom of having hot suppers had passed away. Let me plan a nice little hot supper for him; that will employ me much better than debating whether he ought or ought not to have remembered that he has been married ten years to-day. What shall I order? What does he especially like? Ah, I know what it shall be; a lobster *rissole*, a roasted chicken, and a lemon-pudding. That shall be my great revenge.

Enter MRS. EVERSLEY *hurriedly*, D.C.

Mrs. E. Of course! They told me you were not at home, dear; but I knew you were, and so came up. Servants really have no more sense than—than—Don't disturb yourself, love; I've no time to sit down. I'm frantic with rage.

Mrs. F. Of late you seem to have been constantly in some such state of mind, my dear.

Mrs. E. Quite as much on your account as on my own this time, dear.

Mrs. F. [*smiling*] It's very good of you, I'm sure.

Mrs. E. [*throwing herself on to ottoman c.*] You may smile, my love, but it's no smiling matter for all that, I can assure you.

Mrs. F. At least not very tragic, I hope?

Mrs. E. I don't know that [*plunging her hand into her pocket*]. This morning, while my husband was out, I went to his desk—as I always do as soon as he has gone—to see whether he had left any of his letters about; for I make a point of reading every one I can lay my hands on.

Mrs. F. [*significantly*] Do you?

Mrs. E. It's my right, my dear, and I take full advantage of it. [*Producing letter, and springing up*] Do you know this handwriting? [*Handing letter.*]

Mrs. F. I have no doubt it's my husband's [*holding the letter for* MRS. EVERSLEY *to take it back*].

Mrs. E. Read it, my dear, read it.

Mrs. F. Pray excuse me. I see it is addressed to Mr. Everalay.

Mrs. E. [*taking the letter*] Ah, take my word for it, you'll some day regret having ever given way to such silly scruples. At least you'll not refuse to listen. [*Reads*] "My dear Job,—The supper-party of to-night, married and single, may count on my presence, even to the extent of a visit to Cremorne to wind up with." [*Speaks*] I hope you think that's a pretty letter for one married man to write to another? [*Reads*] "In consideration of the nature of the frolic proposed, I have determined not to say anything about the matter to my wife until what she might call 'the danger' is over. I couldn't bear to think that I was leaving her to fancy all sorts of uncomfortable consequences to come of my playing the bachelor *al fresco*." [*Speaks*] Hypocrite! There, my dear, what do you say to that?

Mrs. F. That I am deeply touched by the thoughtful care with which my husband had intended to keep me in ignorance of something which he thought it might be unpleasant for me to know.

Mrs. E. Really, my dear, you—I must say—you make the blood boil in my veins. If I didn't know you had been married to him these ten years, I should positively suspect you of being in love with your husband. [*Again throwing herself upon the ottoman c.*]

Mrs. F. Your imagination would not lead you in the least astray, my dear. I daresay I ought to be very much ashamed to make such an admission.

Mrs. E. Preposterous! After all these years!

Mrs. F. O, don't for a moment suppose I mean that my love for my husband is of the high romantic, sighing, dying kind. I assure you it never was that. He did not carry me off from a boarding-school at midnight in a storm of thunder and lightning, and marry me in defiance of "all the world." I assure you, I did not even indulge in a fit of hysterics on first taking possession of my new home. Since then my love has never been tried by any one of the many terrible tests which wives in melodramas have to undergo. My love *has* passed through a very dangerous ordeal nevertheless—that of a ten-years daily and hourly intimacy; but, happily for me, time, if it has made me acquainted with my husband's defects, has also taught me how to bear with them without disgust, weariness, or impatience. You see, then, my dear, there is nothing to be surprised at in the continuance of such a jog-trot, unromantic love as mine; and such as it is, the sort of love I now feel for my husband I hope to feel for him when my hair is gray—without blushing to confess it.

Mrs. E. [*arranging her bonnet-strings vigorously*] I hope you may not be disappointed, my dear; but you must allow me to say you are going exactly the way to spoil your husband. Patience with his faults,

indeed! The faults I discover in Mr. Everslay—quite enough, heaven knows—I at once set myself to correct. Why, I have come straight from having a scene with him about this shocking letter of your husband's. I made him confess everything—that after their scandalous supper the whole party are engaged to go to Cremorne. “Are they, Mr. Everslay?” I said. “If *you* dare to go, I'll follow you.” Mr. Everslay has learned to understand that when I say a thing I mean it. What is the result? He promises he will not go. Do, my love, let me give you some advice about the way to manage *your* husband.

Mrs. F. [*with a good-natured laugh*] Certainly, if it will afford *you* any satisfaction.

Mrs. E. Ah, my dear, you won't laugh when you discover some day that another has carried off your husband's heart, and not only his heart, but his fortune—for that's what mostly happens now. I suppose you would not like to find yourself ruined?

Mrs. F. [*laughing*] At all events, my dear, I'm glad to find your views more practical than I had imagined them to be. Now for your advice.

Mrs. E. A properly-managed husband, take my word for it, should not be allowed to be too sure of his happiness; and of all means for securing his constancy, one of the best is to make him jealous.

Mrs. F. [*laughing outright*] O, that's a very old device, worn into shreds in the service of comedy on

the stage, and completely out of date in the tragedy of real life!

Mrs. E. Very well, my dear, very well; despise my advice if you think proper; but I can only say, if you do, it won't be long before you repent having done so.

Mrs. F. I hope not; but really, my dear, you seem determined to make my husband out a second Lovelace. You forget he isn't a young man of twenty.

Mrs. E. Good gracious! what have their *ages* to do with it?

Mrs. F. Well, even if that is so, my husband is as ungallant a man as you could name.

Mrs. E. To you, perhaps.

Mrs. F. To you also; for you remember, dear, it is not very many days since you were complaining of his shocking want of politeness.

Mrs. E. O yes; but with me his rudeness is explained. He can't bear me, because, he says, I give you ill advice; by which he means, he fears to lose the power to tyrannise over you at his pleasure.

Mrs. F. My dear,—have you ever written a sensation novel?

Mrs. E. I've hardly time to read, much less to write, a novel. All my time is taken up in looking after my husband. But what do you mean by that question?

Mrs. F. You have such a vivid imagination. The

portrait you have drawn of my husband is so much like that of the hero of a romance !

Mrs. E. O pray, my dear, let us drop the subject. The view you take of it is really an insult to common sense.

Mrs. F. I'm sure I hope to be forgiven. I know the scope of my mind is very prosaic, as you will think, no doubt, when I tell you that, at the moment you came, I was busy planning a little hot supper for my Bluebeard,—especially a lemon-pudding, of which I know he is particularly fond.

Mrs. E. Well, you'll find that you have had your labour for your pains, because he will *not* be at home to eat it.

Mrs. F. I have a fancy that perhaps he *will*. At any rate, if you and your husband will drop in at ten o'clock—

Mrs. E. My love, we'll come with pleasure ; for you will certainly be alone, and in need of the solace of sympathetic company—without I can induce you to follow my advice.

Mrs. F. Thank you, dear, for your kind intentions, but I have not the least imitative faculty. If I attempted to follow your example, I should be sure to make some fatal blunder ; therefore, pray keep your own matrimonial recipe, and leave me to do the best I can with mine.

Mrs. E. And what may yours be ?

Mrs. F. The simplest I can think of : to love my

husband with all my heart, and devote myself to the task of making his home agreeable to him.

Mrs. E. With the consolation of finding that he prefers to sup at a tavern, and— My dear, if you don't like to speak to him on the subject yourself, *do let me!*

Mrs. F. No, no, pray don't! You are not so well acquainted with my husband's humour as I am, and might do me a great deal more harm than good.

Mrs. E. [*rising abruptly*] Really, my dear, I did not know I was quite such a fool as you appear to consider me. What I suggested was out of pure regard for your happiness.

Mrs. F. I have not the least doubt of it.

Mrs. E. I'll go and see Mrs. Penton and Mrs. Burrowdown. Their husbands are both engaged to be of this precious supper-party. *They* will not treat my advice with contempt.

Mrs. F. My dear, I'm sure I never—

Mrs. E. O! half a word is sometimes as good as a whole set speech. It shall never be said that I interfere in matters that do not concern me.

Mrs. F. I assure you—

Mrs. E. Everybody can see that you are trampled on; but if you like to try to hide the fact from your best friend—

Mrs. F. I never had the least doubt of your good intentions.

Mrs. E. Well, however that may be, I had better leave you ; for if I were to come face to face with your husband just now, I might say more than it would please him to hear. Good-bye, dear ; my word for it, that when a husband takes to supping at taverns and going to Cremorne afterwards, it means that the beginning of the end is come. After I have advised those two poor young creatures what to do, I'll return and bring my husband to keep you company. Good-bye, dear [*kissing her*] ; you can't tell how deeply I feel for you. [*Exit Mrs. Eversley D.C.*]

Mrs. F. The foolish creature ! If she has not made me very uneasy, it is not her fault. And all with the best intentions ! O, those best intentions ! What on earth would she have said if she had known that to-day is my wedding-day ? But I am sure my husband does not care to go to this supper-party ; he has been drawn into it. If he had refused to go, he might have been rallied on being under petticoat dominion. I will say nothing to him ; but will not our dear home speak for me on such a day as this ? Will he not prefer this arm-chair, which I myself embroidered for him, to the most comfortable seat a tavern can afford ? O yes ! I know that to keep him at home I have only to say, " My love, I wish you were not going out this evening." But I will not say it ; for there is a tyranny of gentleness as well as of unkindness. [*Rings bell*] No ; if he stays *at home this evening*, it shall be purely from the

promptings of his own feelings. I wish him to find his home the pleasantest place in the world, and to make him remain in it because it is so. [*Enter JOHN D.R.*] John, bring here your master's dressing-gown and his cigar-case. [*Exit John.*] I'll now go and give orders for my little supper; then, my dear Reginald, to see whether you will remember, or wholly forget, that to-day is your wedding-day.

[*Exit D.C.*]

Reënter JOHN with handsome dressing-gown and cigar-case.

John [*placing gown on chair by the fire, and cigar-case on mantelpiece*] Certainly master's in luck to have such a wife, and I don't wonder they get along well together; though he ain't a saint. I'm not altogether, as I may say, a saint myself; but if I could be sure that Elizabeth Maria would look after my comforts as missus looks after master's, hang me if I don't think I'd venture on marrying her, without reference to the amount standing in her name at the savings-bank. [*Voices without.*] There's master back from his ride; and, by George, in a huff!

[*Exit quickly D.R.*]

Enter MR. FLORESTAN and MRS. EVERSLEY D.C.

Mr. F. [*speaking as he enters*] Very well, if *Eversley* likes his wife to lead him by the nose, I've

no objection. I only say it's a mode of leading that wouldn't agree with *me*. [*Crosses to fireplace.*]

Mrs. E. Indeed! And allow me to say, I don't think there's another woman in the world who would conform to such a character as yours in the way your wife has done hitherto. But you may take my word for it, she will not suffer you to tyrannise over her for ever. You are greatly mistaken if you suppose she will let you go to this detestable supper-party to-night. [*Aside*] Poor thing! I must defend her in spite of herself. [*Aloud*] I have felt it my duty to give her some advice; and you will find that she takes advantage of it.

Mr. F. Confound it, Mrs. Everslay! I wish you would mind your own affairs, and not drive me into saying disagreeable things to you.

Mrs. E. I have only one word more to say to you, Mr. Florestan, and that is, to request you'll cease to hold any communication with my husband; I'll not have him corrupted by your example.

Mr. F. Thank you; I'll wait till the interdiction comes from Everslay himself.

Mrs. E. By which you mean, that in your eyes the wife's authority goes for nothing?

Mr. F. Wife's authority! My dear Mrs. Everslay,—you are a charming woman to look at; you have an excellent heart; but, 'pon my soul, you've about as small a fraction of reasoning faculty as any *woman I ever set eyes on.*

Mrs. E. Thank you, Mr. Florestan, for your flattering opinion. If my regard for your poor wife were not so great as it is, I might find it difficult to bear with such a load of—compliment.

Mr. F. Friendly regard, Mrs. Everslay, shows itself in good offices. As I had considered it proper to keep my wife uninformed as to the affair of the supper, it was not for you to step in between me and my reasons.

Mrs. E. You may possibly think so. As for me, I think it my duty always to side with the oppressed.

Mr. F. Always?

Mrs. E. Always, Mr. Florestan!

Mr. F. Your husband will be delighted with the assurance.

Mrs. E. My husband, you will permit me to say, is perfectly happy and contented.

Mr. F. The fact furnishes strong evidence of his power to adapt himself to difficult circumstances, then.

Mrs. E. Allow me to tell you, Mr. Florestan, such language is never addressed to a lady by—

Mr. F. [*angrily*] My dear lady! if you *must* remind me that you are a woman, do it by exhibiting the tone and manner that should distinguish you from the rougher sex.

Mrs. E. O, of course; a woman must have every virtue under the sun, while a man may be—

Mr. F. If she had only just enough virtue to keep her within the bounds of reason, how much less

uproar there would be in the world! Let her keep her own place; let her do what she can do best—the mistress of her husband's home, without attempting to be the master of her husband.

Mrs. E. And by all means let her make no objection to his supping as often as he pleases at disreputable taverns—least of all to his spending his nights at such places as Cremorne?

Mr. F. [*impatiently*] O, there's no discussing any subject with you; you have not two consecutive ideas in your head.

Mrs. E. At all events, it's convenient for you to say so. Perhaps, as you are so reasonable, you will tell me why you are going to Cremorne?

Mr. F. I will—because I choose to go!

Mrs. E. Allow me to compliment you on your graceful mode of discussing a question, Mr. Florestan. Faugh! you're a bear! [*Exit angrily* D.C.]

Mr. F. [*ringing bell*] Confound the woman! I can't tell how Everslay manages to get along with her. What does she come here for? To fill my wife's head with a lot of rubbish. [*Enter JOHN*] See that my evening-dress is ready.

John. Evening-dress, sir! Mistress told me to bring your dressing-gown.

Mr. F. [*angrily*] Go and do as I tell you, instantly!

John. Yes, sir. [*Aside*] By George, he is put out! I'd better go and tell mistress. [*Exit* D.R.]

Mr. F. Why does my wife encourage this mischief-making woman's visits? They have been laying their heads together, and I am to be put into leading-strings. We shall see about that. Laura ought, by this time, to have learned that I love her with all my heart. I hope she has learned, moreover, I am master of my own actions, and intend to remain so.

Enter MRS. FLORESTAN D.C.

Mrs. F. [*aside*] Mrs. Everslay has put him out of temper; I'll appear not to notice his ill-humour, and it will pass away. [*Aloud, crossing to fireside*] Well, love, have you enjoyed your ride?

[*Sits herself.*]

Mr. F. [*drily*] Pretty well. There's no objection to my going out for an hour's ride in the evening, I hope?

Mrs. F. [*gaily*] Objection! ordered by your doctor.

Mr. F. My going out to supper this evening, and to Cremorne afterwards, does not seem to be equally unobjectionable!

Mrs. F. My love, have I raised any objection?

Mr. F. At any rate, Mrs. Everslay—

Mrs. F. [*softly*] Mrs. Everslay is—Mrs. Everslay, whom, I am sure you will allow, I do *not* resemble.

Mr. F. Why do you encourage her visits?

Mrs. F. My dear Reginald, if you recollect, you yourself requested me to cultivate her acquaintance

for the sake of her husband,—one of your oldest and most intimate friends.

Mr. F. I beg your pardon, dear, I was wrong. But she's a tittle-tattler, and may be a mischief-maker.

Mrs. F. She has done no harm, love, in the present case, but rather good; since I owe to her the discovery of the pains you had taken to keep from my knowledge a something which you feared it might be unpleasant to me to have known. I am very grateful for your considerateness; it is entirely like you, dear.

Mr. F. [*embarrassed*] My darling—I—then my going to this supper does not vex you?

Mrs. F. In one respect, yes; in another, no.

Mr. F. [*slightly relapsing into ill-temper*] Will you oblige me by explaining?

Mrs. F. O, my love, you don't expect me to demand you a long speech in blank-verse, like the heroine of a classical tragedy? I am only practised in the duties of my house.

Mr. F. [*half smilingly*] Your house! I suppose you will allow that it is also a little bit mine?

Mrs. F. [*laughing*] No doubt it was all yours when you first brought me into it—and a charming sight it presented, you may remember.

Mr. F. [*softening*] Certainly it was decidedly out of order; and, certainly also, disorder vanished like magic in a few days after you took it in hand.

No doubt of it, I was a disorderly dog before I married; but little by little you have used me to see everything in its place, and now I wonder how the plague I could ever have endured any other state of things. If you are away from home for a couple of days, everything goes to sixes and sevens; I can never find anything I want, and the servants all seem turned into idiots. I'm a regular fish out of water till you come back.

Mrs. F. You are very complimentary, dear, this evening.

[*Takes up smoking-cap.*]

Mr. F. So I ought to be. What are you so busy making?

Mrs. F. A smoking-cap for you, to match with your dressing-gown,—the same embroidery pattern. [*Rising*] By the way, would you mind putting on your dressing-gown, so that I may see how they go together?

[*Opening the dressing-gown.*]

Mr. F. Would I mind! [*taking off his coat, and putting on the dressing-gown*] why, it's a positive comfort to be able to find an excuse for putting it on. I should like never to wear anything else.

Mrs. F. [*comparing the cap with the gown*] That will do perfectly, I think. You may take off your dressing-gown now.

Mr. F. There's no hurry; I need not start for this precious supper before ten o'clock. That reminds me. You were saying that my going was agreeable to you in one way, and disagreeable in another.

Mrs. F. I meant, among other reasons, because I had planned a nice little hot supper—a lobster rissole, a roasted chicken, and a lemon-pudding. But never mind, love.

Mr. F. A lemon-pudding! My darling, you really think of everything that is pleasant to me.

Mrs. F. From your smoking-cap to your slippers. A wonder of wives! But now let me tell you why I don't mind your going out to supper.

Mr. F. Well, I own I'm not a little curious on that point; for, I must say, I never knew you to be in love with solitude before.

Mrs. F. There's a pretty bit of egotism! He's positively angry with me for not being angry with him for going out and leaving me to sup alone! I'll tell you, sir, why I don't mind your going—because I know you will get no wine so good as that in your own cellar; no lemon-pudding so nice as the one I've had made for you, if even you get any at all; because you will have to wear a "choker" instead of your comfortable dressing-gown, have your ears split with noisy conversation, be bored to death with frothy politics; and have not a single opportunity, however much you may wish it, for saying to your wife, "Laura, I love you better than everything else in the world."

Mr. F. [*throwing his arms about her and kissing her fondly*] You know me better than I know myself. But—but I've promised, and must go. I ought to be dressing now. Good-bye, dear. [*Going.*]

Mrs. F. [*aside*] He's going!—no!—what a goose I am! [*Aloud*] Will you not let John bring your things here? I shall have you so much the longer with me. [*She rings.*]

Mr. F. My love, I often think that in point of sentiment you put me quite to shame. I'm sure I love you as much as you love me, but yet, somehow, I never show you half the attention you show to me.

Enter JOHN D.R.

Mrs. F. Bring your master's dress-coat, waist-coat, and cravat, John. [*Exit John.*] You could not embroider slippers for me.

Mr. F. No, but I might bring you home a flower, or a bracelet now and then, or something of the sort; but I don't know how to do it. My only idea is to give you some money, and tell you to go and buy what you like with it. There's no gallantry in me; and if you hadn't been one woman out of a million, you could never have learned to love me as you do.

[*Taking off his coat and waistcoat.*]

Reënter JOHN with the things.

Mr. F. [*continuing*] Give me the cravat.

[*John hands it. He winds it round his neck.*]

Mrs. F. My dear, what are you doing? You've made a complete rope of your cravat.

Mr. F. That I certainly have.—John, get me another.

Mrs. F. No, wait a moment. I'll fetch you one myself. [Exit D.R.]

Mr. F. John, go and get me a hansom.

[Exit John D.R.]

Mr. F. [continuing] I shall be late. It's a bore having to go at all; I'd rather bury myself in my own chair. Plague take the supper, and confound Everslay for ever thinking of setting it on foot! A lot of married men supping together! The whole thing's an absurdity—out of date!

Reënter Mrs. F. D.R. with a lace cravat.

Mrs. F. I haven't kept you waiting long. Here it is. John could not have found it, because I had put it away carefully. [Handing the cravat.]

Mr. F. Why, this is the cravat I wore on my wedding-day, and you are going to let me wear it at a supper to which I am going without you.

Mrs. F. I think you will own it is very magnanimous of me, but quite in accordance with my ordinary heroism of character; and, of course, without a thought of having all the lemon-pudding to myself—O, of course!

Mr. F. Laura, you'll break my heart if you belabour it so with that lemon-pudding. But you are not really going to sup alone?

Mrs. F. No, dear; Mrs. Everslay is coming with her husband to bear me company; for she is quite sure of being able to prevent him going to the sup-

per-party. She wanted me to employ the same means to keep you at home this evening.

Mr. F. [*turning his head suddenly*] Did she? And what did you tell her?

Mrs. F. That I thought I knew a better means.

Mr. F. Confound it! I really don't know what I'm about; I've torn my cravat. That was in turning my head to speak to you just now.

Mrs. F. O, that is a triumph!—A wife turning her own husband's head!

Mr. F. You'll turn other heads besides, if you—if you—But what am I to do now? [*taking off the cravat.*] See how I've torn it.

Mrs. F. [*taking it*] I'll soon mend it. You see, it's getting old;—you've had it ten years.

[*Pretending to look for needle, &c.*]

Mr. F. Ten years! Is it really ten years?

Mrs. F. Poor thing! you've treated it badly indeed; and it took me weeks upon weeks to embroider.

Mr. F. Eh? Good heavens, Laura,—what's the day of the month?

Mrs. F. The 1st of May, I think.

Mr. F. [*throwing himself at her feet*] My darling, beat me!—you ought to do it; I deserve it—thoughtless, ungrateful brute that I am! A day that was the beginning of so much happiness entirely forgotten! Put away the necktie, love; I shall sup with you. Let them wait for me if they like.

I've been an ass—making myself and you uncomfortable, lest a lot of people I don't care a pin for should think I preferred your society to theirs! ashamed of my happiness, in fact! Let them think that I'm governed by my wife. You *do* govern me, Laura; I know it, and it shall always be my glory to own the influence of your goodness, kindness, and gentleness. You are the fountain-head of all my happiness; and if it is ridiculous for a man to confess that he loves his wife better than all else in the world, let me appear the most ridiculous of husbands. Laugh at me, Laura; laugh, darling! Why—why, my love—you are crying!

Mrs. F. [*embracing him tenderly*] With joy, dear—with joy.

Mr. F. [*rising*] *Vive la joie!* Dry your tears, and—

Enter MRS. EVERSLEY, agitated, D.C.

Mrs. E. [*surprised at seeing Florestan*] What! are you not gone?

Mr. F. No, I'm going to sup at home with my wife.

Mrs. E. When all the rest are gone? Ridiculous!

Mr. F. Good heavens, Mrs. Eversley, there's no being in agreement with you! Half an hour ago you quarrelled with me for proposing to go; *now* you quarrel with me for not going!

Mrs. F. But *your* husband, dear? have you not brought him?

Mrs. E. Gone, my love!—gone in spite of all I could do or say to prevent him! Flew into the most dreadful passion—terrified me almost to death! I can't understand it; it's as if he had suddenly become another man—a raging lion, my love!

Mr. F. And, unfortunately, the art and mystery of lion-taming you have neglected to study?

Mrs. E. You think it easily acquired, I daresay.

Mr. F. Ask Mrs. Florestan rather. As for myself, I'm not a lion, but only a bear, as you frankly told me on a recent occasion. But in my ursine character, may I venture to suggest to you that, in dealing with the sort of wild-beasts called husbands, coaxing may, in some—I'll say exceptional—cases, do better than coercion?

Mrs. E. Coaxing! Mr. Everslay's conduct is abominable, and I shall never rest till—

Mrs. F. My love, take my advice; say nothing to him about what has happened to-night, and to-morrow—

Mrs. E. To-morrow! To-night I'll go to Cre-morne, and face the monster, in the shockingest hansom I can find to ride in!

Mrs. F. I am sure, my dear, you will not do anything so wrong; but, instead, stay here quietly with your friends, the sight of whose solid, if unexciting,

happiness may suggest to you a newer and more efficacious system of—Fireside Diplomacy.

Tableau: Mrs. Everslay sinks down upon the ottoman in tears ; Florestan (by the fireplace) places one arm round his wife's waist, and tenderly raises her hand to his lips as the curtain descends.

INGOMAR ;
OR THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

In a *subul Warning*, in *One Act*.

ISSUED BY R. REECE,

AUTHOR OF "BROWN AND THE BRAHMIN," "THE STRANGER STRANGER THAN EVER,"
"AGGRAVATED AGAMEMNON," ETC.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE TIMARCH OF MASSILIA, Commissioner of Police.

POLYDOB, a rich merchant, and a miser.

MYRON, an armourer, in difficulties.

ADRASTUS,

IDIOTES,

SQUINTUS,

COCKEYEDS,

DUFFERUS,

SILLIAS,

SOFTUS,

LYCON,

} citizens of Massilia (Marseilles).

ACTEA, wife of Myron.

PARTHENIA, her daughter, somewhat strong-minded.

ALEMANNI.

INGOMAR, the noble savage.

SAMMO,

TAGRAGIDES,

BOBTALLOS,

BLOKIDES,

} his equally refined warrior-chiefs.

N.B. The curtain must be lowered after each scene, as "front-scenes," the *bêtes noires* of amateur theatricals, are purposely omitted.

SCENE I. *The Market-place of Marseilles. Myron's house (right 1st entrance), stalls, booths, &c., as for market-day. Villagers just dispersing. Sunset.*

CHORUS OF SELLERS AND BUYERS.

Air, "Come where the moonbeams linger."

Buyers.

Come along soon, why linger?
Come, let us haste away;
See how the fleeting grays of eve
Shadow the parting day.

Sellers.

Isn't that sweetly *poet-ic*?
Just what you so admire;
Fact is, these folks can't *get tick*,
That's why they all retire.

Ensemble.

Cut along, do, don't linger
Now { we } have said { our } say;
Come, come, find some
Money next market-day.

[*They exeunt with symptoms of mutual want of confidence.*

Enter ACTEA with spinning-wheel. She sits to spin

R.C.

Act. The evening comes apace; how dark it's getting!—

Perhaps that is because the sun is setting.
 All day I sit thus, just to sigh and groan ;
 I ought to claim some *int'rest*, I'm *a-lone* !
 My husband's life is one laborious beat,
 Yet he complains he can't *make both ends meet*.
 I've told him that's extravagance—instead,
 Make *one end meat*, my love, and t'other *bread* !
 My daughter's ways my feelings mostly harry—
 The idol of the town, yet she won't marry !

[*Music expressive of freedom and celibacy.*]

Enter L.U.E. PARTHENIA *with a basket and hilarity.*

Par. “Marry,” indeed !

Act. Yes, why the subject shirk ?

Come, spin !

Par. The *idle of the town* don't work !

Act. Where is your father's supper ?

Par. [*giving bag of vegetables to her*] Here.

Act. [*shaking her finger at her*] O, you !

This is a pretty *hash* you've brought us *tcw* !

I hoped you'd listen to some swain's advances,

And so improve our failing circumstances !

Par. I am a wild untutored thing of Natur',

Free and unfettered as the very—

Act. [*taking stock of the vegetables*] 'Tater !

Par. Breeze; fresh as—

Act. [*not heeding her*] Turnips !

Par. Dawn ; as fair a lass

As ever witched a town with—

Act. [*triumphantly*] Sparrowgrass !
 O, you'll deprive, if things go on this way,
 Your poor old *pay-rent* from her *quart-a-day* !
 Yet there are fools who call—excuse these tears—
 Children the prop of our declining years.

Duo : Air, " Little Daisy."

Par.

Be a light-hearted party, at troubles don't quail ;
 Be cheerful and bright as any daisy.
 When your woes are done, we'll begin with the fun,
 For your croaking it almost drives me crazy.

Act.

Each day I get more deep in debt—
 It haunts me like a dream,
 Grinning like a cat of Cheshire gloating
 O'er a dish of cream !

Ensemble.

O lackadaisy ! { ^{why} I } of troubles dream ?
 Things { ^{they} will } { ^{say will} often } change when at the worst they
 seem.

O lackadaisy ! once we were the cream
 Of societ-y, and honoured *too* in the extreme.

Act. There's young Cockeyedes ; choose him.

Par.

That I sha'n't.

He *squints* !—the man pretends to see as *can't*.

Act. He's well off.

Par.

But if Fortune him forsook,
 You'd find he *wouldn't know which way to look*.

Act. Adrastus! Lycon!—

Par. [*progressively loud*] No! no!! no!!!

Act. Stop those.

Your heart is *ice*, I see it by those *no's*!

All's over. Welcome, cottage where *no crust* is!

[*To Par.*] I cast you off!

Par. Then I appeal to Justice!
[*Flourish.*]

Enter TIMARCH, as a classical constable, attended by his Posse-comitatus, two ill-matched Peclers.

Tim. Who calls on Justice? Here embodied
see her—

A foe to Force, Corruption, or to Fe-ar!

My qualities are—well—no need to tell any;

Observe me, and my Constable's Miscellany.

Halt! stand at ease! your heyes upon me cast!

[*Severely*] I think you smole!—*A* 1, don't *B* 2
fast!

I'll put you on night-duty, where, no doubt,

Untroubled you'll enjoy much *cold without*.

The fair Parthenia! [*she turns her back*]—that's all
pretended—

She wants to make me fancy she's offended.

[*To her*] You muse?

Par. I do; and I confess I'm puzzled

How curs like you can go about unmuzzled!

Tim. Hem! Well—

Par. I think you wished to see my mother.

Tim. It's obvious she takes me for another.

[*He goes up to ACTEA; PARTHENIA comes down.*]

Par. 'Twixt poverty and lovers thus perplex,
The girl of *any* period might be vex!
I look for something greater in *my* marriage
Than wealth and the inevitable carriage!
Why, for a carriage I'd not give a thank,
I'd sooner take a cab; that *has* some rank!
"Marry, and then come down," that's *some* folks' way.
"Marry, *come up*," I mean *my* spouse to say!
A nobleman or nothing!

Tim. [*to Act.*] Pray don't blame—
Perhaps you've never introduced *my* name!
This is a secret—(don't you go and "buzz" it!)—
The uniform, the uniform, mum, does it!
[*To Par.*] You've seen, no doubt, I've sought, with
due reflection,
Parthenia, a *path in yer* affection!
[*Kneels*] I'm not fierce now, but mild, and see—a
kneeler!

A *mild appeal* this from a *milder peeler*!
One leetle word. Yes, whisper; I'm not far!

Par. You'll be content with *one*?

Tim. [*coaxingly*] Yes.

Par. [*suddenly in his ear*] Ingomar!

Tim. Help! murder! fi-er! rebels! ruin! *Where?*
O, if that ruffian's broke loose! Despair!

[*Hurried music.*]

Enter precipitately ADRASTUS, COCKEYEDES, IDIOTES,
SQUINTUS, LYCON, and Citizens, with Crowd.

CONCERTED PIECE : Air, " Billy O'Rourke."

Adr.

What's all this dreadful philliloo,

Lyc.

This tumult and commotion,

Idi.

This hubbababoo and fine to-do ?

Act.

I haven't a taste of a notion.

T'im.

I'll make it all as clear as day,
I don't wish to alarm ye ;
But call out, pray, the mi-li-ti-a,
The volunteers, and the army.

CHORUS, *convinced.*

O, phillililoo, it must be true !
We always believe a policeman.

Idi.

Call out at once the city guard,

Adr.

Marines, and bold dragoons too,

Squ.

Shut up the public buildings hard,

Act.

And private forks and spoons too.

Tim.

[*To Peelers*] O, "dulce et decorum est"
To fight for home and beauty!
But pluck is best with proper rest,
So you're *all* released from duty!

CHORUS *as before.*

Lyc. I say, what's happened?

Adr. Is the city taken?

Idi. My faith in the constabulary's shaken.

Cock. When did it happen?

Act. Life I now despair of.

All [*but Tim. and Par.*] What's up?

Par. [*coolly*] Well, nothing, friends, that I'm
aware of.

Tim. Nothing? You said that Ingomar—

All [*rushing together alarmed*] O, gracious!

Tim. Had broken loose and—

Par. Sir, you're not veracious.

Enter POLYDOR L. 1st E.

Pol. That's right; abuse him! he's the man of
nice sense,

Who stole my dog because I'd lost its license!

[*All groan.*]

Par. He dared to woo me—asked for "just one
word."

I whispered "Ingomar!"—the rest you've heard.

Lyc. The coward !

All. Ugh !

Act. To scare and fright us so !

Tim. [*to his men*] Attention ! As you were !

(It's time to go.)

There'll be an onslaught soon, I plainly see ;

I must get out of this with dignity.

[*Looking off L.*] Ha, ha !

All. What ?

Tim. Forward, on the prey to swoop !

A citizen a-bowling of a noop !

[*Rushes off L., followed by Peelers.*]

Pol. The mare's-nest has been found, my friends ;

and so,

As I have business here, perhaps you'll go.

Lyc. [*to Idi.*] I wouldn't stir, only I owe him money.

Adr. Yes ; so do I !

Squ. And I !

Act. And I !

All. [*as they tail off*] How funny !

Pol. [*aside*] She's just the girl I want ; her poor condition

At once precludes the thought of an ambition ;

She'll keep my books for me, will cook and work for me,

And keep an eye on debtors that would shirk, for me ;
She's young, she's pretty, and she's cheap. Here goes !

[*Advancing*] Parthenia, I'm not young—

Par. So I suppose !

Pol. O, you're alluding to my grayish hair !

I'm what is called "well off"—

Par. I wish you were !

I hate you, that's enough.

Pol. Ha, ha ! that's nice ;

You'd better give the matter thought, dear, twice.

I hold your pa's acceptances.

Act. [*aside*] He do !

Take the old party, dear, and pull us through.

Pol. Refuse me, and I'll press till all I've got of
you ;

Add your *acceptance*, and I'll free the lot of you !

Par. Accept you, base and miserly old sinner,

Who'd rob a beggar of his wretched dinner ;

Who'll screw the poor, and pinch the widows too—

Act. A most improper thing, my dear, to do.

Par. No one has seen yet—no, not one civilian—

The *colour* of your gold.

Pol. [*chuckling*] And I've-a-million !

Enough, my mind's made up.

Enter hastily DUFFERUS.

Duf. O, wo, wo, wo !

Reënter TIMARCH, *Peelers, Citizens, and Crowd.*

Tim. Who is the citizen as hollers so ?

Act. 'Tis Dufferus.

Duf. O, mum, the man you married

Off by the Alemanni has been carried !

Act. [*collapsing*] My Myron !

Par. Go on, man !

Duf. We two was working—

Leastways *he* was a-working, *I* was shirking—

When brigands from the Alemanni—

All. O !

Duf. Knocked Myron down, and me, at one fell
blow ;

Then, as they bore him off, the chief announces,

“We'll keep this chap ; his ransom's thirty ounces.”

Act. Of gold ?

Duf. Of silver. I'd have struggled, but—

Tim. What thing prevented you ?

All. Yes, what ?

Duf. I cut !

Act. And I'm so poor !

Par. [*wildly*] O Timarch, on my knees

I do implore you ; prithee, if you please.

It's only thirty ounces ; I entreat !

Tim. (I'll pay her off now !) Miss, *it's off my beat!*

Par. You, then, my lovers ! Help me, if you're
true !

Lyc. You spurned *us* once ; we, one and all,
spurn *you!*

Act. Despair !

Par. [*to Pol.*] Then, usurer, to you I sue !

Pol. Get up ! I see no *interest* in you.

Par. But thirty ounces !

Pol. Now I'll cure your bounce.

No, not a *grain!* that's something to an-*nounce*.

Par. Rejected for this miserable pelf!

Enough! As ransom I will go myself.

All. Go to the rebel camp?

Par. I will, you'll see.

Just speed my journey, though, with three times three.

CONCERTED PIECE: Air, "Three blind mice."

Three times thrice!

Three times thrice!

Three times thrice!

See how {^{I'll}_{she'll}} run!

{^{She'll}_{I'll}} bring back dad to his charming wife!

{^{I'll}_{She'll}} cut off that wretch with a carving-knife!

Did you ever hear such bosh in your life

As three times thrice?

[*This is sung by* PARTHENIA, TIMARCH, *and*
POLYDOR *as a Trio, then taken up by*
Chorus, when it swells into a full roar.
PARTHENIA *starts off. Tableau.*

SCENE II. *Ingomar's Camp in the wilds; rocks R. and*
L. *Waterfall. Warriors discovered in groups,*
some cooking, cleaning arms, playing dice. IN-
GOMAR asleep on a bearskin R. SAMMO and BLO-
KIDES at cribbage L.

CHORUS: "Hunting the hare."

Where will you find such a scene of festivity,
Natural, dignified, elegant, free?

Honest we are, with the playful proclivity
Merely of robbing whomever we see !

Fogles and watches, rings, pencils, and purses too,
Barnacles, brooches, chains, all sorts of prey ;
Old uns and young, women, children, and nurses
too,
Ev'rything's plunder that comes in our way !

[Repeat.

Blo. One for his nob, a pair, and fifteen four !

Sam. You cheating knave ! you pegged those
holes before !

Warriors. Cheating ! pitch into him !

Blo. I cheat ? you fib !

Sam. " Fib," O, you *baby* !—and it's not your
crib !

All. Lynch him !

[*Ingomar wakes and roars furiously ; all
tremble.*

Ing. [*aside*] Alas, it's no good glaring more at
'em !

It's come to *this*, that now I'm forced to roar at 'em !

[*Aloud*] What's this disturbance, eh ?

All. He cheated ! Shame !

Sam. Playing at cribbage.

Ing. Most congenial game !

All. [*threateningly*] Ah !

Ing. [*roaring*] Ah !!! Be off ! they more rebel-
lious get. (They retire.

Luckily I've a few resources yet!
 Unhappy chieftain of this rabble crew,
 Minus this fearful voice, what *should* I do?
 For I'm, despite a well-assumed effront'ry,
 The greatest imposition in the country!
 They call me "warrior!"—false accusation;
 There's not a bigger coward in creation!
 Of pluck in me you couldn't find an ounce;
 My great success is bellowing and "bounce;"
 This hair's a good effect—a comb would ruin it;
 I've spent some years to find the dodge of doin' it;
 The time will come, though, which I've long expected,
 When I must shave, doff *this*, and be detected!

SONG: "Standard-bearer."

[*Loudly*] High floats our standard o'er the rocky
 plain!

[*Aside*] (A dodge my warlike credit up of keeping!)

[*Loudly*] A signal that we purpose to distract

On passengers, and golden crops be reaping!

[*Aside*] (The feelings in my breast I will not name;
 I dare not hope my thoughts would be respected!)

[*Roaring*] Revenge and plunder!—that's the war-
 rior's game

On ev'ry one who passes unprotected!

All. On ev'ry one who passes un-pro-*te*-ct-ed!

[*Shouts heard and horn sounds.*]

Ing. What's that?

Sam. Great chieftain, 'tis our scouts returned.

Ing. Serve up that steak, and see it isn't burned;

We may for once, I think, indulge our pecker,
As there's a ransom to increase th' exchequer.

Enter TAGRAGIDES with MYRON.

All. A captive !

Tag. Right you are !

Ing. Well, fellow ! say

Who are you, and what sum d'ye mean to pay ?

Myr. Pay ? out of *my* means to pay aught were
clever !

You say "*what sum;*" I say, "*None what-some-ever.*"

Sam. Hang up the ugly wretch !

Ing. Stay, think of "*dooty*" !

He *may* be *ugly*, but he's still our *booty*.

I'll frighten him ! Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Myr. [*collapsing*] O, don't !

Ing. Say, will you pay, then ? or *who* will ?

Par. [*rushing on, followed by Bobtailos*] I won't !

All. A gal !

Ing. A woman ! Ha ! Explain who can
What she is here for ?

Par. [*rushing to Myron*] Hostage for that man !

Ing. Fortune, I thank thee for this female
stranger,

Who gives the chance to bully without danger !

[*Roaring*] Ha ! say'st thou ?

Par. [*regarding him coolly*] So this monster,
more's the pity,

Is Ingomar, the terror of our city !

Poor creature !

Ing. Ha !

Par. Come, come, leave this to me ;
I'll work for you as hostage—set him free !

All. Free !

Par. Yes. The air is free this woodland through ;
You warriors are free (and easy too) ;
Your rocks are *freestone*—yes, and only read, man,
The name upon this champagne-bottle—“*Friedman*” !
Freely the little sparrow in the tree
Warbles his song—

Ing. His song ? His *paro-dy* !

There, let him go.

All. Ha !

Ing. Why that grin sardonical ?
Of course you fancy, *Myron*, I'm *iron-ical* !
Go, give him food !

Par. [*aside*] I've gauged the fellow fully !

Ing. What is our dish to-day ?

Par. [*pointedly*] As usual, *boulli* !

Tag. It's steak, broiled in the embers—hot as
toast !

Ing. Take some.

Par. No, thank you !

Ing. Don't refuse your '*ost*.

You are my slave now—do as you are bid ;
Serve dinner ! Did—you—hear—me ? [*Roaring.*

Par. [*seating herself coolly*] Yes, I *did* !

All. Ha, ha ! [*laughing.*]

Myr. [*tickled*] Ha, ha!

Ing. [*kicks him*] Take that; 'twill serve to quicken you!

As chieftain, I reserve the right of kickin' you.

[*To Par.*] Now, do you mean to do my bidding?

Par. [*quietly*] No!
I'm not a slave.

All. [*laughing*] Ha, ha!

Ing. [*furiously*] You duffers, go!

Myr. Farewell, my angel child!

Par. All right; *you'll see!*
No living man will ever conquer *me!*

[*Exeunt Myron and Warriors at back.*]

Ing. You tremble!

Par. No, I don't!

Ing. [*aside*] Her lip is curled!

[*Loudly*] I am the greatest warrior in the world!

I live for war—indulge no peaceful caper,

Write my *c-pistols* upon *cartridge* paper!

I easily *explode*, it's often said;

Observe the *copper cap* upon my head.

At literary schemes I'm never seen,

Though I support a powder *magazine!*

As for a wife—in tears I'd soon dissolve her,

And turn her round my finger—yes, *revolve her!*

The end of such a *union*, or it's odd,

Would be the *workhouse.* [*Wad drops*] That's a
casual wa'd!

In fact, to cope with *me* is not a trifle;

I'm a great *gun*, and won't endure a *rival*!

[*Aside*] If *that* don't quell her, nothing will!

Par. Look here!

You never yet felt anything like *fear*?

Ing. Certainly not!

Par. Nor love?

Ing. That sort of game

Can't conquer me, or make me say, "*Je t'a(i)me!*"

Par. How odd that is! D'ye know, it seems to me
You're *not* the ruffian you seem to be!

Ing. D'ye take me for a weak obedient cringer?

Par. [*takes his sword*] The meanest savage won't
a woman injure.

I take you—and my guess from fact's not far—

To be, friend, just the *coward that you are!*

Ing. Coward!

Par. Be still!

Ing. Such words I'd not expected!

Par. Exactly; but, you see that you're *detected*.

Off with that cap and rug [*he obeys*]; and now pray sit.

[*Combs his hair*] You're not so ugly when you're
spruced a bit.

Ing. [*with his arm round her*] Alack, I am in-
veigled by her charms!

Par. See how we're changed! *You're peaceful,*
I'm in arms.

Isn't this pleasant, now?

Ing. Upon my word,

I can't tell *what* it is nor what's occurred!

All I can say, thus with conjecture toss't,
Is, if my warriors see me *now*, I'm lost!

[*Warriors enter at back.*]

Par. Well, who's the slave now?

Ing. [*guardedly*] Mind, this ain't affection;
'Tis but the shock that follows on detection.

Par. Nonsense; all men must yield.

Ing. [*musings*] . Ay, there's the rub!

Par. Why, even Hercules gave up his *club*,
Turned spinster for his love—as you shall now!

[*Puts on his helmet and rug, and makes
him sit at her feet.*]

Ing. This is a prelude to an awful row!

Duo: Air, "The Proposal" (*Guglielmo*).

Ing.

Ah, when I gaze within that searching eye,
Which seems to fear defy and look me through,
There's nothing left but just to yield and sigh
And shake my head, and hope it isn't true.

Par.

You rightly guess the tale my optics tell;
You'll find it just as well to grin and bear.
You're now my captive; so to town, my swell,
You'll go with me, who mean for tin to show you
there!

Ensemble.

Yes, thus together, see, a first-rate "spec" we'll be,
Creating both sensations far from small

In Rome, Japan, and Hindostan,
Peru and Astracan,
New York, in Paris, and Egyptian Hall!

[Repeat.

[They strike attitude, and dance to sym-
phony. As they face c. BACK, they per-
ceive all the Warriors doing just the
same in couples. Ingomar shuts up.

Tag. Now then!

Par. [to Ingomar] Stay here!

Ing. Before them, pray, don't flout me!

[Aloud] Excuse me, friends, and go to fight without
me!

I—don't—feel—well.

Sam. Not well! a fine excuse!

Ing. [roars] Ah! [he is going off.]

Par. Stay! I order you.

Ing. [yielding] It's all no use.

Go on to battle, chiefs; no more I'll lead you.

Tag. I move that I myself do now succeed you!

[cheers]

Conquered, done brown, defeated, snubbed, disgraced,
Here in your stronghold by a gal outfaced!

One rush for life, man! think on, if you linger,
The fate of Bunsby with the dread M'Stinger!
Come on to glory, take this chance, and run!

All. Come on to glory!

Ing. [recovering] Come then—off!

Par. [loudly]

STOP!

Ing. [*beaten, and dropping his arms*] **DONE !**
 [*All repeat the Ensemble of the duet derisively.*]

Tableau.

SCENE III. *A public square in Massilia. A fair going on. Booths, stalls, ringing of bells (on landing), crackers, and general festivities on a magnificent scale, left entirely to the fervid imagination of the audience. Villagers, Citizens, &c. walking about checrfully.*

CHORUS: Air, "Valse infernal" (*Roberto*).

Delightful !
 From frightful
 Destruction we're freed !
 Such glory
 In story
 Should flourish indeed ! (*Da capo*)

Enter TIMARCH and Constabulary.

Air changes to "When the war is over."

Tim.

As you were ! attention !
 I should like to mention
What says the latest bulletin !
 Prizes and no blanks, O,
 From gen'als to the ranks, O,
Plus thanks to all your kith and kin !
 So look out, all, I'm a-going to speak,

Look out all, try to understand ;
 Now the war is over, now the war is over,
 I mean resuming my command !

Chorus.

Tim. I'll put the case as briefly as I can—
 The rebels all are vanquished to a man !
 There's only *one* escaped our sword victorious ;
 The King's remark upon my staff was "Glorious !"
 Amongst the heaps of slain I took my way,
 And punched the rebel heads that helpless lay.
 Showing my force example as a true man,
 With my own hands I captured an old woman. [*Cheers.*
 Still I'm not proud ! Though brave, distinguished,
 clever,
 Fear not ! you'll find me haffable as ever.

Enter MYRON, ACTEA, and POLYDOR.

Myr. It ain't no use !

Act. Have pity on our woes.

Drop your *two suits*.

Pol. *Two suits !* I shall *fore-close*

By noon to-day. You thought to be, no doubt,
Bold in this matter; now you are *bowled out*.

Myr. I bold ?

Act. For this, base man, I'd like to kill yer.

He is the mildest man in all Massiliar.*

Myr. He holds my bills, he says.

* Pronunciation of the period, verified by reference to contemporary MSS.

Tim. That cock won't fight.

I'll certify the party cannot write.

Pol. He signed 'em with a cross—that's legal.

Act. Hark!

He's not the sort of man *to make his mark.*

Three letters of the alphabet he knew,

And only three.

Pol. But those were I O U !

I've got the law with me, so don't demur.

[*To Tim.*] For *you*, don't you exceed your duty,
sir ;

Your lying, and your raids upon society,

Are matters of disgusting notoriety.

Don't scowl ! Your spite I value not a pin !

Tim. [*aside*] Next time he lays a charge, I'll *run*
him in !

Myr. Don't irritate the heartless, stony man !

I must put up with this as best I can.

Pol. Remember !—noon to-day—excuses shelve.

Act. What is the time ?

Tim. “ It lacks, my lord, of twelve ! ”

Pol. “ My lord ” ?—what's that ?

Tim. I'm quoting from the poet.

Pol. Scandal, of course, against Lord Byron—

Stowe it !

Tim. It's Shakespeare !

Pol. Is it ?—Shakespeare ? [*musings.*]

Act. Mark his looks !

Pol. I shouldn't wonder if he's in my books !

I'll make a point of looking under *S*.

Remember!—noon!

[*Exit L.*

Myr. This is a pretty mess!

Act. Parthenia still away?

Tim. The foe has got her.

Act. She'll find amid the *mountains* some *garrotter*. [Bell rings. *Timarch starts.*

Tim. That sound! Aha! it sets my heart on fire!

Attention! March!

Act. What is it?

Tim. The town-crier.

Some news, no doubt. This grief I wish you through.

[*Exeunt Timarch and Constabulary.*

Act. A dreadful state of things! What shall we do?

Enter PARTHENIA and INGOMAR. He is shaved, is smartly-dressed, and looks very mild and hen-pecked. He is of course not recognised.

What's that I see?—Parthenia!

Myr. [*falling into her arms feebly*] My child!

Excuse me, sir, but grief has turned me wild.

You're safe?

Par. Quite safe. Had we been with the rest,

We might—

Ing. [*gloomy*] Yes, all has turned out for the best.

Act. Who is this gentleman?

Par. I see you are

Astonished. Pray allow me—Ingomar! [*introduces.*]

[*Myron and Actea nearly drop.*]

Par. Don't be afraid—I have him quite in hand!

Ing. I am, alas, the last of all my band.

I'm quite converted—never seek a row;

Don't coarseness *choose*; alack! what *boots* it now?

I think I kicked you, sir; excuse me, pray—

You'll do the same for me some other day.

I was a ruffian from force, not choice—

You will be pleased to hear I've lost my voice.

In fact, all details I'll not now begin;

I've *given out* that I have *given in*.

Myr. I'm petrified!

Act. I'm flabbergasted!

Par. [*to Myr.*] Sir,

Bid him but serve you, and he'll not demur.

Myr. To-day at noon I'm ruined—luckless still,

I can't take up a rather heavy bill

Of Polydor's.

Act. O'er-filled is sorrow's cup!

Par. Ah, happy thought! I'll give this rebel up.

Ing. Well, anything to please you.

Par. [*to Act.*] Ain't that plucky!

[*Trumpet sounds. Crowd enters.*]

Act. The Timarch! handy on the spot.

Ing. [*dolefully*] How lucky!

Par. [*aside*] Poor fellow! He's too brave for such
a fate.

Enter TIMARCH.

Tim. Oyez, oyez, oyez! I have to state
The King's command is: "Seek him near or far,
But render up the rebel Ingomar
Dead or alive; the price set on his head
Ten thousand florins—we prefer him dead!"
To any one who wishes to advance
Proof of his strength and courage, here's a chance.

Adr. Not I!

Idi. Nor I!

Lyc. Such danger I'll not join.

Par. [*advancing*] I have secured the man, and
claim the coin.

Behold him—Ingomar!

[*Every one rushes out at once.*]

Ing. They seem surprised.

I didn't think I should be recognised.

Par. The name affrights them.

Act. How will you behave?

Par. If you will marry me, your life I'll save.

Ing. How's that?

Par. You see, the old Massilian law
Admits upon this point a trifling flaw.
It pardons e'en the man to crimes addicted,
If any one will marry the convicted;
Wisely determining, with humour grim,
Marriage is punishment enough for *him*.

Ing. I yield, of course.

Act. To heights of joy I'm carried !

Ing. I came out single, and I in go mar-ried !

[*Reënter cautiously Timarch and Crowd.*]

Tim. With reinforcements strengthened we re-
turn.

Here is your gold. Now, give him up.

Par. Stay ; learn
That by Massilian law you may touch no man,
Rebel or no, who's wife's Massilian wo-man.

I've wedded Ingomar ! [*sensation.*]

Tim. A plain state robbery.

Enter POLYDOR hastily.

Pol. What's this I hear ?—there seems a precious
bobbery !

Myron, come on ; time's up.

Myr. [*taking money from Par.*] It is with you.
Here is the debt, with interest as due.

Pol. Foiled ! Ev'rybody o'er the humble rides—
That Shakespeare *wasn't* on my books besides !

Par. [*to Audience*] Forgive this dreadful nonsense
—try and see

Some humour in apparent levity.

There is a moral and a warning here

Of deep importance—this is plain and clear.

Ing. I know it—I have hit it—I am certain !

[*To Audience*] These women are the very—

Par. [*hastily*] Drop the curtain !

CHORUS FINALE : Air, " Hunting the hare."

Par.

Now that the curtain descends on our folly here,
Smile with your usual kindness, we pray.

Ing.

'Tis but rebellion 'gainst Melanchóly here,
Something to while just an hour away.

Tim.

Stoutly we've striven too; say we're forgiven too.

Act.

Think of the troubles besetting us folk.

Par.

If what we've done for you seems but as fun for you,
Treat the whole thing as an innocent joke.

[*Chorus repeat.*

Curtain.

MONEY MAKES THE MAN.

A Drawing-room Drama.

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COLONEL CULPEPPER.

FRANK DAWSON.

CHARLES KETTERING.

MR. OGLETHORPE.

MRS. CULPEPPER.

LUCY MAITLAND.

MARY CULPEPPER.

Time : Present day.

SCENE : *Drawing-room at Colonel Culpepper's. Window in flat, opening on to garden. Tables and chairs R. and L. Piano.*

COLONEL and MRS. CULPEPPER discovered seated at table R.H.

Mrs. Culpepper. But how do you know that he is so immensely rich ?

Col. Culpepper. Mrs. Culpepper, I am not in the habit of making statements without being sure of my

facts. No, no; that is not my plan; I leave that style of thing to you ladies. I am a man of facts; facts are stubborn things, Mrs. Culpepper.

Mrs. C. I know they are, Colonel, and not the only stubborn things in the world.

Col. Maria! Mrs. Culpepper, do not indulge in attempts at wit; they do not suit you.

Mrs. C. Nor you either, apparently, my dear. But tell me, how did Mr. Oglethorpe get all this money?

Col. In India.

Mrs. C. Did you know him there?

Col. No. I was in Bombay, and he was engaged at Madras.

Mrs. C. In what capacity?

Col. He was a banker, and acted as agent to my late wife's father.

Mrs. C. Then of course he's rich. Agents always are.

Col. He is executor of my father-in-law's will, in which I fear Mary is not provided for as she should have been. Its contents are not known, as they are not to be published till two years after the decease of her grandfather. That time having just expired, Mr. Oglethorpe has come to this country to settle the affairs; and I have got him here, in order to see whether he might not be inclined to make my daughter his wife, and thus secure her grandfather's wealth. Ain't it a capital plan?

Mrs. C. The plan is well conceived, but I doubt its being carried out.

Col. Why?

Mrs. C. Well, Mary has to be consulted.

Col. She will obey her father.

Mrs. C. Will she? O, then, it will all be right.

Col. Don't you think it will be a very capital match?

Mrs. C. It won't be a match at all; they'll be an odd pair.

Col. How so?

Mrs. C. Look at the difference in age.

Col. A man ought to be older than his wife.

Mrs. C. Yes; but she need not marry her grandfather.

Col. Mrs. Culpepper, I beg you will not joke. I have made up my mind on the subject. Mary must marry Oglethorpe.

Mrs. C. Have you told her so?

Col. No; but I intend doing so this morning. So I beg you'll leave us together.

Mrs. C. Certainly. But how do you intend to arrange matters between her and Frank?

Col. Mrs. Culpepper, you do not suppose for a moment that I ever regarded that young man as my future son-in-law.

Mrs. C. You may not have done so; but if that be the case, you have been very imprudent in allowing him to be here so much.

Col. I like that! Isn't Frank Dawson the son of your uncle, who died heavily in my debt, and left his son as a legacy to me? I have befriended that young man for your sake, and I trust he is not so ungrateful as to have thought of my daughter as his wife; besides, I have an excellent match in my eye for him.

Mrs. C. Who is that?

Col. Miss Maitland. She has an immense fortune.

Mrs. C. You certainly are a most imprudent man, then.

Col. How so?

Mrs. C. Why, to invite, or allow Frank to bring here, an attractive young man like Mr. Kettering, who is much struck with Miss Maitland—has scented the money, perhaps.

Col. This is the way good-nature is always imposed on. I allowed Frank to bring his friend here, but did not imagine he'd fall in love with Miss Maitland. Do you think she cares for him?

Mrs. C. I suspect she does.

Col. Then he must be got rid of. You must politely bow him out.

Mrs. C. Of course I will, if you wish it, though I don't see how it is to be done.

Col. O, you'll contrive it, I know. But do you think there is anything really serious between Mary and Frank?

Mrs. C. Well, in my opinion, they are attached to one another, and I always thought you had no objection to the match.

Col. Mrs. Culpepper, don't irritate me. I once hoped that poor Frank might get his father's property back, and out of friendship have let him pass his vacations here; but now there is no hope of his ever getting a shilling, he must think no more of my daughter.

Mrs. C. Who is to tell him so?

Col. Mary must do that.

Mrs. C. Well, I call that cruel.

Col. Mrs. Culpepper, I am not in the habit of having my actions criticised by those from whom I expect obedience and sympathy.

Mrs. C. My dear Colonel, I am aware I owe you obedience, and will render it faithfully; but don't expect sympathy from me in such an odious design as marrying a young girl to an old invalid. Were she my daughter, I would not hear of such a thing.

Col. Mr. Oglethorpe is an invalid, and needs humouring. By the way, my dear, he didn't seem to relish his dinner yesterday. Pray have delicacies for him.

Mrs. C. He never relishes anything; and as to providing delicacies for him, he does not eat them, nor, indeed, much of anything.

Col. Well, never mind; he must be studied in every way.

Mrs. C. As far as I am concerned he shall be, for I like him very well—not for your daughter's husband. Here comes Mary [*rises*]; so I'll leave you together.

Col. Do so; and please to bear in mind that any attempt to thwart my wishes will provoke my severest disapprobation.

Mrs. C. Mary is your child, and I assure you I have no intention of interfering between you.

[*Exit R.H.*]

Enter MARY through centre.

Mary. Papa, did you send for me?

Col. Yes, my love. I have something very important to say to you.

Mary. [*aside*] A lecture about my dressmaker's bill.

Col. Come and sit here, my love. [*Mary seats herself at his feet. A pause.*] That's a very pretty dress, my dear.

Mary. I'm glad you like it, papa, for I made it myself—at least, the skirt. I did it all in one morning; that sewing-machine is such a help.

Col. No doubt, my love. We live in a wonderful age. Ah, my dear, talking of age reminds me that you are nineteen.

Mary. Twenty, papa, next month.

Col. Don't be in such a hurry. A month is a long time. You don't know what may happen in a *month*. Why, you might be married.

Mary. O, papa! [*Aside*] Then Frank has been talking to him about our plan.

Col. You know, my love, it has ever been my wish to see you happily married. Not that I want to part with my little girl, and I trust she is in no hurry to run away from me.

Mary. No, papa. I'm very happy here.

Col. I'm glad to hear you say so, for do I not indulge every wish of your heart? and I'm sure my wife has done all she could to supply your dear mother's place both to you and to me.

Mary. I'm sure she has; and though, of course, I look forward to a happy life with the husband you approve, I shall never be happier than I am here.

[*Embraces Colonel.*]

Col. That's well, my love; and I am so glad to hear you speak so properly about your husband being one I approve. I'm sure he'll make you happy, and you'll find his affection, like his wealth, unbounded.

Mary. My dear papa, what are you talking about? Dear Frank has a heart of gold, and that is better than wealth.

Col. Frank is a good fellow, a worthy fellow, and I am glad to have witnessed your sisterly regard for him.

Mary. Sisterly regard!

Col. Yes, my love. I have approved it, and trust you will always consider him as a brother, to which I am sure Mr. Oglethorpe won't object.

Mary. What on earth can poor old Mr. Oglethorpe have to do with it?

Col. Mary, I want to speak to you. Don't call Mr. Oglethorpe poor or old, because he is neither.

Mary. I believe he's rich, but he's terribly old.

Col. My love, do not speak in that way. Mr. Oglethorpe is in the prime of life.

Mary. Is he? Then it must be the prime of decay.

Col. My dear, I wish you would not try and say sharp things—a habit I have to correct in Mrs. Culpepper.

Mary. Dear papa, what is the important subject on which you wished to speak to me?

Col. Your marriage.

Mary. I know it must be put off for a long while.

Col. No such thing. My dear, it may take place within a month.

Mary. My dear papa—

Col. Yes, if you will be guided by me, your best friend, I will engage that within a month you are Mrs. Oglethorpe.

Mary. [*bursting out laughing*] Papa, why will you say such funny things?

Col. My love, I see nothing funny in it. I am quite serious. I have given my consent to Mr. Oglethorpe's addressing you as a suitor.

Mary. [*starting up*] Is it possible that I under-

stand you, sir? Have you forgotten my engagement to Frank?

Col. Pooh, pooh! No engagement—a mere girl-and-boy flirtation.

Mary. I know not what you may call it; but the light in which Frank and I regard it is, that our hearts are solemnly pledged to one another, and nothing shall induce me to break my engagement. Respect for you prevents my saying anything more concerning Mr. Oglethorpe, except that the notion of his addressing me as a lover is, in my opinion, nothing less than an insult. [*Exit* L.P.

Col. Mary, Mary! I never could have believed the girl had such a temper. I must find a way to bring her round. I'll go and find Oglethorpe, and talk to him. What a plague girls are, to be sure!

[*Exit.*

Enter LUCY MAITLAND *and* CHARLES KETTERING
through centre.

Lucy. So you really like the quiet life we lead here?

Cha. Yes, for a change, very much.

Lucy. I'm sure I sometimes wish we had a little change; for though I delight in the garden, and am very happy with my dear friend Mary, I confess to finding this life slightly monotonous.

Cha. You have been here for some years?

Lucy. Ever since I left school. I am an orphan

Mrs. Culpepper was a friend of my mother's, and has kindly given me a home.

Cha. I am sure Miss Culpepper delights in having you here ; she told me so last evening.

Lucy. Dear girl ! She is so truly amiable, we agree admirably.

Cha. Two amiable people are not likely to fall out.

Lucy. You are complimentary.

Cha. No, I am sincere. It is impossible for any one to be thrown with Miss Maitland and not discover how—

Reënter MARY hastily.

Mary. O, Lucy, I have been looking for you everywhere !

Lucy. My love, what is the matter ?

Mary. O, come with me to my room ! I am sure Mr. Kettering will excuse us. I've something most important, most terrible to tell you !

Lucy. My dear Mary, your tone alarms me. [To Charles] I'm afraid she's ill ; I must go with her. Let us come into the garden ; the air will revive you. [Exit M. and L. C.]

Cha. She certainly is a most charming girl. I wish I'd never seen her.

Reënter MRS. CULPEPPER.

Mrs. C. Mr. Kettering, I thought you and Frank were on the water.

Cha. No, we could not induce the ladies to accompany us, so agreed to postpone our trip till after lunch. What a charming spot this is!

Mrs. C. [*seated R.H.*] Very well for quiet folks like ourselves. We have no society.

Cha. With the charming family circle you have, that does not so much signify.

Mrs. C. Yes, but that will soon be broken up; and when both the girls are gone, I shall be dull.

Cha. Do you anticipate losing them soon?

Mrs. C. Mr. Kettering, I am sure, will excuse my entering on family details, but will understand me when I say that I consider both my charges off my hands. I am afraid you must find it rather stupid work here, and it will be more so. I do not think that there is a more tiresome position than looker-on at others' happiness. Of course you'll stand on no ceremony, but do as you please—stay or go, as may suit your fancy. We are charmed to have you here, but it is dull work for you, and will be more so still when the engagements of both the girls are made public. My flowers are sadly faded; I must go and tell the gardener to send some fresh ones in. [*Aside, and going*] I think I've settled him.

[*Exit c.*]

Cha. Both engaged! Surely that girl cannot have been laughing at me as we walked in the garden last evening. I should be in a rage, if I thought so.

Enter FRANK C.

Fra. What, alone, old boy, and moping! My aunt is right, then?

Cha. In what respect?

Fra. She says you're bored to death. I met her in the garden, and she sent me in to you.

Cha. Your aunt is very kind; I am not bored a bit. But I say, old fellow, is Miss Maitland engaged to any one?

Fra. Not that I ever heard of. No, I'm sure she's not, or I should have given you a hint, for I can see you're a little bit hit in that quarter.

Cha. No, no!

Fra. I thought you were together now?

Cha. So we were till Miss Maitland was carried off by Miss Culpepper, who was highly excited about something.

Fra. O, some important affair connected with the schools or the parish. The curate has called, perhaps; that is always an exciting event.

Cha. No; something more important than that.

Fra. Well, we shall soon hear, no doubt. But tell me seriously, how do you get on with the heiress?

Cha. Don't call her by that odious name; it reminds me of the impassable barrier that exists between us.

Fra. Why impassable? I'm sure Miss Maitland *doesn't care for money*, and why should you?

Cha. My dear fellow, would it not look very like the act of an adventurer for a fellow without a penny to bless himself with to make up to an immensely rich girl?

Fra. Stuff about what it would look like! You know you are not making up to her for her money, and why need you care about what others may think?

Cha. Well, I daresay you are right. But I must go and write; I want to save the morning post.

Fra. You're safe till twelve o'clock, and it is only just eleven. [*Exit Charles L.H.*

Reënter Lucy.

Lucy. O, Frank, poor Mary is so unhappy, that I have come to send you to her.

Fra. Unhappy! What about?

Lucy. She will tell you herself, and you will find her in the conservatory.

Fra. I'll go to her at once. [*Exit F.C.*

Lucy. Poor girl! what an odious person her father is! It nearly reconciles me to being an orphan when I reflect how terrible it would be to have any one entitled to coerce me in such a matter as the choice of a husband.

Enter MR. OGLETHORPE C.

Lucy. Good-morning. I hope you are pretty well to-day?

Ogl. Excuse me, young lady, but I hate being

asked about my health. [*Sits himself.*] You look as fresh as a rose.

Lucy. I shall be tempted to say that I hate having complimentary speeches made to me.

Ogle. I did not mean to be complimentary. I merely said what I thought.

Lucy. [*aside*] How I should like to quarrel with him! [*Aloud*] Do you like others to say what they think of you?

Ogle. Certainly. I respect candour.

Lucy. Do you? Then would you mind my being candid with you about my dear friend Mary?

Ogle. Pray say anything you please about her.

Lucy. O, sir, let me tell you, as her dearest friend, that she hates the sight of you.

Ogle. The deuce she does! What for?

Lucy. Why, for asking her hand.

Ogle. Who says I asked her hand?

Lucy. Her father; and though you have been here only a few days, putting all other considerations aside, you must have seen how matters are with Miss Culpepper and Mr. Dawson; so pray, sir, please don't interfere. Say you will not. Colonel Culpepper is a good kind man, but he's too fond of money. It is his sole fault.

Ogle. Well, well, my dear, don't be distressed about your friend. I'm sure you'll tell her that she should meet her father's wishes.

Lucy. I really cannot recommend any such course,

and am surprised you should. I thought you were a nice kind sort of man, but now I find you're as bad as Colonel Culpepper. *[Exit hastily.]*

Ogle. This is the gallant Colonel's game in getting me here. I'm to get a young wife in addition to all the other favours with which he has been loading me.

Reënter COLONEL CULPEPPER.

Col. *[advancing to Mr. Oglethorpe, who rises]* Ah, my dear sir, glad to see you looking so well this morning.

Ogle. I feel particularly the reverse of well, thank you all the same.

Col. Dear me, is it possible? I'm sorry. Shall I send for Gorrock?

Ogle. Certainly not; I'm not so bad as that.

Col. You are sitting in a draught; pray sit here. *[Pushes easy-chair towards him, and goes up to close window.]*

Ogle. I prefer this seat *[sits on cane chair]*; and oblige me by leaving the window open.

Col. By all means. *[Aside]* He's quite testy; I must soothe him. *[Aloud]* Now, would you like a drive this morning?

Ogle. No, I'm much obliged; I'd rather remain quietly here.

Col. I should like to have a little chat with you.

Ogle. By all means. *[Col. sits.]*

Col. Mr. Oglethorpe, I need hardly say to a per-

son of your penetration, and one whom I regard as a friend, that the subject of our late conversation has weighed on my mind a great deal.

Ogle. No doubt; no doubt you feel like a father, and are anxious as regards your child's interests.

Col. I am sure I have every confidence in you, Mr. Ogletorpe, and feel certain that you will excuse a parent's anxiety respecting a child's future.

Ogle. I feel for you, Colonel.

Col. I knew you would prove a friend.

Ogle. It will be my wish to be one to you and yours.

Col. Ah, if we could but induce you to settle down here among us, it would be the business of our lives to soothe and please you.

Ogle. I don't want soothing or pleasing.

Col. Ah! but you must need a friend, a companion—need I say a wife?

Ogle. I'm not so sure she would soothe me.

Col. Yes, she would; such a one as I have in my eye—a girl who would love and respect you, who would cheer and comfort you; in a word, a fond devoted creature, who would live but for you, and you alone.

Ogle. You refer to your daughter, Colonel Culpepper?

Col. I do. I am sure you will excuse my abrupt manner. I respect and love you, and am all *anxiety to secure my child's happiness.*

Ogle. O, certainly; but tell me, were I inclined to think of entertaining the suggestion you made as to my settling down here, would your daughter be willing to regard me in a favourable light?

Col. My child is a model of obedience.

Ogle. Yes, yes; but I should like to be sure of the love of my wife.

Col. Never fear; my child is of a most affectionate disposition.

Ogle. Are you sure that her affections are not already engaged?

Col. She would never think of fixing them elsewhere than as I direct.

Ogle. She is a model child indeed!

Col. You may well say that. She will act as I please.

Ogle. I should like to hear as much from her own lips.

Col. You shall do so at once.

Ogle. Wait a little while. To-day the time arrives for the opening of my friend's will; so give me a short time—say half an hour, and we will meet to discuss the business that brought me here.

Col. In half an hour we will expect you here.
[*Exit Mr. O. L.H.*] I am glad he's gone, as I must see both my child and Frank.

Enter FRANK DAWSON.

Fra. Colonel Culpepper, can I speak to you?

Col. By all means; in fact, I want to speak to you. Sit down.

Fra. [*sitting*] I am anxious to speak to you.

Col. I know; but first hear me. You know, my dear boy, that this house has been your home ever since your father died.

Fra. I remember with gratitude all your kindness.

Col. I am sure you do. I do not wish to remind you of your obligations to me, but I must tell you that your father was heavily in my debt at the time of his death.

Fra. So I have heard; and only trust that I may be able to repay you.

Col. I do not expect you to take upon yourself your father's debts; but I am sure, if I could point out a way in which you could help me to repay myself, I might rely on your most active coöperation.

Fra. My dear Colonel, I am ever fully aware of my obligations to you, and only live in the hope of repaying them.

Col. The opportunity of doing so is afforded you now.

Fra. Point it out to me.

Col. I will; marry Miss Maitland.

Fra. How can you propose anything so monstrous?

Col. Monstrous! You call it monstrous, that I *should* propose a plan by which you may serve me

and also repay me seven thousand pounds your father owed me.

Fra. I would gladly repay it by any honourable means.

Col. Marry Miss Maitland. Her ample fortune will release your father's property from all encumbrance, and make a fine settlement for her.

Fra. You know I do not love Miss Maitland.

Col. Love, indeed! Trash! Boy-and-girl nonsense!

Fra. No, sir. Love is the noblest feeling that a man can entertain.

Col. My dear young friend, love is a luxury in which the poor must not indulge.

Fra. It is the only solace the poor can find to soothe the trials of existence.

Col. Pooh, pooh! Be a sensible fellow, and marry Miss Maitland.

Fra. Sir, I repeat once for all, that I do not love Miss Maitland, and that my heart is your daughter's.

Col. Then, sir, I am to understand that you will selfishly stand in my daughter's light, and not assist to repay me the money your father owed me. I call your conduct ingratitude of the worst kind.

Fra. Pray do not say so! You have been a kind friend till now. I will do all I can for you, but do not ask too much of me. I have loved Mary fondly, and always thought you sanctioned my addresses.

Col. My dear fellow, I must tell you that I have

a fine opportunity of marrying my daughter. I am sure you have too high an esteem for her not to wish to see her well settled.

Fra. O, sir, I do indeed feel more than esteem for your daughter. I love her, and would work for her to the utmost of my power. I never can love any but her.

Col. Frank, you're a good boy, and I would wish to see you my son; but, my dear boy, I am poor, very poor. I have lost heavily lately on several speculations, and I can only save myself from ruin by getting Mary well married, and providing you a rich wife. Both objects are nearly attained. Do not thwart me, I implore.

Fra. Unless Mary should renounce me, I will never give her up.

Col. At any rate, promise me you will not unduly influence her.

Fra. I will say nothing more to her till she has decided for or against me.

Col. That's a good boy. [*Aside*] Now I'll go and find her, and get her answer for Oglethorpe. [*Going.*

Réciter CHARLES KETTERING.

Cha. Give me joy, old chap! She has accepted me.

Fra. I knew she would. Hurra, old fellow! I do most heartily congratulate you, old boy! Where is she? I must go and wish her joy on having secured such a trump for a husband.

Cha. Old fellow, you think too highly of me. I owe you all my happiness for introducing me here.

Fra. I see that she and Mary are in the garden. I'll go and say everything I can think of against you.

[*Exit Cha.*]

Col. [*coming forward*] What do I hear, Mr. Kettering. Is it possible you have availed yourself of being my guest to make a lady an offer under my roof?

Cha. I was not aware that such a course was any violation of the rules of hospitality.

Reënter MRS. CULPEPPER.

Mrs. C. Mr. Kettering, I wish you joy. Mary has told me all.

Col. Mrs. Culpepper, are you mad?

Mrs. C. [*aside*] It's done. We must make the best of it.

Cha. Thank you very much, Mrs. Culpepper. [*Aside*] But for her hint, I should never have had the pluck to have spoken. [*Goes up to garden.*]

Col. I really think every one is in a conspiracy against me.

Mrs. C. Don't make yourself absurd by showing you are disappointed.

Reënter LUCY and CHARLES.

Col. Miss Maitland, allow me to congratulate you. [*Aside*] What a bit of luck for that fellow!

Mrs. C. [to *Lucy*] I shall expect you to pass a great deal of your time here, my love.

Col. Of course, of course. Isn't it dear *Lucy's* home ?
[Takes her hand.]

Lucy. So kind of you ! Now may I venture to say a word for dear *Mary* and *Frank* ?

Col. My dear girl, no ; my mind is made up. *Frank* is too poor to think of my child.

Lucy. *Mary* will never be poor while I am wealthy.

Col. That is all very romantic and schoolgirl-like, but it is not the reality of life.

Cha. My dear Colonel, *Lucy* and I are quite agreed as to *Frank's* future being part of our care.

Col. Thank you ; but I have other views for my child.

Lucy. I'm sure you'll not have the heart to refuse them.

Reënter MARY and FRANK.

Col. I have a duty to perform, and never shrink from duty. I call on *Mary* to obey me, and on *Frank* to act as becomes our relative positions.

Mary. Dearest father, do not tax my affection and duty too much.

Fra. I am sure you will act as becomes a man in this matter, Colonel Culpepper.

Col. That is what I mean to do. My dear young friend, money is the main thing in life ; in fact, money makes the man.

Fra. I cannot agree with such a view of the case.

Enter MR. OGLETHORPE.

Ogle. I trust there is no disagreement here. I am anxious to meet your family party, Colonel, on particularly friendly terms.

Col. I am sure you are. [*Aside*] What a fright I'm in lest Mary should refuse him! [*Aloud*] Would you wish to see my daughter alone?

Ogle. O, dear no! What I have to say may be interesting to all present;—though, Miss Mary, I wish to speak particularly to you, if you are ready and inclined to hear what I have to say.

Col. [*aside to Mary*] Say yes, my love.

Mary. Yes, sir.

Ogle. Well, then; I have here a paper, which I wish you to read. [*Gives paper*] Please read it aloud.

Mary. May I not ask papa to read it for me?

Ogle. As you please.

Col. [*Taking paper*] Let me see. [*Reads*] "I, Samuel Matson, hereby appoint and direct Henry Oglethorpe to dispose of and apply the whole of my property according to the written instructions I have already given him." Well, sir, and pray what are those instructions?

Ogle. Simply that your daughter shall give her hand to the heir and representative of her deceased grandfather; and as soon as your daughter signs an engagement to do this, I am ready to hand over to her the fortune bequeathed to her on those conditions.

Mary. Nothing on earth would induce me to do so. I can give my hand only where my heart already is bestowed. [Gives hand to Frank.]

Col. Pooh, pooh! are you mad?—Mr. Oglethorpe, don't mind her; she will sign.—My dear, you would not be so unjust as to deprive Mr. Oglethorpe of his share of the inheritance.

Ogle. Let me set you right on that point. I shall not benefit a farthing by your daughter's compliance.

Col. How can that be? Are you not heir to all under her grandfather's will, failing her?

Ogle. Not a penny of it.

Col. Ah, I forgot; you are so immensely wealthy, you despise his money.

Ogle. I should not, if I could get it. Pray, who told you I was to be his heir?

Col. Everybody.

Ogle. Everybody is a liar. I am sole executor and trustee to my old friend Sam Matson, and he has left it in my power to arrange your daughter's marriage.

Col. Yes; and should she marry in opposition to your wishes, I suppose the whole of the property goes to charitable purposes?

Mrs. C. Then the late Mr. Matson's charitable views were somewhat hazy, in my opinion.

Col. My love, be quiet; this is an exciting moment.—Mary, will you persist in opposing your father's will?

Mrs. C. And your grandfather's too?

Mary. I have given my answer.

Col. Frank, will you allow her to be the ruin of us all?

Mary. Dear father, I would work for you, beg for you, but I cannot sacrifice my heart's best affections for you.

Ogle. Well, then, there is only one thing that remains to be done. [Tears up paper.]

Col. Do not be precipitate, Mary; you will be my death.

Mrs. C. O, nonsense! that's not fair to work on her feelings in that way.

Col. My love, I must beg you'll be silent.

Mrs. C. I will not allow you to be unjust.

Ogle. Well, I have fulfilled the conditions of my trust so far. And now, Miss Mary, I've a bone to pick with you. Did you for one moment suppose that I was intending to force you into a marriage with myself?

Col. I knew she'd lose him and his immense wealth. O dear, O dear!

Mary. I could only judge by what papa said.

Ogle. Papa was labouring under a delusion. He got an inkling of the contents of your grandfather's will, and jumped at a conclusion. Now as far as I am personally concerned, you are free to marry any one you please. I never had the slightest intention of making you my wife.

Col. [to *Mary*] There now, you've disgusted him. [To *Ogle*] Then why did you lead me to hope—

Ogle. I gave you no encouragement ; it was all your own idea.—Well then, Miss Culpepper, if you obstinately refuse to marry according to my consent had and obtained, the whole of your grandfather's property goes away from you.

Col. To some Scotch cousin, I suppose !

Ogle. No ; not to a relation, but to the representative of one to whose father Mr. Matson was under great obligations.

Col. How coolly you take the loss of all the money ! Ah, but you are so immensely rich !

Ogle. Immensely rich ! I've five hundred a-year.

Col. That all ? But let us know who is the fortunate possessor of the vast wealth that my daughter thus despises ?

Ogle. Well, I hope he's a deserving fellow. I don't know much of him, but perhaps you can tell me more about him.

Mrs. C. What is his name ?

Ogle. Frank Dawson.

Col. Is it possible ? O, how I have always loved that boy !

Mrs. C. Frank, my more than son !

[They all surround and overwhelm him with congratulations.]

Fra. But tell me, how am I to account for this accession of fortune ?

Ogle. My friend merely states in his will, that in making you his heir he is only doing an act of justice,

and restoring you your own.—Well, Miss Mary, I only hope the young man will take your case into consideration.

Col. O, they've been engaged for years!

Fra. Indeed we have; and it is a great pleasure to hear you acknowledge it.

Col. My dear boy, I always knew your worth; but then, you know, the money—

Mary. Dear papa, let us not refer to that hateful subject.

Col. I'm delighted to know that you need think no more about it.

Fra. I hope I may be able to induce you to estimate it at its real value.

Mary. I'm sure you will. [Comes forward.

Of old the moral used to be,
 That manners made the man;
 In present time, it seems that we
 Adopt another plan.
 In order to be thought of well,
 Deny it if you can,
 Wealth is the point on which we dwell,
 Now Money makes the Man.

Ogle. No, no; that's wrong:
 "Manners make the man,"
 The want of them the fellow;
 "And all the rest is leather and prunella."

Curtain.



THE HAPPY DESPATCH.

A Japanese Opera-Bouffe.

BY ALFRED THOMPSON.

MUSIC BY DUCENOOZOO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KONGOUTWANKAKAMI (otherwise Jeremiah Twankay), late
of Little Pickleboro'.

GAMALIEL GAMBOGE, artist.

AWPHIZPHEED, native servant to Kongoutwankakami.

FRANGIPANNI (otherwise Jemima), daughter of Kongou-
twankakami.

SLYBOOTSZEE, Frangipanni's maid.

*Period, present. Costumes, more or less Japanese.
Scene, in Japan.*

SCENE : *Interior of a Japanese shop looking on to public road (N.B. With the help of a screen or two, some Oriental vases, and a few paper lanterns, much interesting local colour may be given to this scene). On L. of scene a counter, on which are pickle-jars, labelled "Birds'-nests," "Sharks' Fins," "Sea Anemones," &c. &c. R., a barrel or drum labelled "Phigs," also a flour-tub. As the curtain rises, AWPHEEZ is discovered serving customers.*

Chorus.

Air, "Merry Swiss boy."

Come and buy, come and buy
 Our shark-saveloys!
 Our puppy-dogs, kippered or dry,
 Taste and try, taste and try!
 All the gourmet's best joys,
 From birds'-nests to kangaroo-pic.

Awph.

Here's whale's bottle-nose!
 Here's ant-eaters' toes!
 Hippopotamus ham!
 Armadillos in jam!

Chorus.

Come and buy, come and buy, &c.

Awph. Buy, buy! who'll buy? [*Customers go*

out one after the other at back.] [*Alone*] The Tycoon be praised for a moment's breathing-time! Since master's returned from the land of the barbarians with these new inventions of old Bogee—whose evil influence be averted!—I haven't had a moment to eat, drink, or avoid the shop. Next year there's to be a universal bazaar at Nangosaki, and I'm blessed if I don't turn bonze and collect coppers for the poor! "Grinding brings in wealth," as Confucius has it. I'll grind the singing-box at the door of the temple; and when gold rises above my ankles, perhaps—[*sighs*]—perhaps Slybootszee may look with compassion on the faithful Awphiz-peed. She's only a lady's-maid, but she likes per-kisites. "Money makes them 'ere to go," as Confucius has it. By the opal button on the Emperor's hat, I love her better than—ay, better than figs!

Enter a small Customer at back.

Customer [*timidly*] A bushel of rice-flour, please, sir.

Aicph. [*abstractedly*] Here you are. [*Exit small Customer.*] [*Reflecting*] By the holy Dragon, I've given arsenic instead of flour! I can't leave the shop; but the Tycoon will have his subjects decreased by at least one family. Now, the barbarians would probably bastinado for such a mistake; here, thank the Emperor, it don't much signify.

Enter at back TWANKAY. Awph. goes up and salaams in the Japanese fashion by turning his back to him.

Twan. Now then, when you've done salaaming, there's a fresh lot of swallows'-nests and a batch of sharks'-tails wants sorting. All the delicacies of the season, not forgetting star-fish jam and cockatoo marmalade. What would they say in Little—*[looks round, and sees Awph. still salaaming.]* May my best blacking turn sour if he isn't still at it! Double-distilled rhinoceros, go to your work, and take my blessing with you! *[Kicks him. Awph. is precipitated into the flour-tub.]* As I was going to say, what would they think in Little Pickleboro' if they knew that I, Kongoutwankakami, Purveyor of Birds'-nests to the Tycoon, were Jeremiah Twankay, grocer, of No. 3 High-street, Little Pickleboro'? Yet such is the startling and, I may say, undeniably interesting fact, and all this dates from little more than a year ago.

Awph. [interrupting] Did your excellency call?

Twan. Continue your birds'-nesting, essence of ten thousand asses! *[To Audience]* You think the imposition of calling myself Purveyor to the Tycoon is a gross one; but I was a grocer before, you know. That's not so bad, eh?

Awph. His excellency observed—

Twan. Don't interrupt! Extract of Day and *Martin*, go and value the kippered puppies, and let

me get on with my memoirs. Well, as I was saying, it was at last year's Derby, I and my daughter and my wife—no, I left my wife at home—I took my daughter, a charming girl, and her maid Slybootszee.

Awph. Slybootszee! Ah!

[*Collapses into the flour-tub.*]

Twan. Confound his Japuneasy ways! I shall never get to the end. Well, we went to the Derby in the teacart, and my daughter enjoyed herself immensely. So did I immoderately. I had initiated my daughter Jemima—I should say Frangipanni—into the elegant athletics known as knock-'em-downs, and cocoa-nuts and pin-cushions had fallen in heaps to my unerring aim. Though I had to pay 17s. 6d. for little more than three dozen sticks, our barouche—I mean teacart—was loaded up to the splash-board. The race was over, and so was lunch, not forgetting a dozen real old Cremorne champagne, and the fun of the road had begun again. I have no distinct reminiscence of anything but the dust, which goes to the head—no, really, old Cremorne champagne never does, though I may have taken a little too much milk from one of the cocoa-nuts. No, it must have been the dust.

Awph. Your excellency expressed a desire?

Twan. Cork our crocodile-sauce, and be—I won't lose my temper, or you will lose my story. Where was I? O, you may remember that Thingameewot-

ukallakami, of the Japanese embassy, was then in England, and on the same road from the Derby. We had been distributing pin-cushions pretty freely along the road, but the sight of this representative of a foreign power stimulated my soul to higher aspirations. "Not a pin-cushion," said I, "Jeremiah, but a cocoa-nut!" And a cocoa-nut it was, and a big un too. Aiming steadily at the celestial barouche, I launched it at the cock envoy, shouting in my most affable tones, "Here's one for your nut, old boy!" The head of the vice-envoy was ostensibly damaged by the compliment; but the principal pulled up, and, to our astonishment, asked my name and address through the medium of an interpreter, who informed us that their excellencies were aware that to be pelted was the greatest honour ever shown in Great Britain. The greater the missile, the greater the honour. I was the first admirer who had conferred on them the dignity of a cocoa-nut, and thence their desire to express their recognition of my flattery. You will now understand why I left Little Pickleboro', and became Sole Purveyor of Pickled Porpoises and General Promoter of Social Science in Japan. It makes one quite thirsty, reciting one's memoirs.

Awph. Your excellency meant—

Twan. A pint of half-and-half. Ah, we don't know that stimulant here! Call my daughter.

Awph. [*goes L. and calls off*] Missy Frangipanni!

Enter SLYBOOTSZEE.

Sly. Missy 'll be down directly ; but she was at the Tycoon's ball last night, and since the embassy has returned from England, the Japanese guests do keep such late hours. [*Awphizpheed is kissing the hem of her garment.*] Now do a' done, Mr. Awphizpheed, do ! So you see, sir, missy's not yet dressed. It's hard on us ladies'-maids, sir, ain't it ?

SONG : Air, "Giulia Gentil."

(N.B. The words will go to most valse airs.)

Ladies, you think your lady's-maid
Knows naught of care when she's well paid.
When you're well dressed, all's for the best,
No one so blest as your lady's-maid.
But should you hear some one remark,
"Dresses don't fit, colours too dark"—
It's always the same victim to blame.
Strange you all name your lady's-maid—
The blame is always laid on that lady's-maid.

You go to balls ; while we, from sleep
Our weary eyes obliged to keep,
Are sitting up from three to four—
That's what you call an awful bore.
When, tired dead, you come to bed,
'Tis "Gracious me, asleep again !"
The evening's pass'd so very fast,
You wonder how we can complain.
You really are afraid you must send off that maid—
The blame is always laid on your poor lady's-maid.
[Cries heard outside.

Enter GAMBOGE running; he hides himself behind counter. SLYBOOTSZEE runs off L. TWANKAY and AWPHEEZPHEED run up c. and look off R. and L. (N.B. Gamboge has a patch on his right eye, a portfolio, and a small banjo on his back). Twankay comes down. Gamboge comes from behind counter.

Twan. Now what, on earth, is all this row about? [*Gamboge bows backwards.*] Yes, I understand, it's all very polite; but speak up. Parly-voo Japannais?

Gam. I believe you, my bonze! By the way, you're not a bonze, but that does not signify. You wish to know why I have so suddenly made myself the leading article in your magazine. Bring me a chair, and you shall hear all about it. [*Twankay brings chairs down.*] I say, old bonze—you're not a bonze, but you ought to be—it seems to me I have seen you somewhere before. [*They sit.*]

Twan. [*aside*] Very extraordinary if he has!

Gam. As I was saying, or was going to say, I am the imperial artist in this the capital of the Tycoon. [*Twankay gets up and bows; Gamboge returns the bow. They reseal themselves.*] Though a foreigner, I have picked up the language, as you perceive, and I was this morning taking the portrait of the envoy extraordinary Thingameewotukallakami, when of a sudden I received a melon right in my eye. Jumping up, I observed his excellency in the act of following up the melon with a cocoa-nut; so I retaliated

with the porcelain stool on which I was sitting; and perceiving the attendants draw their swords, made the best of my way to the door, and, slipping down a by-street, made a rapid escape; and here I am.

Twan. Know, O luckless foreigner, that in this country the projection of missiles, cocoa-nut or otherwise, at the head of any one, is the greatest honour that can be paid. Once under my roof, I cannot take arms against you; but at the same time I must let you know that you have—

Gam. Brought the imperial envoy's wrath upon my devoted head.

Twan. [*aside*] I have seen that face before; and yet— [*calls*] Awphizpheed, look to the shop, and keep your eye on the till. I'll go down to the palace and hear the facts of the case. Luckless foreigner, you can stay here till called for.

[*They bow backwards. Exit Twankay c.*]

Gam. [*sitting down R., and drawing in his book*] Here's a sketch which will look well in the *Illustrated News*.

[*Awphizpheed gets in front of him; Gamboge pushes him out of way.*]

Enter FRANGIPANNI. L.

Fran. Papakami called me. O, a stranger!

[*Exit Awphizpheed.*]

Gam. Heavens!

[*Upsets everything.*]

Fran. Does the noble stranger come from the

paradise of the barbarians, or have breezes blown to his ears tales of the white-faced savages of the west? Frangipanni hears nothing but the price of figs, sees no novelty but what smells nasty.

Gam. [*aside*] Shall I make myself known? Does Frangipanni pine for other lands, or do her dreams picture her some better home than this?

Fran. Exquisite exile, my intellect craves refreshment. Sing to me of the country you have left behind you.

GAMBOGE sings to his banjo.

THE FAR COUNTRIE.

Air, "Roi de Beotie" (from Offenbach's *Orphée*).

Young lady, in the far countree
 Whence I come from there is no sun—
 At least, most foreigners will say so;
 Of fog and spleen they all make fun;
 The climate is so very chilly,
 That no one has a heart to feel;
 Our women all so very silly,
 They dress themselves in hoops of steel.
 All this, and more, you there may see-ee,
 In my deluded far countree.

When we grow tired of our spouses,
 We don't allow them us to vex;
 We sell them down at Smiffel Market,
 All with a rope about their necks.
 We eat raw beef; and all our pleasure

Is drinking port, imbibing gin ;
 And when life bores us beyond measure,
 A pistol finishes our spleen.
 All this, and more, &c.

Fran. O, refulgent refugee, let Frangipanni learn the words of thy song. [*Gamboge hands, from his pocket, the "Times" Supplement.*] What do I see! The *Times*! and here, at the head of agony column, [*reads*] "If this should meet the eye of Jemima Twankay, let her be assured her faithful Gamaliel will find her out, should she be concealed in the jungles of Connemara or hid in the hot sands of Siberia." O, joy unsingable! who shall try to curb my bridal now?

SONG : Air, "The Fisherman's Daughter."

Fran.

As day by day passes, love whispers, Despair not,
 If not yet to-day, p'raps to-morrow'll decide ;
 For all other joys till I meet him I care not—
 Now here, in the *Times*, he elects me his bride ;
 Ever faithful and true to the vow that he made me
 Last year, when papa took me off to Japan,
 And still in my ears the farewell that he bade me
 Now plays on my drum its beloved rataplan.
 Little birds'-nests in soup to that nest pray compare
 not,
 That cosy dove's nest by our own fireside ;
 For all other joys till I win that I care not—
 See here in the *Times* he elects me his bride.

[*Speaking*] Tell me, I supplement you—I supplicate you—how came you by this *Times* ?

Enter AWFHIZPHEED behind.

Gam. Jemima, have you forgotten me ?

[*Takes patch off his eye.*

Fran. Is it possible—my own Gamaliel! [*Is about to throw herself into his arms, when she observes Awphizpheed.*] Stay, we are watched! Dissimulate.

Awph. [*aside*] Missy Frangipanni very much telegraphee to strange gennelman. Awphizpheed keep two eyes on this family. [*To Fran.*] Missy call ?

Fran. A novel pretext! Awphizpheed, go and see what Slybootszee is doing.

Awph. [*aside*] That's to get rid of me; but I shall get a tête-à-tête with Slybootszee. [*Exit n.*

Gam. We must be cautious, for your flunky smells a rat, if not many rats. My Jemima!

Fran. My Gamaliel!

[*They pace the stage arm-in-arm.*

Gam. Dost remember, my Jemima, the day we met in the back garden in Little Pickleboro', with no other witnesses to our happiness but the cockchafers ?

Fran. No other listeners but the earwigs.

Gam. No other sound to check the beatings of our hearts but the soothing tinkle of the muffin-bell.

Fran. Or the fitful cry of "Sparrowgrass!"

Gam. Hast thou forgot, O Jemima, how we

passed each other on the Derby-day? How my affection made itself known in a shower of wooden dolls?

Fran. How my feelings exploded in the waving of my handkerchief?

Gam. I have still the cork of the gingerbeer we drank together at the races.

Fran. I have still the number of *Bow Bells* which held the ham sandwiches you brought us.

DUET (from *Norma*).

Both.

Have you forgot how we often gained admission
To Madame Tussaud's delightful exhibition,
Blind to the horrors of Marat, Burke, or Manning,
There undisturbed our future prospects planning?

Fran.

Or when we sought refreshment.

Gam.

For Cupid even something wants substantial.

Fran.

One plate for us two was ample.

Gam.

One glass, and others followed our example.

Alternate.

For the waiters [*repeat*].

Both.

For the waiters never came when they were called for,
Though loudly they were bawled for.

Fran. [*interrupting*] Break off; I can't get up any higher, and I hear my father's step approaching.

[*Gamaliel sketches. Frangipanni smells pickles as TWANKAY enters hurriedly c.*

Twan. The stranger still here, not called for, and making himself at home! Jemi—Frangipanni, go to your room.

[*Exit Frangipanni, who kisses her hand to Gamaliel as she goes off behind.*

Twan. How am I to get rid of this obtrusive party? I've been to his excellency Thingameewotukallakami, and their artist is still living; therefore this is an impostor. How I hate impostors! I wouldn't pass myself off for what I was not; no, not if you—eh! [*Scratches his nose and laughs. To Gam.*] Still here, luckless stranger? [*Aside*] By Jove, he's got the patch on the other eye now; there's something behind it. [*Button-holes Gamaliel, and brings him forward.*] You must clear out of this, as sure as my name is Jeremi—is Kongoutwankakami.

Gam. Clear out! I don't make your meaning so clear out as I should wish. Explain yourself, grocer!

Twan. Purveyor! I have just taken a bottle of mixed pickles down to the palace for the Tycoon's tea. The envoy's private artist was there in the act of painting a tea-tray.

Gam. Go on.

Twan. [*losing his temper*] Go on! I want you to go on. If the artist was there, he's not here; and if he's not here, you're not the envoy's artist or any other man; you're a impostor!

Gam. Grocer!

Twan. [*furious*] Purveyor, if you please.

Gam. I repeat, grocer, you insult me.

Twan. I insult *you!* that's good! You install yourself in my house, you make yourself at home under my very nose, and you prove yourself an impostor. Here's my card. [*Gives card.*]

Gam. [*reads*] "Kongoutwankakami, Sole Purveyor of Pickled Porpoises, and General Promoter of Social Science to the Emperor of Japan." Thank you; I'm not in absolute want of either of those delicacies for the moment.

Twan. Bless my birds'-nests! My card! I demand satisfaction!

Gam. How?

Twan. Anyhow.

Gam. When?

Twan. Now.

Gam. Where?

Twan. Here.

Gam. I'll choose weapons. Palliser chill-shot.'

Twan. Mine the choice of weapons. I'm the insulted one!

Gam. What a title for a sensation drama—*The*

Pickle Purveyor, or the Insulted One! Well, is it swords or pistols?

Twan. Neither. What! you wish to prove you are no impostor, and you don't even know the laws of duelling in this country! I call you out, and we rip ourselves up in each other's presence.

Gam. All right; you begin, then. Come, rip away!

Twan. Stop a bit; *noblesse oblige*.

Gam. No, blest if it does!

Twan. Awphizpheed! [*Enter Awphizpheed*]
Knives and tea for two!

Awph. [*aside*] Here's fun! I'll let Slybootszee know what's going on. [*Exit*].

Gam. [*aside*] I have it! The sanguinary grocer shall be humoured.

Enter AWPHEED with knives. Exit after bowing.

Twan. Choose your knife—I couldn't think of your taking the smallest! By the way, if you prefer it, we can do it sitting.

Gam. If I'm to do it at all, thank you, I'd just as soon do it standing. [*Aside*] I've a tube of crimson lake somewhere about me—I'll rip that up instead. [*Aloud*] Now, then, are you ready, grocer?

Twan. Purveyor! I won't be called grocer—purveyor!

Gam. If you feel very much insulted, you can rip yourself up on both sides.

Twan. Are you ready? At the word "Three!" in go the knives.

Gam. Well, it's a comfort to think, if I rip myself up, I shall never have a stitch in my side again! These knives are not sharp enough—just try first how they will act.

Twan. Now then; it's nothing when you're used to it! One!

Gam. One it is.

Twan. Two!

Gam. Two it is.

Twan. Th—

Gam. Two and a half—stop a bit; I haven't made my will. I've nothing to leave, but I give all to your daughter, grocer, for I loved her.

Twan. Loved my daughter! All the more reason for despatch.

Gam. One it is.

Twan. Two!

Gam. Two it is. Now for it! [*Sensation.*

Both. Three!

[*Gamaliel sticks himself, and falls all his length. Twankay stops.*

Twan. I'm only a grocer, after all; for I haven't the pluck as he has. But I must know who my adversary is.

[*Twankay takes card out of Gamaliel's pocket.*

[*Reads*] "Gamaliel Gamboge, artist, 25 High-street, Little Pickleboro'." What! a countryman!

and killed on my premises ! Almost murdered—no, it's only suicide. I didn't do it ; don't say I did it. Well, perhaps it's as well, for he loved my daughter, and I never could have sanctioned their union, for my Jemima—I mean Frangipanni—has made an enormous impression on the Tycoon. Father-in-law to an emperor ! What would they say in Little Pickleboro' ?

Enter AWPHEEZPEED musing. Falls over Gamaliel as he gets up.

Awph. [*aside*] The stranger ! My gov'nor has not acted like a Japanese. His house is dishonoured by this body or any other body.

Twan. [*Mysteriously*] Awphizeed, this must be hid. You may take figs and raisins when you like ; I'll shut my eyes ; but you must hide the stranger. My knife was not sharp enough.

Awph. But your Excellency was.

[Awphizeed and Twankay lift Gamaliel up and prop him against door. He falls stiffly forward. They catch him, and replace him. Comic business.]

Twan. Where to hide him ! The salt-fish barrel is not large enough. Ah ! there is nothing in the fig-drum ; in he goes.

[They put him into fig-drum.]

Enter SLYBOOTSZEE.

Sly. His Excellency !

Twan. Never mind the figs, Awphizpheed; they are not ripe enough to send to the palace.

Sly. [*aside*] Dried figs from Smyrna not ripe enough! There's something there master don't want me to see. See if I don't find out! [*To Awphizpheed*] Do a-done, Mr. Awphizpheed, do! But here's Miss Frangipanni.

Enter FRANGIPANNI.

Fran. [*looking about*] Where is he? What! already gone? Papa seems nervous. Good-morning, papa dear.

Twan. [*putting Awphizpheed before drum, comes down, and remarks mysteriously to Frangipanni*] He loved you.

Fran. Who, papa?

Twan. [*embarrassed*] The young stranger who has just gone.

Fran. Gone where?

Twan. Where the Japanese go who are troublesome. You will never see him again.

Fran. [*aside*] Gamaliel will return; but papa mustn't suspect. Never again! I suppose I ought to faint. [*Screams*] O! [*falls into Slybootszee's arms, who screams "Ah!" and falls into Awphizpheed's.*]

Twan. [*to Awphizpheed*] Take them upstairs.

Fran. [*recovering*] Where am I? O, ah; my pocket-handkerchief! [*Slybootszee recovers, and hands tray, on which are several squares of paper.* *Fran-*

Frangipanni wipes her eyes à la japonaise, and returns paper.] There, help me to my room.

Sly. Awphizpheed, you'll find missy's salts in the fig-drum.

Twan. [*nervous*] Salts! — I took them out this morning. You'll find them upstairs.

Sly. [*aside*] What a bouncer! I never put them there at all. [*Exeunt all but Twankay L.*]

Twan. Now to efface the traces of this duel. [*Locks door L., opens drum, and takes out Gamaliel and props him against side of drum. He collapses, &c. Comic business.*] Not a shutter to be had. They don't use shutters in Japan. I must dig a hole with the sugar-scoop. That won't do. Stop! I'll go and borrow a spade from a neighbour to stir the treacle with. [*Puts chair in front of Gamaliel, and exit c.*]

Gam. Gone at last! No; here he comes back again! [*Returns to position.*]

Twan. [*reënters c.*] I wasn't sure whether I had locked the door. All right; don't shake your gory locks at me. [*Exit c.*]

Gam. Heartless old grocer! Now to change your plans. [*Unlocks door. Enter Awphizpheed, who stares, trembles, and finally faints. Gamaliel props him against fig-drum; then shouts off*] Jemima! [*Enter Frangipanni and Slybootszee.*] Your father thinks me defunct. Your flunky there occupies my position for the moment. Leave Slyboots here to guard him, and fly with me to the British consul.

Gam. Fran. Sly.

TRIO : Air, "Come where my love lies dreaming"—(*Christy's*).

Come where the consul's scheming,
Scheming the office-hours away!
We mustn't stay here dreaming;
Clerks won't for us delay.

Scheming the office-hours, scheming the office-hours
away;

Come where the consul's scheming, so deeply schem-
ing, the office-hours away.

[*Exeunt Gamaliel and Frangipanni c.*

Sly. [*looking after them*] Won't the governor be
sold! [*Coming down*] Poor Awphy, to have fainted
dead away like that! [*Awphizpheed opens one eye.*] I
don't quite see it. I was beginning to like him.

Awph. [*jumping forward*] Missy Slybootszee,
say that again, and Awphizpheed will do anything
missy like to command, By the Sacred Swallow of
Japan, wait till I have exposed the cowardice of the
governor to his Excellency the envoy.

Sly. Cowardice?

Awph. The ghost of his adversary has appeared
to me, and I must divulge all, or I am dishonoured.

Sly. His adversary lives, and is beloved by my
young missis. Spare the master, and the maid will
turn an admiring eye on your efforts. Take your
place; he is coming back.

[*Awphizpheed resumes position. Exit Sly-
bootszee L.; reënter Twankay with spade.*

Twan. Now to our ghastly work. [*Looks at Awphizphced*] What, not Gamaliel? Speak, traitor, speak! Is the deed done? As I'm a Japanese—

Awph. Which you ain't, any more than purveyor. Grocer, I'm off to denounce your treachery.

[*Runs to c. Twankay holds him back struggling.*]

Twan. Stay! just as I have received a fresh lot of crimped cuttlefish! Stay, I say; take all my figs!

Awph. A fig for 'em all!

Twan. Take my raisins.

Awph. That's no rayson.

Twan. At least, tell me where is the body?

Awph. Gone to be spliced.

Twan. But he's ripped up!

Awph. All the more necessity to be spliced.

Twan. I'll give you Slybootszee if you'll listen—

Awph. That's more like business.

Awph. This is how it stands: You've been humbugged, and the stranger has never ripped himself up at all. He has run off with young missy!

Twan. Jemima! Unparalleled effrontery! But does Frangipanni know who he is?

Awph. [*giving "Times" newspaper*] I saw the stranger offer this printed pocket-handkerchief to Missy Frangipanni.

Twan. The *Times*! What's this? [*Reads*] "If this should meet the eye of Jemima Twankay—" What will they say in Little Pickleboro'? Hullo, here's

another! [*Reads*] "Next of kin. To Gamaliel Gambo, artist, late of Little Pickleboro'. If this should meet his eye, he is requested to write to the executors of his aunt, the late Miss Sophonisba Smelomunny." Bless you, my children! Where are you? Everything is forgiven.

Enter SLYBOOTSZEE L., who with AWPHZPHEED receives his blessing.

Twan. Not you! Be off, and look for my daughter, and be careful of the stranger—very careful. [*Exeunt Awphizpheed and Slybootszee c.*] By Jove! I shall see Little Pickleboro' again! Fancy a brass plate with "Purveyor to the Emperor of Japan, by authority," in conspicuous characters thereon!

Enter GAMALIEL, FRANGIPANNI, SLYBOOTSZEE, and AWPHZPHEED arm-in-arm, c.

Gam. The consul, of course, couldn't see us till to-morrow; so we were obliged to come back.

Twan. I know all, and have to congratulate my daughter on possessing such a husband. Look here [*shows "Times"*]. We'll drink the health of the late Miss Sophonisba Smelomunny. Take my treasure, and be happy.

COUPLET AND CHORUS: Air, "Ring, ring the banjo" (*Christy's*).

Twan.

Your aunt's demise is lucky,
Though don't suppose I think

Your conduct here less plucky,
Were you without the chink.

Chorus.

Ching ring a ring ching,
'Tis warranted Japan ;
It cuts out Day and Martin
Or any other man. [Repeat.]

Gam. and Fran.

The British consul heading
Our gay procession train,
We'll have a British wedding
In Japanese domain.

Chorus: Ring ching.

Awph. and Sly.

[Spoken] Real Japanese

Hotch-potch and whisky,
Hatch and scratch away ;
Rats and cats get frisky—
Gee-aitch-eye-jay-kay !

Chorus: Ring ching.

Twan. We'll finish the day with a night in
Japan. Awphizpheed, call in as many guests as can
conveniently make it worth their while to step in.
[Exit Awphizpheed] Slybootszee, warm up the birds'-
nest soup for our guests.

*Enter AWPHEEZ and Guests, who join in final
chorus and dance.*

FINAL CHORUS AND DANCE: Air, "La Lune brille" (*Les Deux
Aveugles*, Offenbach).

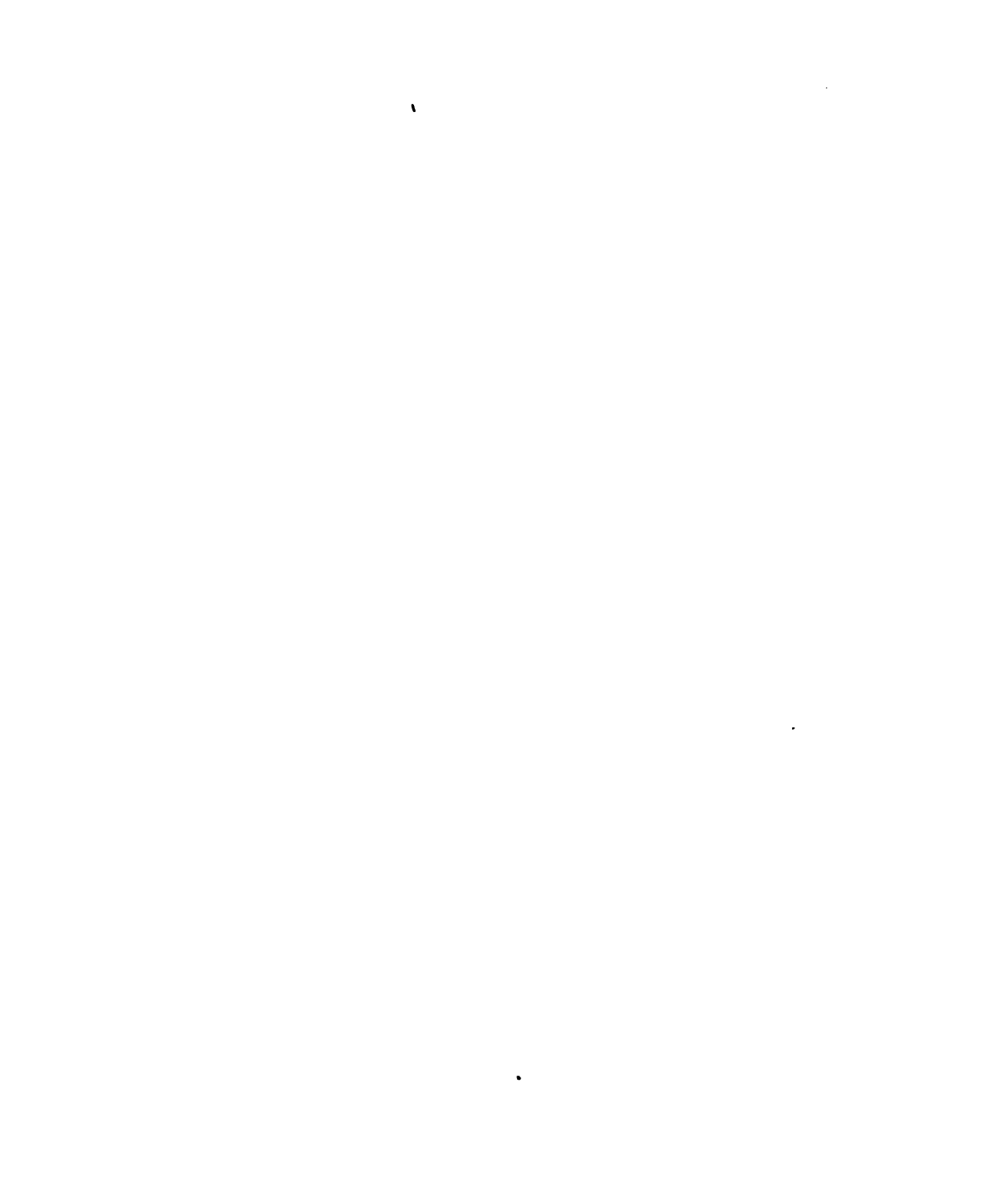
Chorus.

Japanese spurning !
Homeward returning,
Hearts softly burning,
Happy are we !
If you'd reward us,
Try to applaud us ;
So you'll afford us
Fe-li-ci-tee !

Dance, and repeat Chorus.

GAM. FRAN. TWAN. SLY. AWPHEEZ.

Curtain.



AN ELIGIBLE SITUATION.

An Eccentricity.

By THOMAS ARCHER & J. C. BROUGH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MISS PIGEON, a single lady, living semi-detached.

BERTHA, her niece, with a decided attachment.

MRS. SKILLET, a lady of vigorous principles, with a talent for
"cutting."

MRS. SMALLBOY.

MISS KEGGS.

SUSAN, a parlour-maid.

ROBERT SMALLBOY, Esq., a victim of circumstances, a prey
to mystery.

FRANK VERDITER, an artist, with an eye to the beautiful.

CUFFS, alias WALKER, a member of the guild of artful science.

Potboy, Policeman, Bodiless Voices of the Drama and the Night.

[In order to play this Farce, the room which forms the stage should be large, and must have a divided curtain, half of which may remain down during the first few minutes of the performance. The stage must be divided by a partition from back to front, and the partition must contain a practicable window, through which a person may pass. On one side of the partition the scene represents an ordinary drawing-room,—the partition is supposed to be the wall of the house; and on the other side, the stage must be laid with a few planks, while two or three crossed scaffold-poles, &c. should be so arranged as to represent an external scaffold, raised

for building purposes against the outside of the house, and reaching to just beneath the window. At the opening of the piece, *only* the curtain concealing the interior should be raised; and the same curtain should fall on Mr. Smallboy's first exit, in order to give him an opportunity to go to the other side of the stage, that he may afterwards appear on the scaffold outside. Of course on a real stage, where there are entrances and exits on both sides, this would be unnecessary; but as there is seldom a door on each side of a room, and a passage behind it, this plan will obviate the difficulty. There must be a screen also on the scaffold-side, behind which other characters may be concealed.]

SCENE: *Evening. The stage divided. On R.H. interior of drawing-room. Table covered with fancy articles, needlework, dolls, &c. On L.H. and on other side of partition top of scaffolding seen just above the stage. Board attached to one of the poles, with words, "To be Sold—Eligible Situation." In partition, practicable window communicating with room and scaffold. Half curtain rises on drawing-room.*

MISS PIGEON, BERTHA, MISS KEGGS, MRS. SKILLET,
at work at table. FRANK VERDITER drawing at side-table.

Miss P. Yes, I declare Mr. Smallboy was quite insulting; and though I assured him that we were working for a Fancy Fair for the Relief of Persecuted and Distressed Organ-grinders, he turned up his nose, and was quite—really, you know, dears—*quite vulgar.* I said we should expect Mrs. Smallboy; but

he ground his teeth, and said the organ-grinders might—But there, I couldn't bring myself to repeat such observations, for he was aggravating enough to mutter so that I didn't quite catch them; so I vexed him by saying, "O, Mr. Smallboy, there will be only *ladies* present, so you will have no cause for *jealousy*;" but he laughed quite—what do you call it?—quite—dear me!—quite sardonically.

Mrs. Sk. The man's a perfect brute. I only wish I had him to deal with! He makes that poor little woman's life quite miserable. I declare, if I were a gentleman, I'd—well, never mind what I'd do.

Miss K. No! would you really? Dear me, what a good thing it is you're not, then, isn't it?

Miss P. Well, I do hope we shall be able to do without Mr. Smallboy at our fancy fair, for I'm sure he has no sympathy with the poor organ-grinders; and yet I'm really afraid he won't let his wife take a stall.

Miss K. O, men are *so* suspicious, and so—so—so—

Ber. [*who has gone to look over F. V.'s shoulder*] Delightful! charming! O, they are so very nice!

Miss P. Bertha, what *do* you mean?

Ber. These little pictures, aunt. Here's one called, "A True Lover's Knot."

Mrs. Sk. [*severely*] A true lover's not what? Not to be trusted, I suppose! [*Giggles.*]

Ber. Yes, he is—I mean, no, he isn't. At least, that is—I'm sure I don't know. [*To F. V.*] What am I saying?

F. V. [*clattering the things upon the table to drown her voice*] Dearest Bertha, we shall be found out if you're not more careful. You know I'm only here on sufferance while I finish these drawings, and because I'm a relation of Mrs. Skillet's, with the reputation of being a very harmless young man. What a piece of good fortune to find you in London, and staying here with your aunt! You haven't forgotten your promise of last summer, have you, Bertha dear?

Ber. No, never; but your memory may have been more treacherous. I have been in the country, where it is difficult to forget. You have been in London, where it is so hard to remember.

F. V. No! indeed, no! I have been waiting so patiently for the time when we might meet again, when I might once more tell you that I love you; and now that accident has brought us together by means of a fancy fair—

Ber. You mustn't indulge in unfair fancies. Remember, my aunt is responsible for me, and you must speak to her, and ask her consent.

F. V. Then I may assume that I have yours already. Dear girl, if the devotion—

Ber. Yes, but it won't. Don't be a goose! You *do look so much as if*—

Miss P. [*who is talking about the needlework*] Basting would be the best thing. [*Calling to Bertha*] Here, Bertha; pray come here directly! I really cannot imagine what you be thinking of, child. You will quite put Mr. Verditer out. Come, and make yourself useful. [*A knock at the door.*]

Enter MRS. SMALLBOY.

Miss P. [*to Mrs. Smallboy*] O, my dear, how glad I am you've come! And so he really did let you out, after all! Dear me, what a very strange man he is! Has he consented to let you take a stall at the fancy fair?

Mrs. Sm. [*sinking into a chair*] O, I don't know—I really hardly know whether I'm on my head or my heels. The parcel of baby's clothes came from Mrs. Spooner's this morning, and he *would* open it.

Mrs. Sk. And you let him?

Miss K. Men are so inquisitive, it's really dreadful.

Mrs. Sm. Lor' bless you, he declared there was some mystery in it. He always says that of everything, you know; it's his awful jealousy. He even keeps the key of the letter-box, and takes in all the tax-papers himself. He threw a pound of fresh butter out of the window once, because it was wrapped in a leaf out of Lord Byron's poems. He's really such a temper, that— [*Cries.*]

Mrs. Sk. The brute! I wish I had him here!

Miss P. I hope you told him that it was a ladies' work-party, and that gentlemen were not admitted on any pretext.

Mrs. Sm. O yes, he quite understood that, and consequently— [*Loud knocking outside*] There he is!

Miss K. Gracious goodness! what shall we do?

[*Throws a large shawl over the table, covering the needlework.*]

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Mr. Smallboy, ma'am.

Miss P. Show him into the parlour.

Susan. Please, m', he's on the landin', like a ragin' lion.

Enter SMALLBOY pushing past her, and carrying a large parcel.

Miss P. Really, Mr. Smallboy, you can't come in; we are so very busy.

Small. I know, I know; but it's business of the utmost importance. [*Crossing to Mrs. Sm.*] Letitia, a word with you. [*Aside, tapping the parcel*] Now, madam, explain this. Here's another of 'em, sealed, and carriage unpaid. There's a mystery somewhere.

Mrs. Sm. Nonsense! don't be foolish, Robert! It's things for the fancy fair, and belongs to Miss Pigeon.

Small. Then I'll trouble Miss Pigeon for eight-pence. I tell you, I don't believe a word of it.

Parcels continually coming, addressed to you, and the carriage unpaid! I'm determined to unravel it.

Mrs. Sk. [*taking parcel away*] Never! You untie that at your peril!

[*Knocks down Smallboy's hat.*]

Small. Now then, you hit one of your own size! That's my new hat, you know. Here, I'll hang it up in the passage.

Miss P. No, no, no; not on any account!

Mrs. Sk. I believe you're aware, sir, that this is an intrusion!

Small. O! is it, though? O Lor'! *Indeed*, ma'am! Then [*pointing to Verditer*] I should esteem it a favour to be informed why you admit that party. Yah! I'm not half such a dangerous character as he is!

Mrs. Sk. Mr. Verditer is an artist, sir, and is rendering valuable assistance. Really, you show very bad taste.

Small. O, do I? O Lor'! An artist, is he? Then my taste's quite as good as his palette—yah! Had you there, I think! Ha, ha!

Mrs. Sm. Robert, pray retire.

Small. Certainly, when you've got you're bonnet on, I'm ready. Artist! O Lor'!

Mrs. Sk. Mrs. Smallboy will stay all night, sir.

Miss P. Yes, and we must be up at five o'clock in the morning, to dress the room for the bazaar.

Ber. [*advancing to Smallboy*] O, do go, that's a dear man!

[*Mrs. Smallboy has crossed to Verditer.*]

Small. [*to Bertha*] No! Am I really, though! Do you think I'm that?

Ber. What?

Small. You know—a dear man. I say, look here—what's under there? [*pointing to table-cover.*] Is it anything to drink? [*To Mrs. Smallboy, who is talking to Verditer*] Hem! ha! Madam, Mrs. Smallboy, Letitia, I can see you! [*To Verditer*] Now, Mr. Favoured Party, just you come outside.

Mrs. Sm. Robert!

Miss P. I'm sure, Mr. Smallboy, you wouldn't wish to frustrate our philanthropic object. Think of the necessitous organ-grinders thrown out of employment by enraged mathematicians.

Small. [*pointing to Verditer*] Is *he* one of your philanthropic objects? He looks it.

Mrs. Sk. No *gentleman* could remain here after so many hints.

Miss K. Now do go, Mr. Smallboy, to oblige *me*.

F. V. On behalf of these ladies, sir, I must request you to retire.

[*They hustle him to the door.*]

Small. Well, wait a minute. [*Turning to Mrs. Sm.*] Letitia, farewell; and if for ever, fare thee well! Yah! [*Aside*] I'll thwart 'em yet!

[*Exit.*]

Curtain. *Curtain on both sides rises as soon as Smallboy has crossed to other side of stage, where he must be concealed.*

Miss P. I do declare he has given me such a turn!

Ber. O, I'm so frightened! I really thought he meant to fight with Mr. Verditer.

F. V. Ah—O—ah—yes! I was really rather apprehensive myself. [*Aside*] Confound the fellow! I wish I'd indulged him, and gone outside for a few minutes.

Mrs. Sm. O, pray don't be alarmed. He's very passionate, but he really wouldn't hurt a fly.

Mrs. Sk. I wish I had him to deal with! I'd lock him up in an asylum till he came to his senses.

Ber. Well, he's gone now. I heard Susan shut the door after him.

Miss P. And we'll take good care he sha'n't intrude again. Really, Letitia dear, I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but he's quite like that character in the play, you know. What *was* his name? Paul Pry. I'm quite glad we're not down in the parlour, or I should expect to see him watching us through the window.

[*During this speech Smallboy has appeared crawling along the scaffold, where his head is first seen as though he had climbed up a ladder from below. (This may be managed by making the planking*

high enough above the edge of the stage to enable the gentleman playing the part to conceal himself on the floor beyond the side of the proscenium.) On reaching the window, looks through the lower pane.

Miss K. [continuing the conversation] Men are so inquisitive!

Small. [rising] I have them in my toils now! Not one of them shall escape me! that is, not if I know it. [Shakes his fist at window] You thought to plot against me, did you? But wait a minute. Walls have ears. [Tries the window] Of what baseness are they not capable? They have fastened it. Now for the cunning of the Indian hunter. [Stoops, and places his ear to the ground] Not a sound. Yes! No! It is! that distant tread! [Looks over edge of scaffold] The night watchman! Foiled! Ha, ha! Let me conceal myself. But where? I wonder if they'd let me in if I tapped gently. Wait a bit—I have it. [Finds a bricklayer's basket] Here I will lie in ambush.

[Thrusts his head into basket, and crouches down.

Miss K. I can't forget that Mr. Smallboy coming here.

Mrs. Sk. It's just like them, always wanting to poke their heads in where they're not wanted.

F. V. Wonder what's become of him by this time! Feels himself rather lonely, I should say.

Mrs. Sm. O, he knows how to make himself comfortable, I promise you ; it takes a good deal to put him out of his way.

Miss P. Well, I don't care where he is, so long as he's out of *our* way. [All laugh.]

Small. [starting up] Ha, sounds of revelry ! the baneful influence of alcoholic drinks is in that laugh. I wish I had a drain of something out here ; it's a remarkably airy situation. I must endeavour to open that window, even if it should cost me my life. I wonder whether I could borrow a glazier's diamond anywhere ? I will descend ; nothing shall stay me from my purpose. What a thing it is to have an iron nerve ! [Advances to the edge] What, the ladder gone ! It must have been the policeman that took it away. What business has he to interfere with other people's property in that manner ? "Thrice armed is he that hath his quarrel just." [Pulls a pocket-knife out of his pocket] Here's the three-bladed penknife I knocked off a cockshy in the days of Letitia's innocence. I wonder whether I could remove a pane of glass by its aid.

[Goes to window and tries.]

Miss P. Well, Mr. Verditer, when are we to have those card-racks ? What a time you are about them !

Ber. Indeed, aunt, we're getting on very nicely.

Miss P. I'm sure, Mr. Verditer, we're all very much obliged to you, and though we couldn't have

Mr. Smallboy here, it's a very different thing with you.

Ber. O yes; we don't mind you a bit.

Miss P. Bertha, my dear, don't be forward.

Mrs. Sk. Well, I only hope that harmless Mr. Smallboy won't break in on us again.

[Smallboy breaks the pane of glass, and crouches beneath window.]

Miss K. O, O, O!

[Other ladies shriek. Bertha goes very close to Verditer.]

Mrs. Sk. Why, there's somebody throwing stones at the windows!

Miss P. They're always doing it. I should like to catch the mischievous little wretch. *[Perceiving Bertha and Verditer]* Why, Bertha, Bertha!

Ber. I was so frightened, aunt!

F. V. So was I, 'pon my honour,—quite alarmed.

Miss P. Really, Mr. Verditer, you must excuse my niece, she is such a silly thing.—Bertha, ring for the sandwiches. *[Bertha rings the bell.]*

Small. *[rising]* Another escape! I wonder if my hair has turned white. I wish I'd a looking-glass. What a fearful night! I've heard of drowning men, and people in India knocked down by lions and that, and of shipwrecked sailors clinging to a floating handspike; and they always have the memories of a life concentrated in a single moment of existence. *Why don't I have them? What a mystery is the*

triumph of mind over matter! [*Enter SUSAN, bringing in tray of sandwiches and negus, which she hands round to guests, and exit.*] And what do the unfeeling crew inside care for my distress, my misery? Houseless, hungry, and friendless [*sheds tears*]; and I've my best trousers on, too! Ha, I've a thought! I'll disguise myself, and endeavour to let myself down by my clothes. If I, Robert Smallboy, should be discovered here, suspicion would be awakened, and even the felon's dock might open to receive me. I must go mad; on consideration, perhaps I've gone. My very throat's on fire. O, ain't I thirsty!

Potboy [*below, behind screen*] Beer, O!

Miss P. Would anybody like a little porter? You would, Mr. Verditer, I'm sure.

F. V. O. I couldn't, really. Your negus is almost too strong for me.

Small. They're having beer in now. This scaffold will be *my* bier. Something must be done before my blackened corse is found in the deep ravine below. [*Looks over*] Hi! boy!

Potboy. Hullo!

Small. Don't be alarmed; I'm up here for a wager. I mean no harm.

Potboy. Walk-er!

Small. No, no, don't! Here, have you any objection to accept a sovereign? At least, I haven't a sovereign about me; but I want you to lend me

your cap and jacket for a little while. You can have mine, you know.

Potboy. What'll yer give us, then?

Small. I'll call on you to-morrow, and pay you handsomely.

Potboy. Walker!

Small. I wish you wouldn't say that; it's very unkind. [*Takes off coat and waistcoat, and crams them into his hat*] You'll find it worth your while; they're nearly new, upon my honour.

Potboy. Here yer are, guv'nor.

[*Throws up a bundle containing jacket and cap. Smallboy drops his hat, &c.*]

Small. [*putting on the jacket*] Hi! boy! I've left something in the left-hand waistcoat-pocket. I'm sure you're an honest lad—it's my purse. Up with it!

Potboy [*retreating*] Walk-er! [*Exit.*]

Small. Robbed! One pound eleven and three-pence, a ten-shilling hat, and a new dress-coat for these! Why did I ever attempt to benefit mankind!

[*Sinks, overcome.*]

Miss K. Well, it really must be getting very late. If you'll excuse me, dears, I'll put my bonnet on.

Mrs. Sk. And I must go too, or I shall have that slut of a servant asking her cousin into the kitchen.

Miss P. I daresay Mr. Verditer will see you

part of the way home, Miss Keggs. I know he doesn't like late hours.

Ber. [*aside to Verditer*] O, bother that Miss Keggs!

[*Miss P. rings bell, and enter SUSAN with bonnets, cloaks, &c. The two Ladies put them on.*

F. V. [*aloud*] I'll look what sort of a night it is. [*Goes to window, followed by Bertha. Aside*] To-night then, dearest, when I return, you will listen for my whistle beneath the window here, and if you are alone, I can come in. I have arranged all, but I must see you before to-morrow.

Small. Two shadows on the blind! 'Tis he, that fiend in human shape, and—yes, it must be Letitia! False one! I've a good mind to break another window.

F. V. [*aloud*] Quite a fine night, really. [*To Bertha*] Good-night, miss. [*Aside*] In about an hour, darling.

Small. He takes her hand! On horror's head horrors accumulate! Revenge! [*Sneezes.*

Miss P. Dear me, if the cat's caught a cold, it's pretty sure to go through the house. Now, Mr. Verditer, Miss Keggs is quite ready. Good-night.

[*They all shake hands. Exit Verditer and Miss Keggs.*

Mrs. Sk. Good-night, Miss Pigeon; I'm quite capable of taking care of myself. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Sm. Well, I declare, I shall be quite glad to get to bed. [Yawns.]

Miss P. Yes, dear, you must be very tired, and we have to be up again so early. I'll ring for candles. [Rings.]

Enter SUSAN with bed-candles, and exit.

Mrs. Sm. [kissing *Miss Pigeon* and *Bertha*] Good-night, dear; good-night, *Bertha*. [Exit.]

Ber. I'll clear away, aunt; you must be so fatigued.

Miss P. Very well, dear; but be sure you put everything away. Lock up the plate, and see that those fiddle-pattern spoons of my aunt's which I value so much have been put away safely. I wouldn't have one of them lost for untold gold. Why, it was through those spoons that I first took a dislike to Mr. Smallboy. He came here one night and had gooseberry-tart, and left the marks of his great teeth all over the bowl of one of them. He's such an uncomfortable man.

Small. It will soon be over. Anxiety, privation, and exposure will have done their worst. To-morrow an inquest will be held on the body of Robert Smallboy; and O, how disreputable it will look in this jacket!

Ber. Come, aunty, do go to bed, there's a dear.

Miss P. Very well, dear; now, pray be careful. Good-night. [Exit.]

Ber. [*putting things away in chiffonier*] O, to think of Frank coming here and pretending to be such a silly quiet young man! And then to think that he's coming back to-night! I'm afraid it's very wrong; but then aunt knows his family, and he's eminently respectable. But then, if we should be found out, what ever would she say? And he wants me to run away with him, but I won't; at least, I don't *think* I will, unless aunt refuses her consent; and then of course I *must*. I do believe she wishes me to wait till I'm eighty before I'm married. I'm so frightened. I'll just peep out of the window, and look if he's coming. I'm sure I shall scream if I see him outside.

[*Goes to window and draws up blind.*]

Small. [*shrinking down*] I'm doomed, if I should be discovered. Stay, here's my concealment.

[*Covers his head with basket.*]

Ber. [*opening window softly*] I'm so glad it doesn't rain. But what a dreadful thing it would be, if he were discovered! It's almost like Romeo and Juliet.

Small. [*peeping out*] Ha! an assignation. I hear a footstep below. Can I have been detected, or am I about to render myself famous? I'll brave every peril to unearth this mystery.

Ber. 'Tis he! I hear his whistle. I must speak to him, or he will try to climb up to this window, he's so desperate. Yes, yes, dear Frank; you have left your handkerchief.

[*Exit from room.*]

Small. [looking over edge of scaffold] Viper!

Reënter BERTHA and VERDITER.

Ber. O, dearest Frank, how silly of you to be so venturesome!

Ver. Dearest Bertha!

[Sits down beside her and takes her hand.]

Small. O, the double-dyed villain! why don't he come outside and be pitched into the abyss below?

F. V. Has Mrs. Smallboy gone to bed, dear Bertha?

Small. Confusion! what's that to him, I should like to know?

Ber. O yes, dear, long ago.

F. V. Don't you think I acted my part well?

Ber. Almost too well. I think you must be, after all, very stupid.

Small. Bah!

F. V. Well, everything's arranged, Bertha. Tomorrow I meet you in the refreshment-room at the fancy fair.

Small. Not if I know it!

F. V. Mrs. Smallboy has promised to get your aunt out of the way, while we get into the side street, where a carriage will be waiting. By the bye, what a dear creature that Mrs. Smallboy is!

Small. And that man still lives! O, that I had but a rifle, and knew how to use it!

Ber. I wish I could get aunt's consent first. It's

so dreadful to run away; but you can't think how she has scolded me ever since, for losing her in the crowd at the review. She never suspects, though, that you were the strange gentleman who brought me home.

Small. Wolf in sheep's clothing!

Ber. You look so different without your whiskers and that lovely moustache!

F. V. What would I not sacrifice for you?

Ber. I do believe that cross thing Mr. Smallboy thought you were in love with Letitia. How nicely we got him away! If he'd stayed here, we couldn't possibly have met to-night.

Small. Ha, ha, ha!

F. V. Well, it's well for him he didn't, perhaps; for, 'pon my honour, I never felt more inclined to kick anybody in my life.

Small. This is too much! Let me hide myself from the gaze of the world. [*Goes into basket.*]

Ber. Now do go, Frank. It's getting so late, and I'm afraid aunt will wonder why I haven't gone upstairs.

F. V. Let her wonder! I say, couldn't we go out for a walk?

Ber. How absurd you are! Do go; I'm so nervous.

F. V. Why, bless your dear little fluttering heart, there's nobody awake within a mile of us!

[*Smallboy sneezes.*]

Ber. O goodness! What was that?

F. V. The cats, I think.

Ber. Well, now, good-night. *[Exeunt.]*

Small. *[crawling to edge]* I've all the lion roused within me! You've trod upon the worm, but it shall turn and sting you. *[Sneezes]* O, what a cold I have got! So he didn't want to see Mrs. Smallboy. Perhaps, after all, I may be mistaken. But never mind: virtue is its own reward; I'll crush 'em all. Somebody shall suffer for this influenza. Now to escape. I wonder whether I could overtake him? Can I follow him? If it wasn't for the area railings, I might venture it. But to be discovered, and taken for a felon! *[Whistle below.]*

Cuffs *[below, from behind scene]* Bob!

Small. Bob—who can that be? Is it the fancy of a disordered brain?

Cuffs *[below]* Bob! Bob—bee!

Small. It may be a friend. *[Looks over the edge.]*

Cuffs. Hullo! Is the coast clear?

Small. Yes! *[Aside]* I wonder what he means? *[Aloud]* But which way am I to come down?

Cuffs *[appearing]* Come down, eh? Just stow that. Why didn't yer vistle afore? Now just you lookee here: if you comes any double along o' me, I'll pitch you bang off it in a minute. Why, wasn't it me as put yer up to the job, yer ungrateful vagabone?

Small. Of course—O dear, yes! But hadn't we better go?

Cuffs [*shaking fist*] Say another word like that, an' I'll knock yer off like a 'bacca-pipe. Vy, the police is just a-changin' beats—yer know that; and if we look sharp, we shall get in before they come round again.

Small. Get in where?

Cuffs. Why, in the crib, of course. Now, then, lay hold [*gives him lantern*], and just light agin the winder, while I use the insterments.

Small. [*aside*] I see it all. This ruffian contemplates robbery, and I am his accomplice. Seven years' transportation at least.

Cuffs. Now, then, turn on the light, can't yer?

Small. How do you do it? I don't understand it, sir.

Cuffs. Why, didn't I show you the move last night at the Guinea-Pig, after I'd gone and made everything straightfarrard about meetin'? You haven't no more notion of nothing than if you was a babe unborn. [*Lifts the window gently, after opening it from without*] Now, then, in with yer—you fust.

Small. No; after you, please, sir.

Cuffs. Go in, I tell yer; and just pack up everything valuable as may be layin' about, whilst I wait here. Why, yer fool, you ain't took yer shoes off! [*Pulling him back.*]

Small. Certainly not; why should I? O, if you wish it—of course.

Cuffs. Now, in with yer; and look sharp. You

jest stand near the window, and catch hold of the swag.

[Smallboy gets in at window, and leaving lantern on table, sinks on the sofa. Cuffs follows him, and breaking open chiffonier, crams plate-box into bag.]

Cuffs. Now, then, what are you up to? Look sharp, can't yer? *[Kicks him]* Well, get lagged if you like; I've got the silver in here. *[Looking at fancy articles, which he has pulled out of chiffonier]* What's all this rubbish? reg'lar trash I calls 'em. Nothing but baby-linen, and that sort of game. It's houses like this as injures our business.

[Smallboy rises and approaches bell.]

Small. I really must protest against this proceeding.

Cuffs [looking at him with lantern] What, not Bob Blackberry! Say who yer are, afore I put a knife in yer.

Small. No, don't trouble yourself. My name is Smallboy; I wish it *was* Blackberry, but I can't help it. *[Aside]* I have but one chance left—the bell!

[Rings bell violently, pulling down the rope.]

Cuffs takes up bandbox, and dashes it on to Smallboy's head; then goes out of window with bag. Exit down scaffold. Smallboy left sitting on floor.

Enter BERTHA, SUSAN, MISS PIGEON, and Mrs. SMALLBOY, screaming; the three last in bed-gowns and with candlesticks.

Miss P. Thieves! thieves! thieves! Good gracious! they've taken everything! What will become of the fancy fair and the poor organ—

Ber. [*discovering Smallboy*] O, gracious, here's a monster on the carpet!

Miss P. He sha'n't escape, then, till he has disgorged his booty.

[*Rushes at Smallboy, and crushes down bandbox on his head.*

Small. [*trying to extricate himself*] My dear madam, allow me—

Miss P. Silence, miscreant!

Small. But I can explain all!

Miss P. I will hear nothing!

Small. I am the victim of—

Miss P. Thieves! thieves! [*Thumps box.*

Small. [*getting head through box*] My name is Smallboy, "on the Grampian hills." It's quite an accident, I assure you. [*Beckoning to Mrs. Smallboy*] Letitia, come here. A too watchful care for your welfare has made me the wreck you behold.

Mrs. Sm. It is Robert! O dear, O dear! Please don't hurt him.

[*Faints on chair. Bertha attends her.*

Miss P. What, Smallboy! base individual!

Small. No I ain't, 'pon my honour! There's a mystery in it which I alone can unravel,—a mystery which deeply concerns your niece. A word with you.

Miss P. What?

[Goes over, and they whisper together.]

Ber. O, I fear he may have seen Frank. *[Rouses Mrs. Smallboy]* Letitia, Letitia! I fear our plot is discovered; see how Mr. Smallboy is talking to my aunt.

Susan [who has been looking in chiffonier] O, marm, all the spoons is stole!

[Miss Pigeon immediately collars Smallboy.]

Miss P. Villain! where are my aunt's fiddle-pattern ones?

Small. Out of window, where a greater treasure might have gone, if it hadn't been for me.

Enter VERDITER.

Miss P. A greater treasure, you scoundrel! why, there's nothing in the world I value more than those fiddle-pattern ones that my aunt gave me. I'd give anything in the house to have them back again.

[Verditer comes forward with coat torn and hat broken, holding plate-box.]

F. V. Here they are; I've got 'em; and a precious tussle I've had of it. The rascal knew how to use his fists too.

Ber. [rushing into his arms] O, dear Frank, say you're not hurt! What have you been doing?

F. V. Doing? Why, I've just met a fellow running away from the house here with a bag under his arm. Came down from the scaffold outside. I was smoking my cigar, looking up at my darling girl's window, and so dropped on him like a bird—caught him with my left, put in my right suddenly, got him down; and here I am, and the spoons too, if I'm not very much mistaken.

Miss P. Noble but eccentric young man, though you seem to have but little sympathy with spoons, believe me, I can be grateful.

Small. [*advancing*] Here, stop a minute; don't be in a hurry; nobody's heard what I've got to say about it. Think you I have sustained the perils of this fearful night for any other than the noble purpose of unmasking a traitor? That young man—

F. V. [*pointing to himself*] This young man, madam, loves your niece, and is beloved by her. It is true that he had a few minutes' stolen interview this evening, but he now asks not only your forgiveness, but your favour.

Miss P. [*sobbing*] The victim of an early affection blighted in the bud can never refuse happiness to the young. [*Joins their hands.*]

Small. [*beckoning to Mrs. Smallboy, and extending his arms*] Letitia, all is forgiven. Return to your heart-broken double drawing-room, and all shall be forgotten in the oblivion of that Eligible Situation.

Curtain.

THE PET-LAMB.

A Domestic Scene.

By CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NANCY TURNER, a poor dressmaker.

PAPA WALTER, a ruined farmer.

BERTIE, a sick child.

Time, present. Scene, a London lodging.

NOTE.—There is nothing new under the sun. The idea of this little scene was naturally suggested by a charming story from the *Decameron* by Boccaccio; but it has never been dramatically treated, so far as I can remember.—C. W. S.

SCENE: *A miserably-furnished room. Chairs and table, and a little cot, in which Bertie is discovered, with toys and picture-books on the bed, when the curtain rises. Fireplace, saucepans, &c.*

Bertie [*waking out of a fevered sleep*] O, Papa Walter, Papa Walter, I was dreaming of you! Mother! mother! [*calls*] is it true that Papa Walter is coming to see us, and will bring me my pet-lamb?

Enter NANCY.

Nancy. Did you call, darling? I thought my boy was asleep.

Bertie. I have been to sleep—fast asleep, mother, and I dreamed that Papa Walter came to see us, and brought me the little lamb he loves so; and you promised me I might see it again very soon, did you not, mother?

Nancy. I would give my whole life for you, my boy; but Papa Walter, as you call him, is nothing to us, and we must not ask him to see us when he has such troubles of his own.

Bertie. What do you mean by troubles? Papa Walter is a great strong man, and does not cry as you do, mother, does he?

Nancy. I hope not, darling. I only cry because my Bertie is so ill, and because we are so very poor.

Bertie. O, I'm so hungry! You told me to try and go to sleep when I felt that nasty pain coming on, mother; but I can't sleep any more. It never comes when you give me a bit of bread. Is there not one little bit more bread left?

Nancy [*going to a cupboard*] Only a very little bit, my boy. You must not eat it all at once, but keep it under your pillow until the pain comes on very bad again.

Bertie. But you must eat some too. I can't

bear to see you cry; and I know you must be very, very hungry, far more hungry than I am, because you are grown up, and I am only very small. Does every one have no breakfast every day?

Nancy. Very few, I hope, are so miserably poor as we are: and yet I work and sit up late at nights, and I would even beg in the streets to make my boy well again.

Bertie. But Papa Walter asked you not to beg—I heard him say so.

Nancy. The good fellow does not know how we suffer. He does not know that when my darling was ill and delirious with fever, and when no one in the world could have torn me away from this room and all the treasures in it, that, as ill-luck would have it, the work that I had finished should have been taken to the City.

Bertie. Why did you not go?

Nancy. And leave you, my boy! [*Kisses him.*]

Bertie. But what happened when I was well, and opened my eyes to see you bending over me just like the angel I was dreaming of?

Nancy. I could not send the work because I had not anybody to send. So they came to fetch it.

Bertie. That was very good of them.

Nancy. But they have never sent me any more. We shall have to starve.

Bertie. What's that?

Nancy. To wait here together until the room gets

very cold ; and we shall go to sleep—Bertie, perhaps never to wake again !

Bertie. O, how lovely !

Nancy. Hush, my boy ! you must not say that. It is wicked to wish to be away from here. We must wish to live.

Bertie. I wish I were a great strong man like Papa Walter.

Nancy. Why, my boy ?

Bertie. Because I would be old enough to run and tell the great tall men we see standing in fine coats and silk stockings at the doors of the big square that my mother was crying because we were so very poor.

Nancy. Perhaps they would not listen to you.

Bertie. Then I would make them.

Nancy. How ?

Bertie. I would beat them till they did.

Nancy. And what would become of poor Bertie ?

Bertie. Why, the noise they would make would bring down the beautiful lady and the little boy in black velvet, and I would bring them off in the yellow carriage to make you well and happy again.

Nancy. I fear, my boy, the tall policeman would come and take you off in the great black carriage without any windows, and we should never meet any more for a long, long time. They would take you to prison.

Bertie. O dear, O dear, I don't understand ! I

know the pain is coming on again, and my head throbs so, and sometimes I shiver; and O, dear mother, I feel very ill!

[Sobs hysterically, and turns away.]

Nancy. My darling boy! *[Turns away from the bed wringing her hands]* What on earth am I to do? Without one friend, without a farthing in the world! To die and starve like this in a great city which they say is rich, and not only to part with one's own life, but to die a thousand deaths in the sight of this dear boy—sick and no medicine to cure him; hungry, and not a scrap of bread to comfort him! I have done everything but beg. This is too much, too bitter, and too cruel! My husband died, and left the poor child fatherless. I rejected the love of Walter Clayton (Papa Walter, as he calls him), and made us both friendless. I worked for both of us; and now they have dismissed me. No bread, no friend, no money! Hungry and forgotten! My child is dying, and I still have pride! "To beg I am ashamed," the good Book says. 'Tis not the truth. I am not ashamed to beg, and beg I will!

[Tears down her bonnet and shawl from a peg, and is just rushing out of the room, when she steals softly back to listen if the boy is asleep.]

Bertie *[starting up suddenly]* Mother, I hear some one on the stairs. It's coming here; it must be for us.

Nancy. Nonsense, Bertie boy!

Bertie. I know it must be for us, for I dreamed that he would come.

Nancy. Who would come?

Bertie. Look, mother, it is—

Nancy. Papa Walter! [*Door opens at this moment, and discovers Papa Walter in the doorway with a basket in his hand.*] You good kind friend, to come and see us in our misery!

Papa W. I wish indeed I could say that other friends were kind who suffer such misery in silence. Mine was but a chance visit. You were too proud to send for me; I was too proud to come. But how is little Bertie?

Bertie. Better, Papa Walter, since you have come. But I have been so very ill, and we have both been so very hungry.

Papa W. Hungry! and I did not know a word of it until to-day, and then only from questioning the women in the house. But I see, Nancy, you were going out, and leaving little Bertie there; it must be pressing business, surely, to take you away from him at such a time.

Nancy. It is pressing business, Walter Clayton; the very bitterest I have ever undertaken. I was going out to beg.

Papa W. To beg!

Nancy. Don't look ashamed. I know you told *me not*. I am well aware that, as a rule, the would-

be beggars cringe for alms, and fatten on the charity of passers-by, while the true ones starve. Had I been the only one to starve here, I would have starved before I would have dogged the heels of people in the street, and be called a liar or impostor for my pains. But my dear boy is dreadfully ill, Walter, and all through the weary day and never-ending night he cries to me for food, when I have none to give. I can die, but he shall not. They have turned me off, and refused me work, because I watched with him too long. I can bear it no longer; I must beg.

Papa W. They will call you hard names, Nancy.

Nancy. And they may. If all the curses in the universe would produce one halfpenny, I should be satisfied; if the foulest oaths or the vilest abuse would produce the value of a crust, I would bless the lips that uttered them. Here for a long week we have been dying inch by inch. The neighbours neglected us, because we were poor; the inmates of the house never came near us, because they thought poor Bertie here was fevered, and they love their precious bodies so, they cannot for the love of charity save ours; the doctor never called, because we were not of the parish; and the parson turned his back upon us, because we could not hire a pew. I have begged, I have entreated, I have prayed. There, stand back, Walter Clayton; I must beg.

Papa W. [*seriously*] And yet you never sent for

me. Though I was not permitted to love you, I might still befriend.

Nancy. Hush! the child.

Papa W. He sleeps, worn out with pain, poor boy, I think. And yet you never sent to me. This was the final stroke to all your cruelty. I am poor also, disappointed, almost destitute; still, while I lived, I might have spared you pain. And has it come to this, you could not send for me? I would have worried you no more with idle love-tales, which were so distasteful to you. I did not wish to force myself upon you, or ask to take again the pleasant burden of you both upon me. The time for that is past; but, Nancy, though we are so far apart, we are in a certain sense members of one common family, and surely I did not deserve such sad neglect as this.

Nancy. Neglect! Did I neglect you? How?

Papa W. By allowing me to be ignorant of your sufferings. One word from you would have brought me in an instant to you.

Nancy. I know it, Walter; but I dared not send. I knew that you would come; but thinking what has passed between us, I thought it better for us both that for the future we should live as if we had never met, and that our last parting should make me and all my sorrows dead to you.

Papa W. And you would have starved, you and the boy here, sooner than hurt your pride!

Nancy. Sooner than give unnecessary pain. My prayers were unanswered, and it was not to be. Remember, when we last met, our fortunes were sadly alike; fortune had not dealt more kindly with you than with us—you, who had come up to London to try and earn a livelihood; and it almost broke my heart, Walter, to see you in that wretched garret where we saw you last, starving—though you would not own it—with all your treasures about you, from which you have never parted since the dear old days in the country.

Papa W. Poor Charlie! Does Bertie remember that day? Does he ever ask after the pet-lamb?

Nancy. He talks of nothing else.

Bertie [*waking up*] I say, Papa Walter, I've had that dream again. I'm going to ask you something very particular.

Papa W. All right, my little man; we'll see about that presently. But as you happen to be wide awake just now, and as I am your doctor—

Bertie. What a jolly doctor! I thought doctors gave us nasty things. You tell me pretty stories and make me laugh.

Papa W. At present, Bertie, I want to make you eat.

Bertie. I wish I could, Papa Walter. Mother told me to keep the crusts until the pain came on again. But it came so very often, and the crusts are gone.

Papa W. Well, let us see what the doctor has brought for you. If mother will put a saucepan on the fire, perhaps we can give you some nice warm broth.

[*Goes for the basket, and places various things on the table.*]

Nancy. You kind, good man! [*While she is talking she pours the broth into the saucepan, and stands watching it boil at the fire*] And how was it, Walter, that, although you were not sent for, still you came? Had you no pride also, that you kept so long away? Tell us how it happened; for Bertie has been dreaming of you constantly and your dear Charlie, and kept telling me that you would come.

Papa W. The friends and neighbours you were so hard upon just now were not quite so bad as you made them out. A good woman who lives down below found me out; and though, womanlike, she was nervous about the fever and did not come up here, she let me know her worst thoughts, which, I am bound to say, did not come up to the reality. She thought that you were ill, and wanted help. She did not know it was as bad as this.

Nancy. Now, my boy, if you will be very good and sit up in bed, perhaps, whilst you are drinking this nice warm broth Papa Walter has brought you, he will tell you something about Charlie.

Papa W. Poor Charlie!

[*They both sit down at the bed-side.*]

Bertie. O, Papa Walter! I have thought of little

Charlie, your pet-lamb, so much since we saw him at your house, and sometimes I fancied you would keep your promise and bring him with you to see me.

Nancy. He has never forgotten the promise, Walter. It has been quite a sick fancy with him ; and sometimes he has become so nervous and irritable about it, fancying that you had forgotten us, or that the poor lamb was dead, that I had half a mind more than once to sink my pride and send for you, if only to gratify Bertie's fancy—and perhaps get a peep at you.

Papa W. Well, that was kind, at any rate. But how about the broth, Bertie ; is it good ?

Bertie. O, so good ! This will take all the pain away. And, Papa Walter, as I am very good, and do exactly what you told me, will you make me two kind promises in return ?

Papa W. What are they, my boy ?

Bertie. First of all, make poor mother eat a little bit ; and then tell me about little Charlie, and when I am likely to see him again.

Papa W. Is the broth all gone ?

Bertie. Quite gone now, and I shall lie down comfortably while you tell me one of your pretty stories.

Nancy. Yes, do. That will comfort the child to sleep. We must let the little fellow have his way while he is so ill. And, Walter, let me plead also about that pet of yours. You must keep your pro-

mise, and send for him from the country. We can take care of him for a little here. A sick child's fancy, you know ; nothing more.

Papa W. We'll see, we'll see. [*Trying to turn the conversation*] But do you remember, Bertie, I promised I would tell you a story of a pet-lamb that day when we were walking together in the country, when you and your mother came to see us a long time ago ?

Bertie. O, do ! That will be very kind of you, Papa Walter. Dear mother is very kind and good ; but when she tries to tell me stories, she always breaks down ; but you know how to tell them so well.

Papa W. Listen, then. Once upon a time (you know all good stories begin like this, Bertie), a little boy and girl just about your age lived with their father and mother in a large old farm away in the desolate Wiltshire downs. They were very happy, not only because they were very good, but because their parents loved them dearly, and the pure green country was fresh and beautiful. They were companions and playmates. They shared one another's toys, and all their excursions about the farm and over the wild downs were taken together. One very cold winter the little girl, whom we will call Ethel, in the course of her rambles with her brother, discovered under a hedge a tiny little lamb, with its *mother just* dead from the cold. Ethel, who was a

tender-hearted child, took away the little lamb from its dead mother, and owing to her ceaseless care and attention she preserved its life. It nearly broke her heart to think that, when the lamb was well again, it must go back to the fold ; and her tears so melted the rough old shepherd, that he gave the lamb to Ethel for her very own. In a little time sorrow came upon this happy family. The dear old farm had to be sold. The parents died quite broken-hearted at their loss ; and Ethel and her brother were left penniless orphans, alone in the world. But the worst sorrow of all had not yet come for the poor boy. In a very short time Ethel caught a cold and died, leaving her pet-lamb to the care of her dear brother and companion. What wonder, then, that the boy treasured it ? He became poorer and poorer, but out of every hard-earned penny he saved a scrap, in order not to part with his dear sister's pet. Then there came a day when some one told him that, though he was starving, there were others who were almost dead with hunger. A mother and her little boy [*his voice trembles*] were left also alone in the world.

Nancy. O, Walter, this cannot be true!

Papa W. They were dying with hunger ; and the hero of my tale was called upon to make the greatest sacrifice of his life. He had no money to relieve their wants. He had nothing but his pet-lamb to give.

[*Nancy moans, heart-broken, all the time.*]

Papa W. It was a cruel wrench, but for the sake of the mother and her child he gave them his best treasure. They came and killed the poor pet-lamb, and the mother and her little boy were hungry no more.

Nancy. O, Bertie boy, poor Charlie is dead!

Bertie. Dead! who dared to kill him, I should like to know? Papa Walter would kill them, if they did.

Papa W. This is almost a true story, Bertie; you and I will never see Charlie any more.

Nancy. And what can I say to you, who have done all this for me and mine? Noblest and best of men!

Papa W. What I have done was merely common charity. Indeed, indeed, it was a selfish pain. She would forgive, dead darling as she is, the manner in which I have fulfilled her dying request. If I have made the boy smile again, and your heart warm, the sacrifice to me is merely nothing.

Nancy. O, Walter, I can give you no thanks; my heart is far too full.

Papa W. Well, Bertie boy, my stay is over, and now I must be going away again. You must promise me, though, to get quite well again, and be a comfort to your dear mother.

Nancy. Is it impossible to recall the past? Can you never forgive me for all my cruelty?

Papa W. Indeed, I've nothing to forgive. But

I forgot, what with my excitement to get you food and all this sad story, that I have good news to tell.

Nancy. Good news, Walter ! It will do my heart good to hear it.

Papa W. When the sacrifice was made, and it was all over with poor Charlie, I received a message from the London agent of the squire of the parish where we lived in the old times.

Nancy. What, old Squire Murton, the hard old man you told us about ?

Papa W. O, dear no ! the old squire is dead, and his young son has come into the property. Some kind friends told him of my losses and struggles for work, and he, remembering some trivial act of kindness done in days gone by, has instructed his agent to send me down to Wiltshire at once.

Nancy. This is good news indeed.

Papa W. It may be so. Indeed, the agent hinted at a vacant farm.

Nancy. Please God it may be so. There never was a man so well deserved a stroke of luck.

Papa W. At such a time as this, of course I can refuse nothing ; but it will be weary work to begin life again alone down there.

Nancy. But why alone ?

Papa W. You say it must be so.

Nancy. But women have one privilege—to change their minds.

Papa W. O, Nancy !

Nancy. Yes, Walter; you may kiss me and before my boy, who, in spite of all my entreaties, would turn you into a father before you had a right to the name.

Papa W. And have I a right to it now?

Nancy. Well, that depends. If all turns out well at the farm, as I am sure it will, you may send for us as soon as you like. I long to be free of this miserable London, and to breathe the fresh air of the country once more. Besides, you are a foolish fellow, after all, and will want some one to look after you at the new farm.

Papa W. You will be a pleasant overseer, on my word; and in turn I will work for you, and watch over you.

Nancy. And—

Papa W. And who?

Nancy. Dear silly fellow [*pointing to the little bed*], my Pet-lamb!

Tableau. Walter takes up the Child and kisses him, and Nancy hangs about them both.

THE LAST LILY.

À Comédietta.

By CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

(Altered from *L'Étilet Blanc.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VILLENEUVE, a Republican.

THE MARQUIS DE LAUNAY, a boy of eighteen.

HECTOR, a Republican.

MARIE VILLENEUVE.

Peasants, &c.

Time, 1793. Scene, Château of St. Bernard, on the coast of Normandy.

SCENE: *A Garden. Conservatory and summer-house R.; trees of the park L.; a wall C. with a practicable door; on the window-ledge of the summer-house a white lily; the pedestal of a statue L.*

The MARQUIS discovered peeping over the wall.

Marquis. Well, I suppose this is the Château of St. Bernard—I'm sure it must be; at any rate I intend to see for myself. *[Jumps from the wall into the*

garden] Well, here I am at last ; and safe, I hope, for a minute or two. This mode of entry certainly looks rather suspicious ; but how could it possibly be helped ? Situated as I was, it was better to get over the wall than break open the gate. Besides being a more gentlemanly proceeding, it was easier done. But what an adventure ! what a romance ! what a poem this journey of mine has been ! Fancy crossing the Channel in a wretched fishing-smack, fighting single-handed with the fierce waves, the coast-guard, the smell of fish, and the inexorable law against *émigrés* ! But now let me consider : if I happen to fall into the hands of the peasantry, I shall be torn limb from limb ; if the soldiers catch me, I shall be shot ; and yet I risked all this—risked the danger of being drowned and breaking my neck—and all for what ? Simply because a beautiful woman chose to express a womanish wish for a white lily grown in France. My dear young marquis, you are certainly either a hero or a fool. Just now, my friend, upon my honour, you are certainly not in an enviable condition. Just look at yourself—your boots full of sand, your clothes saturated with seawater. Ah, my beautiful countess, this little freak of yours will some day cost you dear. We will be quits some time or other ; mark my words, you will have to pay for this eccentric visit of mine to the Château of St. Bernard. By the bye, I hope I am *right*, after all. I can't possibly have made a mistake

about the place. Let me consult my instructions : “The estate of St. Bernard, on the coast of Normandy”—come, that’s all right—“five minutes’ walk from a little fishing-village”—right again—“at the bottom of the park”—here I am—“a little door”—here it is—“a summer-house”—delightful!—“a conservatory”—rapture!—“not far off, the old château”—[*looking L. through the trees*]—ah, I see it! O, I’m all right; there’s not a shadow of a doubt about it. I was not troubled with any detail, and perhaps it’s as well; for I see a tricolor over the castle-tower, and I don’t think Madame la Comtesse reckoned on that indignity. Fancy my expecting to find a deserted mansion, weeds in the moat, and lichen on the walls, every door festooned with dainty spiders’ webs, and all that sort of thing! I believe there is no desert in the world which has not been traversed by some foot; and certainly this place seems no exception to the rule, for, if I mistake not, a civilised Friday is already on my track. Upon my honour, I am rather awkwardly situated. But who cares? an adventure is worth nothing without danger, and escapades are the making of heroes. Still I must not be rash. Caution is not necessarily cowardice, and self-preservation is the secret of success. Now, let me see, where shall I hide myself? O, of course, in the conservatory. [*Opens it*] What a delicious place! I expect the people have all departed to cut one another’s throats. I sincerely trust they

have; for then there will be less chance of my being discovered.

[Goes into the conservatory, and shuts himself in.]

Enter HECTOR hurriedly, hiding two bottles under his jacket.

Hector. O, where on earth shall I hide? It won't be safe there, and I shall be found here; and as to the other place—well, I'll sit down here for a moment, at any rate, and think. *[Sits on a bench]* I feel as nervous as a kitten.

Marquis [half-opening the door] He doesn't look a very terrible sort of fellow.

Hector. I must not lose time. While the old fellow and his daughter are reading the papers, I shall have a few minutes to myself. Now isn't it natural—O, how good it smells!—for a young fellow who has never tasted any wine to feel some curiosity as to what it is like? There, don't talk to me about Normandy cider; any low fellow can drink that! Now this, I expect, is the kind of stuff that—O, how splendid it does smell!

Marquis. Why doesn't the fellow drink? I believe he is saying his grace.

Hector. I wonder if any one can see me here. Perhaps it will be better to sit on the steps. Yes, I *think* on the whole, that—

Marquis. Confound the fellow! he makes me thirsty to look at him.

Hector [*sitting on the steps*]. Now which shall I begin with, the red wine or the white? The red looks best somehow; but still the smell of the white seems to say, Hector—Good gracious! citizen Ville-neuve coming!

Vil. [*outside, irritably*] Hector!

Hector. Coming, citizen.—Now where shall I hide the bottles? In the conservatory.

Marquis [*opening the door*] Give them to me.

Hector. A thief!

Marquis. One word, and I'll tell all. Come, now, I like your impudence, calling *me* a robber, you young—

Hector. You won't tell them?

Vil. [*outside, but nearer*] Hector!

Hector. What shall I do? Here he comes!

Marquis. Give them to me, I tell you.

Hector. Why, you'll drink all the wine!

Marquis [*throwing off Hector*]. One word from you about me, and I tell all. Remember!

[*Takes the bottles, and shuts himself in the conservatory.*]

Enter VILLENEUVE.

Vil. The boy must have gone to sleep somewhere. O, here you are, you young villain! Why did you not answer when I called?

Hector. Beg your pardon, citizen. I hollod as loud as ever I could, but you know this park is such a big place.

Vil. Yes, it is a big place, you young idiot; and here have I been running about it for the last hour after you. What are you doing here?

Hector. Doing? why, what should I be doing? Only taking a walk.

Vil. Come with me; I want you directly.

Hector. I'll be with you in less than two minutes. [*Villeneuve goes L. Hector sneaks back to the conservatory.*] I can't leave that thief of a fellow with my wine.

Vil. Will you come with me?

Hector. I assure you I was coming.

Vil. Thank you, I prefer seeing mischief before me. You go first. [*Exeunt.*]

Marquis [*half opening the door, undecided whether to come out or not*] Well, this looks lively. I suppose that old fellow is the owner of the place. I'm glad they're gone. I thought once or twice it was all up with me. Now, my young friend, you must get your wits about you. There is certainly no time to be lost. I am surrounded by enemies, and I must get out of this place as soon as possible. The old man will be back in a minute; the young man will return for his wine to a certainty. Now for my white lily, and I'm off at once. That wine was the very thing I wanted; I feel a better boy for it.

What do my instructions say? "By the side of the statue"—the statue? well, I suppose there was a statue here once upon a time—"a bed of white lilies." [*He hunts about*] I don't see any lilies. I'm sure this must be the place. The time is getting on too. It's no use, I can't give it up. I've sworn to take back the white lily, and take it back I will. But at this rate it seems very likely that I shall not even take back my head. What a pity, when everything was going off so beautifully! I have well paid the men with the boat, and they have promised to wait for me. At sunset I am to join them without fail, and the time is getting on. O, what a vexation this is! Everything here but the silly lily. What is the use of the wall, or the trees, or the château, or any of the things I have found? Ah, what's that! On the window-sill! Up, there! Rapture! A white lily! it smiles upon me. I shall win yet.

[*Kisses his hand to the flower, runs up the steps of the summer-house, and leans over to try and pick the lily.*]

Enter VILLENEUVE and MARIE L.

Vil. I told Hector he would find us here.

Marquis. Caught again, and in the arms of victory!
[*Stoops down behind the railing.*]

Marie V. Yes, this is much the shortest way to the village.

Marquis. I hope it is.

[Runs from the steps, and dashes into the conservatory.]

Vil. What was that? Did you see anything?

Marie V. Where, father?

Vil. There, by the conservatory—something like a shadow.

Marie V. O, I daresay it was a fox. There are several of them about the park. While I work at my window in the summer-house I often see them.

Vil. Now that the wolves have gone, the foxes think they will have the place to themselves, I suppose.

Marie V. Come, sit down here by me. Why, how feverish you are! your hands are burning.

Vil. Are they, my child? I am quite well.

Marie V. Although you have told me nothing, I am quite sure you had bad news this morning. O, it's all very well to say no. I am well aware of the dangers that surround us.

Vil. Don't fear, darling; the game is in our hands. Our soldiers are fine brave fellows, all as brave as—as Henri!

Marie V. *[lowering her eyes]* Dear Henri! But if there has been no bad news, why are you so sad? Why do you always look so disconsolate and ill?

Vil. My darling, it is nothing; don't think of me—it is really nothing; at any rate, it will pass away. I have got horrid thoughts about me sometimes; visions very dark and very sad.

Marie V. Then I will free you from them at once.

Vil. With what?

Marie V. With this, and this! [Kisses him.

Vil. Marie, my child [*roughly*], you must not!
I cannot bear it.

Marie V. Father, what have I done?

Vil. [*getting up*] Leave me, darling, if you love me. [*Softening again, and taking his daughter to his heart*] Poor child! Don't kiss me, though, my love. [*Sits down by her side*] I was rough and unkind, but you must forgive all that. But if you only knew how terribly you resemble her sometimes—the same soft voice, the same sweet look; just for a minute, every now and then, I see her before me as I saw her once. And then, when you put your little arms about my neck, and turn your lips to mine—

Marie V. Father, you must not, shall not, talk like this!

Vil. Why not? The dead cannot speak, and she is dead to me. Sometimes I fancy it is really so. Yes, there are days, long days, which come and go—days throughout which I feel no pain. I see nothing, remember nothing, and then I am really happy. But it is only for a little time. The night comes at last, and with it some bitter hour, bringing back sharp pains and still more agonising recollections. I travel back to the old days, when, after work was done, I used to hurry home and see her sitting by the fire-light, and the little one—you, Marie—

playing at her mother's feet. Can you remember how beautiful she was—how proud? and how she smiled when I caught you up in my arms and kissed you, darling? Do you remember—

Marie V. Father, you should not talk in this way.

Vil. But, Marie, have you forgotten that evening when I returned and found you alone—found you crying over your playthings up in a corner of the room? “Mamma is gone for ever!” you whispered through your tears; and I, not knowing what you meant, burst out laughing. And still you cried; and the words kept echoing in my ears, “Mamma is gone for ever!” There are some men in the world, who, knowing nothing but happiness from their cradle, are still so hungry for further joys, that they steal about like thieves, robbing us of our little share of bliss. O heaven! the empty house—the silent sorrowful meal at the table suddenly grown too big for one—the tiny children's frocks which a man must buy! O heaven! the long sleepless nights, the tedious dreary days, the salt hot tears in the eyes, the swift bitter curses on the tongue! I should like to go to sleep and forget it all; but I never shall until I die.

Marie V. Father!

Vil. I never had my revenge! He got away, this well-bred gentleman, and died far away from here. But what a day that was when our good time came at last! I fancied it was all my quarrel, all my triumph. I flattered myself that it was on my

account that the people rose, and that a whole race became extinct for the sin of this one man.

Marie V. Come, this must never be. I must contrive to drive this hatred out of your heart.

Vil. My child, don't misunderstand me. You have your own quiet corner in my heart, and there you will always remain. My love for you is all the sweetness that is left me in life : you must know that. Why, if my heart only contained the bitter hatred of these high-born gentlemen of which I have spoken long ago, I would have—

Marie V. [*stopping him*] Hush ! here's Hector !

Enter HECTOR.

Hector. Here are the papers you wanted, citizen Villeneuve.

Vil. Put them down.

Hector [*aside*] Now I should very much like to know if that fellow is there still !

Vil. Good-bye, Marie.

Marie V. What, going to leave me ?

Vil. Yes, I have got a great deal to do. I have heard there are some very suspicious boats about the coast, and it is by no means well guarded, I know.

Hector. That it certainly is not. I suppose the poor devil is dead with fright by this time.

Vil. At any rate, I shall go and see for myself.

Hector. I don't feel at all comfortable now I know that fellow is sneaking about here.

Vil. Come, Hector, don't stand idling about.

Hector. Why, you won't leave me alone for a minute.

Vil. Come along.

Hector. Do you want me again ?

Vil. Want you again ! of course I do. I am not going to allow you to dawdle away your time.

Hector. But, citizen, ought I not to stay and protect your daughter ?

Marie V. Protect me ? What for, I wonder ? You have got wonderfully careful all of a sudden. Am I not alone all day ?

Hector. Yes ; but perhaps it is not safe to-day.

Marie V. Why not to-day, as much as any other day ?

Hector. Well, I don't say there is any danger ; but still—

Vil. Come, come ! no more talking. Take these papers, and be off. Marie Villeneuve is no coward. She is a Republican heart and soul ; the daughter of a patriot, and *fiancée* to a noble-hearted soldier. Our women are not like the fine ladies of other days. Marie Villeneuve can take care of herself. Be off !

Marie V. That indeed she can ! I'm no coward, Master Hector, as you ought to know by this time.

Hector [*aside, taking up the papers*] Yes, that's all very well ; but they don't know what I know. What on earth am I to do ? He'll peach if I peach, and confound it, he's got proofs against me !

Marie V. Hector, don't you see father wants you?

Hector. I'm coming. [*Aside*] Suppose that fellow's hatching some dreadful plot, and I'm dragged into it against my will! They'll kill me for a spy! O, I'll tell everything, come what may. [*Aloud*] Coming, citizen, coming!

Vil. What on earth are you waiting there for?

Hector. I've got something on my mind—something dreadful to tell you.

Vil. Well, come along and tell me, as it is so very dreadful, when we are alone.

Hector. But—

Vil. Come, I can't wait any longer.

[*Pushing him towards the door.*]

Hector. But if I were to—

Vil. Now, no more talking—come along!

Marie V. Good-bye, father, then, till this evening. You won't be late, will you?

[*Exeunt Villeneuve and Hector.*]

Hector [*opening the door again*] For mercy's sake, hear me!

Marie V. What, back again?

Hector. Shut yourself up in the summer-house, I implore. [*Exit*] Coming, citizen, coming! [*Outside.*]

Marie V. [*near the door half open*] Shut myself up in the summer-house! Why?

Marquis [*coming out of the conservatory*] I don't hear any one. They have all gone at last.

Marie V. I wonder what Hector meant?

Marquis. It's very wearisome playing at hide-and-peek like this all day. What could that charming domestic scene between the old man and the girl on the bench there have been about? I saw it all, but I could not hear a word. Kisses and sighs, tears and sobs. And what a charming girl she was!

Marie V. [*shutting the door*] There, they're gone at last.

Marquis [*startled, goes again to the conservatory*]
Caught again!

Marie V. [*stopping on the first step*] What was that I heard? I'm sure I heard some one speak! What nonsense, though! That silly Hector has put all this folly into my head. [*Goes slowly up the steps*] What should I be afraid of? What a child I am! If Henri could only see me, how he would laugh! Dear Henri! [*Leans on the rail*] I have been a very naughty child to neglect him so, and must write him a long sweet letter and make it up. I wonder where he is, and what he is doing now. Far away—ever so far away from here. But I have got one thing to remind me of him. O, what should I do without my sweet white lily? How I do love that flower, the last lily in the grounds! Every morning when I wake I come and look at it, and think of him; and somehow I have looked at it so long, and thought of him so much, that my white lily seems a sort of talisman. I would not have anything happen

to it for the world. If it were to die, I should fancy he would die too.

Marquis [*looking out of the conservatory*] Why, they have left me the girl who's fond of kissing!

[*Makes a noise.*

Marie V. It's in the conservatory! I'm sure there's some one in the conservatory! [*Comes down the steps, and walks straight to the conservatory, which she throws wide open*] Well, sir, what are you doing here?

Marquis [*coming out*] I would not hurt you for the world, upon my honour.

Marie V. I have no fear of that. I simply ask you, what are you doing here?

Marquis. O, how fierce she looks!

Marie V. There is no need to frown and shrug your shoulders. I am not frightened in the least. To tell you the truth, I thought at first you were a little girl dressed up as a man.

Marquis. Did you indeed, my darling?

Marie V. [*going back towards a bell*] Not one step farther. Were you the fiercest and strongest man in the world, I have only to pull this cord, and I should immediately have a hundred peasants on the spot.

[*She takes the cord.*

Marquis. Quite so; I don't doubt it in the least. But as you have no reason to be afraid, and certainly are not afraid, it is quite useless to summon any assistance.

Marie V. Do you know, sir, you are playing us a very shabby trick?

Marquis. What do you take me for?

Marie V. How should I know? I have not the slightest idea who you are, what you are, or where you come from. I only know that I find you hiding about in these grounds, and when I ask you why you are here, you refuse to answer me.

Marquis. Would you mind first of all taking your hand off that bell? You can't think how it annoys me to be distrusted.

Marie V. Well, sir?

Marquis [*aside*] She certainly is a charming girl, and fierce as a little lion. She amuses me. [*Aloud*] I will tell you the truth, mademoiselle.

Marie V. It strikes me that you are not aware of the times in which we are living.

Marquis. A thousand pardons! Politeness was one of those qualities which was lately banished from France, along with all the good people.

Marie V. Well, I can't say that you have succeeded in bringing it back again. Are you a foreigner?

Marquis. What could possibly have persuaded you that I was? My rough accent, I suppose. The Republicans, by the bye, are so polished. Yes, I am a Hollander from Rotterdam — a botanist on the tramp.

Marie V. Indeed!

Marquis. For years I have heard of some wonderful white lilies which are only to be found near the Château of St. Bernard. I am most anxious to secure a good specimen.

Marie V. And your name is?

Marquis. My name—my name is Van—Van—you know—Van—

Marie V. And you say you are searching for specimens, Mr. Van?

Marquis [*aside*] She does not seem to believe me.

Marie V. Is this all you have to say?

Marquis. All I have to say! you don't seem to believe what I have said.

Marie V. [*steadily*] Now please understand me. It does not much matter who or what you are—robber, gardener, call yourself anything you like. I don't know how it is, but I seem to have a sort of kindly pity for you, poor child. What you came here for, why you were hiding over there, I shall not ask, and I don't care to know. There is only one thing I wish to impress upon you—I have not seen you; and now you had better go.

Marquis [*aside*] This will never do; I can't go without the white lily, and I can't steal the white lily before her very eyes.

Marie V. Well, sir, why don't you go?

Marquis [*going up to her*] Mademoiselle, I am not a robber, and on the soil of France I am at home. I am an *émigré*, and I have come back to

France for a wild boyish freak. If I were discovered, I should have to die ; now you know all, and my life is in your hands.

Marie V. It were better you had died long ago than spoken these words to me. Listen, child ! I told you just now that I had not seen you, and I warned you to go at once. Is not this the truth ? Why did you disobey me, and why did you not depart at once ? Do you think I could not tell from what source you came with your lily face ?—a gardener with delicate hands like those ! Why, why did you compel me to denounce you ? At all risks I must do my duty. I shall denounce you, and you will have to die.

Hector [*calling without*] Marie, are you safe ?
are you safe ?

[*Marie trembles.*]

Marquis. You have spoken the truth. It's all up with me.

Hector [*still without*] Marie, Marie ! are you safe ?

Marquis. What are you waiting for ? Why not open the door ?

Marie V. [*aside*] No, I cannot ; he is such a child. [*Hector knocking at the door*] What will become of you ?

Marquis. I will spare you the pain. I will open the door myself.

Marie V. No ! for mercy's sake, stay here.

Marquis. Stay here !

Hector [*outside*] Will you open the door ?

Marie [to *Marquis*] Not a word.

[Points to the pedestal of the statue. *Marquis* hides.]

Hector [appearing over the wall] O, there you are!

Marie V. Of course I am! Where should I be? What have you been making all this noise for? has anything happened?

Hector. You've put me in an agony of fright. Why didn't you answer?

Marie V. I can't distress myself about all your silly fears.

Hector. Are you alone?

Marie V. What do you mean? Alone! of course I am. I can't understand what has put all these foolish fancies into your head. Have you seen any one about here?

Hector. Seen anybody! O, what a notion! No, I have not seen anybody, but I know the country is full of suspicious characters.

Marquis [from his hiding-place] Come, that's good!

Hector. I came here in a hurry to see if you were all right; I really think you had better shut yourself into the summer-house.

Marie V. Come, no more of this nonsense. I am all right; but you had better not let my father see you here again.

Hector. I'm going. [Appearing again] If you haven't seen anything, or heard anything, you know

it is all right; but if you were in the summer-house—

Marie V. Yes, yes, I know; be off, there's a good boy.

Hector [*appearing again*] I say, shall I send any one to you?

Marie V. Hector!

Hector. Well?

Marie V. I thought I heard my father calling.

Hector [*jumping off the wall*] O, he's for ever calling. You did put me in such a fright! All right, I'm down and off. [*Marie waits at the door till he is gone.*]

Marie V. [*to Marquis*] You heard what passed?

Marquis. A thousand thanks!

[*Coming from his hiding-place.*]

Marie V. Some one has seen you about here, and escape will be almost impossible.

Marquis. Don't distress yourself about me. I shall get off somehow.

Marie V. I implore you to be careful. I don't know what to do. For my sake, don't delay longer.

Marquis. If you want to get rid of me, you can do so very easily. Give me that which I came to seek; then give me time to thank you; and you will see me no more.

Marie V. How can I tell what you came here to seek? What was it? Do tell me.

Marquis. Only a little flower; give me this little flower, and I will go.

Marie V. This is no time for jesting.

Marquis [*going towards the steps*] Indeed, I do not jest.

Marie V. You came here for a flower. And what is this flower for which you have risked your young life?

Marquis. Ah, it's a long story.

Marie V. Do you think, after what I have told you, I would listen to it?

Marquis. I will tell you in as few words as possible. In a little drawing-room over in England—

[*Sits down.*]

Marie V. Good heavens! he is sitting down.

Marquis. Please sit down here, and I will tell you my story. I was talking of a drawing-room in England. In this little drawing-room certain *émigrés*, sworn friends, and bound together by all sorts of ties, meet together every evening. Wine flows, wit sparkles, and laughter echoes in our little miniature France over in that desolate island. Now picture to yourself that little kingdom over there existing between four walls, and in fancy I will take you there. It is nine o'clock at night, and all the conspirators are assembled. A vicomte is warming himself at the fire, a chevalier admiring himself in the glass, and a little fussy abbé like a busy bee is buzzing about from flower to flower; there is a whist-table, and gray-haired old fellows playing at it. All our little world is there. There is only one whom I have

forgotten to mention. A countess sits apart in a dark cosy corner, and at her elbow—ever at her elbow—is a stripling of a marquis. All the doors are shut. At last the whist is over; it is time to conspire; so they plot—against love!

Marie V. Are you mad?

Marquis. I tell you they conspire against love; the young love that has ebbed away from the four old men who stand doddering. “Don’t talk to me of love,” says one; “in my day men did brilliant deeds, now they can only brag.” And then a deep sigh comes from some painted dowager, who says: “Love is not what it was in years gone by; then men loved and died.” “Is there such a thing as love?” simpers a third; “I hope not; it is unbecoming;” and there is a laugh at the simple jokelet. And then all at once the stripling Marquis, who has been beating his boyish heels upon the floor up in the dark corner, flings himself into the middle of the room, the red blood rushing up to his white cheeks. “Enough of this,” he says; “enough of this; I will stand champion for this poor love, whom you all despise; I will be her defender! My friends, you talk too fast. There is some true love left in the world, capable of mighty deeds and heroic actions; love spotless and stainless, for whose dear sake a life can be bartered for a smile. Say what you will, sneer as you will, I will be love’s champion to-day.” At this impetuous outburst a loud roar of laughter rings

through the room. The vicomte exerts himself sufficiently to smile, and the abbé crosses himself in sheer amazement. After the laughter comes a long silence, and it is broken at last by a sweet measured voice; and this is what the voice says: "Marquis, my child, I have a sad longing for one of the famous white lilies which used to grow in the gardens of my Château of St. Bernard over in the dear old country."

Mariq V. She said that?

Marquis. She certainly said that. The boy marquis set sail that night, mademoiselle, and here he is.

Marie V. Then it was for a woman's whim that you risked your life?

Marquis. Precisely so, and I was proud to do it.

Marie V. And she let you go, without a sigh, without a tear! Did she not stop you at the door, and kiss you, saying, "Come back; we were both fools, and I the worst fool of the two"? No; I suppose, with a cruel haughty look of disdain, she saw you march quietly off to your death. What kind of stuff is it that passes through these women's veins?

Marquis. These women, as you call them, mademoiselle, have in their veins the purest and noblest blood in France: the same blood that fired the faces of the beauties of the middle ages when they threw their gloves into the arena, shrieking, "The man who loves me best!" In the good old times escutcheons showed a glove between the bleeding claws of a hun-

gry lion ; nowadays we see a flower crushed by some mean republican device.

Marie V. Have you no mother ?

Marquis. She is dead.

Marie V. She would have wept salt tears for you had she lived ; and if her tears had no effect upon you, sooner than let you go, she would have whipped you and put you to bed.

Marquis. Would she indeed ! I should like you to tell me then, once for all, the difference between a baby and a man. Do you judge him by his height, or what ? do heart or shoulders decide the dispute ? I don't think you quite understand me.

Marie V. Well, if you want me to look upon this freak of yours as a noble action, will you first tell me whether you think it a manly deed to risk your life for caprice, a flower—bah ! nothing ? is your blood not worth spilling for a better and holier cause ?

Marquis. A nobler and a holier cause ? Would it have been better to risk powder and shot in Vendée or on the banks of the Rhine ? I can't say I think it would.

Marie V. [*aside*] I don't think he is such a child, after all.

Marquis. Besides, one's life is dreary enough amidst those wretched Thames fogs ; excitement is soon over ; some new face, some new scandal, some fresh quarrel—it is soon over ; what on earth is there to be done in that detestable country ? But when

the chance does come—a chance of seeing France once more, a chance of battling royally for love, a chance of satisfying a beautiful woman—tell me honestly was this not worth such a life as mine? [*Changing*] Have I risked it for nothing, after all? Give me the white lily.

Marie V. There are no lilies left; some enthusiast has torn up every root.

Marquis. There is one more, I think. Look up at that window.

Marie V. Up there! my lily! I can never part with that.

Marquis. Why, it is only a flower—a mere nothing, is it not?

Marie V. That flower is very dear to me. He who gave it is far away.

Marquis. Then it is all up with me.

Marie V. You take the matter too seriously. The woman who did not hesitate to send you here has forgotten all about the lily. She has acquired some new whim by this time.

Marquis. Mademoiselle, you are not kind. If it is as you say, let me at least die fancying what is not.

Marie V. Die for a woman who loves you not? Why, what in heaven's name, would you do for a woman who adored you?

[*A song is heard in the distance.*]

Marquis. The signal! Do you hear? [*Both listen.*]

Chorus in the distance.

If life were loud with laughter,
 And love could then forsake
 Regrets which dim hereafter,
 And rain which eyelids shake ;

If, worn and wan with weeping,
 My heart were in your keeping ;
 If sorrow died in sleeping,—
 Ah, then if I might wake !

Tra la, la, la, la, la, la—tra la, la, la.

Marie V. What song is that ?

Marquis. What song? You shall hear. It has three stanzas. The first tells me that a boat is anchored in the bay, only waiting to take me back to England.

Marie V. What then ?

Marquis. The second stanza warns me, "It is time! Make haste!"

Marie V. Then you must depart at once ?

Marquis. The song is not yet over.

Marie V. But the third stanza?—what does the third stanza signify ?

Marquis. The third says, "Marquis, we are gone. Heaven bless you!"

Marie V. Why, then, do you stand here ?

Marquis. Here I shall stand, mademoiselle, until the song is over ; and then, when they are all safe, and I left all alone, then I shall shriek out, *Vive*

le Roi! standing within earshot of the Château of St. Bernard.

Marie V. You are determined to die, then?

Marquis. I am determined not to go back to England without that for which I came.

Marie V. Why should you ask me to break my oath in order that you may keep your promise? You have promised to take away the flower—well and good; and I have sworn to cherish it.

Marquis. Mademoiselle, I am dumb. You are in love. I understand your motive—everything.

Marie V. Then your death will be at my door?

Marquis. Why so? Already you have spoken falsely to save my life. What more can you do? No; let it be as it is. I only die because I think death is best, and by my death I am proud to prove that there is some heroism in love.

Marie V. [*at the bottom of the steps*] To think that such women as these make heroes! [*Runs up the steps*] *Marquis*, even she would not like you to die for her. Take the flower. [*She throws it.*]

Marquis. The white lily! Bless you for this!

Marie V. Now that you have got your prize, depart.

Marquis [*kneeling with the lily*] Don't send me away quite yet. I am so happy!

Marie V. Why, will you never be content?

Marquis [*springing up*] I owe everything in the world to you. But don't think I triumph at your

expense. You can take back that which you have given. Here, take back the lily ; but, taken back, there is one thing of which you cannot rob me—the sweet remembrance of the sacrifice you have made for me.

Marie V. Don't talk of sacrifice ! [*Pointing to the flower*]. You wanted that one best treasure of mine to save you, and I have given it you.

Marquis. Then you only gave it me as you would give a penny to a beggar !

Marie V. [*distracted*] Ask me no more !—speak to me no more ! Of what has passed within the last hour I know nothing. I feel somehow that I have done wrong ; and yet I can accuse myself of nothing. And now I can have you here no more. Go ! I command, I entreat you to be gone. [*Voices outside.*] Too late ! too late !

Marquis. Whose was that voice ?

Marie V. [*half opening the door*] My father, and peasants with him. They are on your track.

Marquis. It was fated that I should not go from here.

Marie V. Come, not stirring yet ? You must hide at once.

Marquis. What, hide again ? No more of that ; I have played the coward too long.

Marie V. Your life, Marquis, belongs to me ; I have gained it fairly. Away !

Marquis. Why humiliate myself any more ? *Escape is hopeless.*

Marie V. I implore you ! There, in the summer-house ! They shall not enter there.

Marquis [*going*] If I do escape, you will live in my heart for ever.

Marie V. Here they come !

[*Marquis hides again.*]

Enter VILLENEUVE, HECTOR, Peasants, &c.

Vil. Now, citizens, search away !

Marie V. How good of you to return so soon ! But, father, what has happened ? What is the meaning of all this ?

Vil. Don't be afraid, darling. It seems that there is some spy hidden here somewhere. But we shall find him.

Marie V. Hidden here ? Nonsense ! Who told you so ?

Vil. [*pointing to Hector*] This fellow.

Marie V. The coward !

Vil. And thief !

Hector. Call me what you will—coward, thief, robber, assassin, if you will. What I have said is true. There is a spy here, and I have known it ever so long. I did not like to say anything at first ; but thinking the consequences would be awful, I have made a clean breast of it.

Vil. Where did you see him ?

Marie V. See who ?

Hector [*pointing to conservatory*] He is in there.

Marie V. Indeed! Then you'd better find him.

Vil. [*opening*] There is no one here.

Hector [*going in*] No one!

Marie V. This comes of believing a cowardly busybody.

Vil. But he was so positive! [*Peasants jeer.*]

Hector [*aside*] I thought so!

Marie V. [*aside*] What does he say?

Hector [*appearing with a broken bottle*] Who says that I lie? When I hid that bottle there, it was full.

Vil. And now you find some of the wine gone?

Hector. Some of it gone! there is not a drop left. Well, he has got out of the conservatory somehow; but I am perfectly certain he could not get over the wall.

Vil. How could he have escaped out of the conservatory when Marie has never left the spot?

Hector [*goes up the steps*] I believe he is in here. I shall go and look.

[*Peasants laugh; Hector goes up the stairs.*]

Marie V. Will you dare to go in there without my leave?

Vil. We must search everywhere.

Marie V. Which do you believe—your servant or your daughter? I tell you there is no one there.

Vil. Perhaps there may be now.

Marie V. I was there a moment ago.

Vil. It is strange that you should object to the search. I will look for myself.

Marie V. Father!

Vil. Marie!

Marie V. If you love me, don't go in there.

Vil. O Marie, has it come to this?

Hector [*exciting the Peasants*] Let us look! let us look! Come along!

Vil. Let no one stir!

Hector. But suppose—

Vil. I tell you, let no one stir. Did you hear my daughter speak?

Hector. Where the devil can he have got to? I would give the world to find the wretch!

Vil. Now, Hector, ask pardon of these gentlemen for having brought them on this wild-goose chase; and having done so, take them in and give them something to drink. [*Exit Hector and peasants.*] Come, Marie, let me see this man.

Marie V. Father, I have never lied to you till now. There is some one there. I hid him to save his life. And you will let me save his life?

Vil. What have I to do with him?

Marquis [*appearing on the steps*] My name is Alphonse de Laussac, Marquis de Launay, an honourable gentleman, and his Majesty's servant for ever!

Vil. Ah, the villain!—Marie, this man's father made you motherless!

Marie V. Father, spare him! He is but a child.

Marquis. Mademoiselle, I beg you plead not for me. You have done too much for me already.—I

am ready, sir, at your bidding. Do with me what you will—an *émigré* returned to France for one short day. The day is over; let the night advance.

Vil. You say you are an *émigré*. When did you leave France?

Marquis. Three years ago.

Vil. And when did you return?

Marquis. Two hours ago.

Vil. Where did you come from?

Marquis. Plymouth.

Vil. What for?

Marquis. For a moment's fresh air after three years' exile, and to steal the last lily in France. I would not have missed this treat for anything in the wide world.

Vil. You are somewhat young to hold life so cheap.

Marquis. Who cares? Your scaffolds have licked up younger blood. [*Marie shudders.*]

Vil. Leave him to me. How do you propose getting back to England?

Marquis. You must excuse my telling you that. [*Music again. Marie trembles.*] I shall keep my secret religiously.

Chorus during the Scene.

If life were full of singing,
 And love refused to sigh;
 If I were near you clinging
 When death was creeping nigh;

If, powerless to resist you,
 I found you when I missed you;
 If, dying, dreamed I kissed you,—
 Ah, then if I might die!

Tra, la, la, &c.

Marie V. Father, the signal! Do you hear?

Vil. What signal?

Marquis. Mademoiselle, you must tell him no more.

Marie V. Tell him no more! Why not?—Father, in the little bay under the rocks, near here, a boat is waiting. This song warns him he must go. This is the last appeal; in another minute it will be too late!

Vil. [*goes and opens the door*] Let it be so. He must go—for your sake, Marie, he must go.

Marie V. O you dear good father! how I love you!

Marquis [*astonished*] How can I ever express my gratitude? I—

Vil. No thanks to me. Go at once!

[*Stage darkens.*]

Marquis [*going towards Marie*] Mademoiselle, we shall never meet again. I shall carry away with me the sweetest memories of the only true woman I have ever met. You will never be forgotten. Kiss the lily for me. Thanks.

Vil. The course is clear, sir; go at once.

Marquis. Heaven bless you both! [*Exit.*

Vil. Is this enough? Knowing me as you do, feeling what I have done, you can surely never doubt my love. [*A shot is fired.*

Marie V. They have killed him!

Vil. Poor wretch!

Peasants [*outside*] Vive Hector! Vive Hector!
Brava!

Vil. [*at the gate*] What is the matter? What has happened?

Peasants. He has been found, and he is dead.

Vil. Who has been found? Who is dead?

Marie V. Ah, Henri, darling! Heaven has indeed punished me for my momentary wrong to you!

Hector [*coming in. Peasants surround him*] I told you I saw some one.

Vil. What is the meaning of this? Who fired?

Hector. I did.

Vil. And you killed him?

Hector. No; that's just what I didn't do; that's what puts me in such a dreadful rage.

Marquis's voice. Tra, la, la, la, la!

Hector. Just listen to that fellow singing! He should like to wring his aristocratic neck! He dodged me beautifully. I fired, but he fell a little too soon. And now he is off, and all the other villains with him. I say—you fellows cried out “Vive Hector!” a little too soon.

Vil. Did you not pursue?

Hector. What would have been for good such a dark night as this?

Fil. You're a pretty fellow, I see.

Peasants [pointing at him]. He's a pretty fellow! Bah!

Hector. Confound the peasants! Oh, by the whole, I'm sorry I spoke.

Maria T. You're a pretty fellow, I see. You boy! Do you think I'll let you go and promise and keep it?

Fil. Keep with me, please.

Maria. The last will.

Exeunt

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.

9.

10.

11.

12.

13.

THE THREE TEMPTATIONS.

A Masque for the Moderns,

NOVEL, ALLEGORICAL, MUSICAL, AND SPECTACULAR.

By E. L. BLANCHARD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

POSSIBLES.

KING ARTHUR, once King of England, now a subject of Burlesque.

SIR LIONEL, Knight of the Silver Shield.

SIR TRISTRAM, his rival, Knight of the Brazen Mug.

SIR AGROVAINE, of the Rueful Countenance.

BRUNO, a servant.

LA BELLE ISONDE, daughter of Sir Agrovaine.

IMPOSSIBLES.

MERLIN, the Enchanter.

MORGANA LA FAYE, the Welsh fairie.

THE PHANTOM BILL, a dangerous fiend.

Druids, some enchanting young ladies, &c.

SCENE I. *Banqueting-hall in the Palace of King Arthur, Pendragon Castle. The Round Table in foreground, with dessert, wine, &c. King Arthur in c., surrounded by his Knights. Sir Tristram at table o.p.; Sir Lionel on couch p.s. Servitors in attendance with goblets, &c. The whole scene as lively, picturesque, and convivial as possible.*

OPENING CHORUS: Air, "Who's for Calais?"

Who's for a bumper? the glasses are ready now,
 Fill to the brim with the liquor divine;
 The table, that feels on its legs so unsteady now,
 Still, like the king, can stand plenty of wine.
 Laughing and chaffing and copiously quaffing,
 From pleasures like these who on earth would
 refrain?
 For Cupid's sad heartache that we from his dart take
 There is not a balm like a glass of champagne.

[*Rattle of applause on table.*

King A. Forsooth, a pleasant ditty!—Pale or red?
 The pale, I think, Sir Lionel, you said.

[*Sends round sherry by Page.*

Sir L. I rather think you knights are getting
 "fast;"

To this complexion I shall come at last.

[Page fills his goblet.

King A. Come, gentlemen, get on—nay, never spare it ;

I've in my cellar got some famous claret.

[Aloud] John, Thomas, here—against all France I bet it—

We want some claret, *[aside to Page]* but you needn't get it.

In the mean time here's port—just from the wood.

Sir L. A “log” before it “makes its title good.”

King A. Come, come, Sir Lionel, won't you join our sports ?

Sir L. I'm out of what's denominated “sorts.”

You really must excuse me—strange, but true—

I'm quite fatigued through having naught to do.

Sir T. To cure ennui we on adventures go.

Sir L. But peradventure there should be none—no !

The great art now, as modern statesmen view it,

Is, when there's aught to do, how not to do it.

I've seen enough of wonders, and want leisure.

King A. Then perhaps you'll tell us what you've seen ?

Sir L. With pleasure !

[Sir Lionel advances to the front. The rest gather in groups around him.

SONG : Air, " Unfortunate Miss Bailey."

Sir. L.

Let others sing of heroes bold in war who have been
victorious,
Of heroes who each year rose up till they were heroes
glorious ;
Of wondrous stories they had heard they gave you
superfluities ;
Now I'll sing of what I've seen myself, and then
you'll know how true it is.

Chorus.

O, Sir Lionel ! wonderful Sir Lionel !
No one ever wonders saw like wonderful Sir Lionel !

Sir L.

I've seen a man, though for the act no doubt he soon
was sorrowing,
Who actually returned a new umbrella he'd been
borrowing.
And once I saw a chap who thought our palace par-
liamentary
Would be completed—fancy that!—within the present
century.

[*Chorus : O, Sir Lionel, &c.*

I've seen a lady shopping, who—I stake my honour
on it, sir—
Resisted all temptation in the shape of a new bonnet,
sir ;
And found a draper's shopman who of conscience had
a particle,
And served without inquiring, " Now, marm, what is
the next article ?"

[*Chorus : O, Sir Lionel, &c.*

Now, though it seems incredible, it's truth what I
 declare to ye—
 I've seen the cabman who would charge no more than
 was his fare to ye ;
 I've had a house by contract built that wasn't very
 tottery,
 And got the prize I raffled for once in a Margate lot-
 tery.

Chorus : O, Sir Lionel, &c.

Now this—the last that I shall tell—may make the
 city teachable—
 I've seen a country gentleman whose word is unim-
 peachable,
 Who says when in a hurry that he takes a cab inces-
 santly
 From Ludgate-hill to London-bridge, and gets along
 quite pleasantly.

Chorus : O, Sir Lionel, &c.

King A. Remarkable indeed ! Each verse so pat,
 What shall we say, Sir Lionel, after that ?

Sir L. Than our old toast I cannot give a bet-
 terer—

Here's " May the present moment be—" *et cetera.*

King A. Here's may the present moment—

[*Enter BRUNO.*

Ha, you guffin !

You've spoilt our toast, you wretched rag o' muffin !

Bruno. Pardon, my liege—my master waits with-
 out ;

I pledge my word—

King A. Enough! you needn't spout.

[Bruno ushers in Sir Agrovaine melodramatically mournful.]

Sir T. *[aside]* Ha, Agrovaine! He here? This grows romantic.

Sir A. Your pardon, friends—excuse my being frantic.

King A. O, on no ceremony stand a bit.

Sir A. I won't; so with your gracious leave I'll sit.

Just hear my story, and then judge my woe.

[Chairs arranged melodramatically in front.]

It must be nearly eighteen years ago

Since first my child, to comfort future years,

Burst like a sunbeam on this vale of tears—

Sir L. *[aside]* He grows poetical—a fearful sign.

Sir A. I need not say that sunbeam bright was mine.

I watched her infant form grow day by day—

Sir L. *[aside]* And whipped it very often, I dare say.

Sir A. Saw with delight her youth to beauty grow—

Sir L. Your story's plain enough. Of course we know

You had her photographed by some one who did

“This style—one shilling—frame and glass included.”

Sir A. Alas, some villain, backed by wizard's strength,

Went in a "bust," and took the whole full length ;
And here I am to ask some cunning file
To free La Belle Isonde from durance vile.

Sir L. [*aside*] La Belle Isonde, who turned my head with glee.

Sir T. [*aside*] La Belle Isonde, on whom I turned the key.

Sir L. [*aside*] Whom I adore beyond all words can tell.

Sir T. [*aside*] On whom a door I bolted too as well.

I must conceal the interest I take.

Sir L. [*aside*] Upon this hint at rest my head I'll make.

King A. Yours is a case, my friend, that's hard indeed ;

Your long account of settling stands in need.

I don't fight now myself, that's very true ;

But then I know some gentlemen who do.

Sir L. Nay, seek no farther, but behold one here
In love and war alike a volunteer.

King A. 'Tis bravely said.

Sir L. And shall be bravely done.

I like the fair, and don't dislike the fun.

No door shall keep her, if her dress but lies

Within the modern fashionable size.

Sir A. It must be nearly eighteen years ago

Since first my child—

Sir L. Of course, you told us so.

But where's the lady?

Sir A. Fenced by magic spells,

Within the Castle Dolorous she dwells.

King A. That castle's well known in this prin-
cality.

Sir L. I hope they are not improving that lo-
cality;

For places with new streets and building-ground
Are not just now so easy to be found.

Sir A. It must be nearly—

King A. Ah, yes, that's about it.

Sir A. Eighteen years ago.

Sir L. I do not doubt it.

I shall astonish him as he deserves.

Sir T. [*aside*] Perhaps he won't astonish your
weak nerves.

Sir L. By laws of chivalry his head is forfeit.

Sir T. [*aside*] You first have got to take his
body off it.

Sir L. I'll dress his joints with sauce piquant.

Sir T. Pshaw! Sirrah,

You may find sauce, but I'll supply a sorcerer.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS: Air, "Off she goes."

Sir L.

Think no more of the danger run,
Consider it just the same as done;

In me you behold what some folks call
A nice young man for a party small.

King A.

I really don't like you to go at the price.

Sir T.

Here's an alarming sacrifice !

Sir L.

I'm warranted fast !

Sir T.

But the colours have ran
With all who've encountered this terrible man.

Chorus.

Off to the castle away he goes ;
He can't mistake, if he follows his nose ;
But only think of the danger ran,
With such a remarkably terrible man !

King A.

The thought of such valour expands my heart ;
Take a bit of cold something before you start.

Sir T.

A taste of cold steel he will have if he go.

King A.

Wouldn't you rather ? Don't say no.

Sir L.

As for your daughter, fear me not.

Sir A.

It must be nearly—

Sir L.

Never mind what.

The monster shall find that at last he's matched.

Sir T.

Don't reckon your chickens before they are hatched.

[*Chorus* : Off to the castle, &c.

[At the termination of chorus King Arthur, Sir Lionel, and Sir Agrovaine retire up stage with the other Knights, whilst Sir Tristram goes off at side menacingly, when scene closes in upon group.]

SCENE II. *Stonehenge by sunset, and Merlin's cave.*

Inscription over entrance, "A Lodge of the Ancient Druids. Meeting every Monday night."

Enter, to "Haydn's Surprise," four Druids separately. They each give three knocks at cave—to music. With the last MERLIN appears, comes forward mysteriously, and sings.

SONG : Air, "Mistletoe-bough."

Mer.

The mistletoe hangs in the place where it should,
And the wine, boys, to-night is uncommonly good ;
And some capital fellows are joking away,
And keeping it up in a style rather gay.

Whilst some, who will sing every song that they
know,

Soon under the table will speedily go ;
So from this you may fancy how far I am right
When I say that the " Druids " are jolly to-night.

O, the mistletoe row !

O, the mistletoe row !

Mer. You know the way—the old room—ah,
that's it ! *[Exeunt Druids.*

O, ain't they going it above a bit !

Our noble vice to give advice ain't able,

And those who've passed the chair can't pass the
table.

Enter Druid.

Druid. The Noble Grand's required. *[Exit.*

Mer. Ha, ha ! ifegs !

The Noble Grand is glad to stretch his legs.

Enter SIR TRISTRAM.

Sir T. All's quiet. Ha ! Who's that ?

Mer. Some knave, I fear.

It's a Lodge night, my friend ; you can't lodge here.

Sir T. What, Merlin !

Mer. Tristram ! Ha, how *don't* you do ?
Why, who'd have ever thought of seeing you ?

Sir T. Your gait's unsteady, and your style is
rough.

Mer. I must confess I think I've had enough.

Sir T. I've come on pressing business you to
tease. *[Shaking hands.*

Mer. Pressing indeed, if judging by your squeeze.

Sir T. You aided me a maiden to entrap—

Mer. You want her carried back again, mayhap?

Sir T. Not so. But this another strives to do.

Mer. But you're not going to let him do it?

Pooh!

Your castle keeps the knight in check.

Sir T. The same;

But then that castle will not win the game.

Small obstacles won't stop him.

Mer. For preventance

Just put a full-stop then, and close his sentence.

Sir T. That's just the very thing which I'd do
now

But for one drawback—that's, I don't know how.

Mer. You're a nice individual, you are—very;

It's very well for you I'm rather merry.

Our compact shall be kept. But here's a metaphor

You could, or would, or should be all the better for.

Sir T. Go on—your wisdom well becomes your
age.

Mer. We always stuff a goose with what is sage.

Enter Druid.

Druid. The Noble Grand has his health drunk
once more. [Exit Druid.]

Mer. The Noble Grand has been drunk once
before.

Listen : you've doubtless seen at village fair

Three prizes poised upon three sticks with care ;
 Whilst here a box, and there a bell is heard,
 A tempting pincushion will crown the third.
 The man invites, and thrice the staves you throw ;
 With dextrous aim you give each stick a blow ;
 But down successive as in holes they fall,
 Nor box, nor bell, nor cushion's gained at all.
 So thus sink hopes that never more may rise ;
 You lose your patience, and you gain no prize.

Sir T. But what's this fable got to do with me ?

Mer. MORAL—ahem !—The stick yourself must
 be.

One shy you've had—this is the second blow ;
 The third you're mine, and that's your overthrow.

Sir T. I'll shy at everything, let *him* but fall.

But perhaps I tire you ?

Mer. Dear, no ; not at all.

With two temptations I'll his road assail :
 The first is WINE ; and then, if that should fail,
 WOMAN shall come and tempt him with her flattery ;
 I'll charge him with a full gal-vanic battery.

Sir T. Delightful !

Mer. Eh ?

Sir T. I mean delightful plan.

Mer. I thought perhaps you'd like to be the man.

Sir T. He cannot both escape ; it's plain indeed,
 If wine comes first, the second *must* succeed.

Mer. You're satisfied ?

Sir T. . . . I am.

We single men have double work to do.
 Husbands no flying cords need ever chase,
 Wives plead the best in every packing-case ;
 Whilst luckless bachelors their baggage cram
 In one confused inextricable jam.
 Ah, me ! as with life's stream I vainly tussle,
 I long to be a " float," like Henry Russell.

MORGAN LA FAYE, *half fairy, half Welsh peasant,*
appears.

Morg. Not as a float, but as a *buoy*, you speak.

Sir L. Do boards give way ?

Morg. Yes, when they spring a *leak*.

Hur need not mind, hur has not yet forsook you.

Sir L. A sprite ! odd *rabbit* !

Morg. Yes, a *Welsh* one, look you.

Sir L. A Cambrian fairy ! This *is* something new.

To quote a popular author, " Who are you ?"

Song : " Jenny Jones."

Morg.

My name's La Faye Morgan, I live in Llangollen,
 I'm sent to protect those whom Merlin assails ;
 I know every castle and vale in the mountains,
 And also know all the great mountains in Wales.
 So, if you will follow, look you, my directions,
 I'll bring you at once to the place where you'd
 rove ;
 For 'deed, goodness knows, I detest that old Merlin,
 And aiding a knight is a task that I love.

Sir L. But how to get there I should now be told.

Morg. Hur thus will point the nearest way. Behold!
[*Waves wand.*]

SCENE IV. *Scene changes to the Goblin Glade in the Wood of Wonders.*

Sir L. Here's a near-cut indeed, and these petitioners

Of woods and forests doubtless are commissioners.

Morg. Just so.

Sir L. Ah, ours have no such rapid movements; 'Twould take with them ten years for such improvements.

Morg. There runs your path, and here my power must stay;

Hur must alone now venture on hur way.

Sir L. But give you no advice ere this I try;

Morg. Avoid temptation and bad company.

[*Exit Morgan.*]

Sir L. The first to be resisted must be shown;
The second we hope never *here* to own.

Solo: "Through the wood."

Sir L.

Through the wood, through the wood, looking behind me,

I'll loudly hollo for aid in the dell;

He must be the prince of pedestrians who'd find me,
For she whom I seek shall be sought after well.

SCENE V. *A dangerous path in the forest of Temptation.*

Enter MERLIN (as Comus), SIR TRISTRAM, and Attendants with drinking-horns.

Mer. Ha! ha! if this don't make my man sing small,

He's not the one I take him for, that's all;
Dare he oppose my will, I'll make him rue it.

Sir T. It's very well to talk, but who's to do it?

Mer. Why, I am, to be sure! Here's Milton's domus.

Sir T. But p'raps he'll brush us ere he comes to Comus.

Mer. One glass of wine destroys him as he passes.

Sir T. He'd be a spectacle with two such glasses.
He's close at hand.

Mer. Then our hands we'll keep close;
This youth shall find our mixture proves a dose.—
Begone, ye slaves! there's leave of absence granted;
But mind, like trumps, you turn up when you're
wanted. *[Exeunt Bacchanals.]*

Mer. Now, lest he take us for a pair of noddies,
In garments quaint we'll robe our precious bodies.

Sir T. Play your cards well.

Mer. Don't fear; I'm *rather* cute.

Sir T. You take the lead, then; and I'll follow
suit. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter SIR LIONEL.

Sir L. So far no tempter yet has aught attempted.

P'raps, though called out, from serving I'm exempted.
I wonder which direction I should follow?
I'd shout, but here's already a view hollow;
Where none can hear, it must be vain to bellow.

Enter MERLIN and SIR TRISTRAM as two Medical Students.

Mer. Hail, friend! well met!

Sir T. Well met, and so hail fellow!

Sir L. Medical students!

Mer. Yes, does that surprise?

Sir T. Bartholemew's.

Sir L. I took you both for Guy's.

Sir T. [to *Mer.*] Our guise is vain; he knows us.

Mer. [to *Sir T.*] But by sight.

Ahem! Where go you at this time of night?

Sir L. To free a captive I'm this toil incurring.

Mer. Pooh! you're a spoon at this time to keep stirring.

Sir T. Some friend has just got into quod, no doubt

And you're the spoon that's going to bail him out.

Sir L. Not so; although my friendly mettle's active,

At present there's a "metal more attractive."

Mer. Ho, ho, a damsel! Ah, these sad mishaps!
Love plays the deuce with us fine handsome chaps.

Sir T. To meet with us, though, you're a lucky
dog:

What say you to a social glass of grog?

Sir L. This hospitality suggests a doubt.

Mer. Ha! what d'ye say? The night is cold
without,

Have some "warm with."—Here, waiter, gin warm.

Sir L. Humming!

Voice without as Waiter. A go of gin, sir? Yezsir.

Warm, sir? Coming. [*A glass of gin-and-water appears in Merlin's hand.*]

Mer. Don't be afraid of it, there's plenty more;
Ay, twenty glasses—here I run a score.

Sir L. [*aside*] It's tempting, but to drink would
now be folly.

Sir T. What, won't you? Well, you *are* green,
though not jolly.

Mer. 'Tis now the witching hour of night, d'ye
see?

When life begins with those who love a spree;
When gaslights beam and London sparks, being wise,
Enjoy the *lark* with which your yokels rise;
When pittites round each theatre's entrance cluster,
And half-price visitors their shillings muster;
When down the Strand smart gents who throng Pall
Mall,
Freed from the counter, counterfeit the swell;

When—but take all in one expressive line,
 'Tis pleasure's hour, and that hour half-past nine.

Sir L. Bless me, you're quite a guide-book ; yes
 indeed, ye are

A metropolitan encyclopædia.
 But I'm inflexible—there lies my track,
 And I go towards it.

Mer. *This, then, brings you back !*

[Merlin raises wand, and Revellers enter.]

This is the sort of thing for jovial lads,
 Who take out latch-keys and forsake their dads !
 Come, join our sports.

Sir T. Of course, he's in the right of it.

This is what we call " life ;" so make a night of it !
 Drink ! you should leave no drop within the can.

Sir L. I drink as much as doth become a man ;
 Who drinketh more is none.

Sir T. Then take the cue.

Sir L. I have already taken it from you.

Mer. What, neither punch nor billiards ?

Sir L. Not a drop.

You never know exactly where to stop.

Mer. Pooh ! you're a coward.

Sir L. Ha ! I've half a mind—

O, aid me, genius of the fairy kind,
 And by your power let me now be shielded.

[Morgana La Faye appears.]

Mer. Confusion ! Thwarted !

Sir T. Just, too, as he yielded !

Morg. Beware ! refrain ! These are delusions all,
Snares into which most youths are apt to fall ;
Experience, oft too dearly bought, I task
Thy power these cheats and juggles to unmask.
I'll strip this pageant of its ideality,
And show what follows is the sad reality.

Music. *Morgana La Faye waves her wand,
a monumental Tablet rises, inscribed
with "Headaches ; ruined fortunes ;
broken homes." As Merlin and Tristram
rush at Morgana, her fairy troop appear
and interpose. Group.*

SCENE VI. *A very great Waste indeed.*

Enter SIR TRISTRAM.

Sir T. "To be, or not to be"—that's none so
dusty,

Although the imitation's somewhat musty.
But is it nobler in the mind to suffer
The bondage of this necromantic buffer,
Or, with this Gordian knot of mystery, whether,
Like Alexander, cut it altogether ?
I'm in a fix !

Enter MERLIN.

Mer. Then fix the fix on me,
And I'll unfix the fix in which you be.

Sir T. Foul fiend, avaunt !

Mer. Ha, ha ! When they have won him,

Folks seek the tempter, and then try to shun him.
 By far, too far, you've gone my aid to spurn ;
 You may go on, but never can return.

Sir T. Never !

Mer. Not never !—it would spoil the moral.

Sir T. Won't a duet, then, best convey a quar-
 rel ?

DUET : Air, "Dashing white Sergeant."

Sir T.

Had I a conjuror wot wouldn't go,
 To serve a friend, a mile or so,
 I wouldn't in the gallery
 Disburse a sixpence him to see.

Mer.

It's very well to talk thus big ;
 But I'll make you tremble, dash my wig !
 Hey, presto, cockalorum jig,
 Et cetera !

Both.

For where's there a conjuror wot wouldn't go,
 To serve a friend, a mile or so,
 With such a prize at last to show
 As he's gained already ?

Mer.

Although you missed your second shy,
 I couldn't help it—no, not I.
 The chances are with all things prime ;
 We may have better luck next time.

Sir T.

Then, on this final scheme intent,
With such a hope I am content ;
And what I said I never meant,
Et cetera.

Both.

For where's there the conjuror wot wouldn't go,
To serve a friend, a mile or so,
When such a prize he has to show
As he's gained already ?

Mer. Advice imparted in a popular strain

Is—

Sir T. Hush ! break off ! See where he stalks
again.

Mer. Then, that the Knight his mission may
forego,

Our second bait of woman now we'll throw.
But surplus cooks the broth would spoil, you see ;
So step aside, and yield this task to me.

Sir T. Enough ! To you I'll leave the rest, and
try

For once to rest among the leaves close by.
If he resist those black eyes here, of course
You will supply some from another source. [*Exit.*]

Mer. Then now to lull suspicion. Garments,
hence !—

Here is an outfit at the least expense !

[*His druidical robes fly off, and he appears
as Gamekeeper.*]

Enter SIR LIONEL.

Sir L. This road's a dreary one, I must confess—
Ha! Who's our friend here in the sporting dress?
He knows the road, perhaps.—Ho, there! I say,
How far to Castle Dolorous is it, pray?

Mer. I'm not a milestone.

Sir L. That I *can* suppose;
You *keep* the distance that the other shows.
But tell me, runs this road through yonder copse?

Mer. It don't run nowhere—where it is it stops.

Sir L. Sharp, short, and crusty!

Mer. Just what those deserve
Who try to jam themselves in this preserve.
All poachers here we pack off in a trice hence.

Sir L. You're sporting with me!

Mer. Where's *your* sporting license?

SONG: Air, "Rose of Lucerne."

Mer.

I'm cross, as you may see,
For in *this* land there's danger;
Such games won't do for me,
For I'm the head-ranger.

Of hares I take care, and protect
From the stranger;
Then be a better boy,
Or my blows you'll discern.

Sir L. I know no game, save that of me you
make;

In fact, you're lying—under a mistake.
I'm but a traveller.

Mer. One who tales can weave
Marines may hear, but sailors won't believe.

Sir L. No, on my word.

Mer. That's quite another thing.
You to the Castle Dolorous I'll bring.
[*Aside*] I think I've got him this time.

Sir L. Is it near ?

Mer. Why, much too far for you to go, I fear.

Sir L. It's dreary, very !

Mer. Ay, but when you're near,
You'll find more beauties than at first appear.
A miss is equal to a mile—that knowing,
I'll show you now the miles you'll miss in going.

[*Merlin leads Sir Lionel into centre of stage,
and a number of Young Ladies appear.*]

Sir L. Gracious, what beauty !

Mer. Ah, I thought you'd stare.

Sir L. No prospect ever have I seen so fair.

What eyes !

Mer. [*aside*] He's mine !

Sir L. What grace !

Mer. He can't resist.

Sir L. These lips eclipse all lips that e'er were
kissed !

Mer. The scenery here *has* some delightful fea-
tures.

Sir L. Enchanting forms !

Mer. Yes, they're enchanting creatures!

Sir L. I must confess this beauty charms my mind.

Mer. [*aside*] Then you're in Castle Indolence confined.

Sir L. Yet what are these to me?

Mer. Ha!

Sir L. At the best,

One constant heart's worth more than all the rest.

Loving but one, these tempters tempt in vain;

They gain a loss.

Mer. And I have lost again!—

Girls, to the rescue! Bring your shields in action,

On which this youth will find each great attraction.

[*Each Young Lady brings from the side a shield severally inscribed, "Dances," "Plays," "Speaks French," "Knows Italian," "Works Berlin-wool," "Sings divinely," "Makes puddings," &c. They arrange themselves with the above in front.*]

Sir L. Each fitted to adorn some loftier station;

But such self-praise needs little commendation.

MORGANA LA FAYE *appears.*

Mer. My hated rival!

Morg. Ay, thus learn from me

The meaning true of every shield you see.

[*Each shield is turned towards the audi-*]

ence, and the inscriptions change to
 —“Miss Application,” “Miss Apprehension,” “Miss Behaviour,” “Miss Chance,” “Miss Chief,” “Miss De-meanour,” “Miss Fortune,” “Miss Hap,” “Miss Leading,” “Miss Management,” “Miss Representation,” “Miss Rule.”

Morg. These are the misses that through life betray.

In every pause there's danger ; hence, away !
 This vain delusion hath deceived your eyes—
 The place you seek, behold, before you lies !

Sir L. A thousand thanks !

Mer. I here feel rather small.

What, ho, my fiery dragon ! One and all,
 Be witness ; here I swear to have revenge.
 My name is Merlin—“ Number 1 Stonehenge !”

[Young Ladies disappear. Exit Morgana La Faye and Sir Lionel.]

Enter SIR TRISTRAM.

Sir T. I wonder what has come of Merlin's tricks !

The fabled cat that traversed burning bricks
 Felt much as I do. In suspense I keep,
 As one who, venturing on a Derby sweep,
 Pays for a chance in preference to a dinner,
 And wonders whether he has drawn the winner !

[Letter flies down wire into Sir Tristram's hand.

Hollo! what have we here? The postmark, "Sky"—
It's Merlin's hand—now then for his reply.

[Reads] "All's up! I'm off!"—My head in rage is
whirlin'.—

"P.S. You're booked, and will be called for.—MER-
LIN."

No hope! Confusion! Love and vengeance baffled,
As hopeless both as though at Margate ruffled.

Duped, diddled, done for, still I will not flinch!

No! I'll dispute possession inch by inch!

He comes!—Now, fiend of fearful form and power,

Before who's sight the boldest man will cower,

I summon thee this stripling to destroy!

Dost hear me?

[Gruff Voice without] I believe you, my b-boy!

Enter SIR LIONEL.

Sir L. Now yield, or else thy wretched life I
take!

Sir T. Never! You've got a conquest yet to
make.

Appear, thou fiend of Whitecross, home of debtors—
Ensnare this victim in thy crushing fetters!

*[Sir Tristram goes through scene, and
Fiend appears through it. The face
represents a paper kite—the body like
that of a spider, and a kind of train*

of written paper falls from back. The shield is a Government stamp.

Sir L. What horrid monster crosses now my track ?

A spider's body, and a paper back,
Inscribed with many names in various hands !
Explain, what fearful form before me stands ?

Fiend. I never stand, but like a racehorse run—
I'm "An Accommodation Bill," just done !
Touch me, you're lost—friends, homes, and hearts I
sunder.

Come on !

Sir L. I will, with one, two, three, and under !

[Combat ; the Fiend overthrown.]

Fiend. Stop ! you're invulnerable ; I cry peccavi !
I cannot raise the wind, I'll take my Davy.

Sir L. Away, then, vile destroyer !

Fiend. Ah, I'm sure,
Once taken up, you'll never see me more.

[Fiend sinks through trap.]

Sir L. "Unreal mockery, hence !" Now, fiendish
elf,

The trap for others set you've found yourself.
What farther trial ?

MORGANA LA FAYE and LA BELLE ISONDE appear
through scene.

Morg. None, this is your last ;
Through life's temptations have you nobly past.

With this achievement all your perils cease,
And here's the prize from thralldom you release!

Sir L. [*embracing Isonde*] A rich reward indeed
for what I've done!

Morg. Take her; she's yours, and has been
bravely won.

Sir L. My love alone must testify my joy.

Morg. And now this airy fabric I'll destroy.
As virtue's meed, behold the friends you miss
In this—the Haven of Domestic Bliss.

SCENE VII. *Allegorical picturesque scene representing the Haven of Domestic Bliss. Small cottage festooned with woodbine on cliff. The bay, studded with fairy-like vessels, bounded by the range of hills beyond.*

Sir L. This is indeed the land of sylph and fay!

Morg. Here will your life serenely glide away,
Blest as temptations overcome can make it.

Sir L. And that's our moral, if our friends will
take it.

Enter KING ARTHUR, his Court, and SIR

AGROVAINE.

King A. My valiant knight—

Sir A. [*to Isonde*] My long-lost child, I know
It must be nearly eighteen years ago—

King A. Pooh! never mind long stories now.

Our care

Is for the nuptials of this happy pair.

Sir L. My pilgrim's path through life then now
is o'er.

'Twas a bold venture; but of that no more.
We've all our faults—grant mine a kind reception.

Enter SIR TRISTRAM.

Sir T. If that's the rule, I hope I am no ex-
ception!

Enter MERLIN.

Mer. Nay, you've no business here.—Along with
me!

Your time has come!

Sir T. One moment!

Mer. It can't be!

Sir T. Inexorable monster, you forget
I've got a solo in the chorus yet!

Sir L.

Burlesque has taken now so wide a field,
We would a moral blend with our narration;
Let, then, our good intentions prove our shield,
And crown our efforts with your approbation.

FINALE : Air, "Bosin the Beau."

Sir L.

And now our three perils are over,
Let smiles prove our safety—just so!—
That we may with rapture discover,
With you it may come for to go.

· *Chorus.*

With you it may come for to go—O, O!
With you it may come for to go;
That each may with rapture discover,
With you it may come for to go.

Sir T.

Young men, shun the snares of temptation,
No wine let your wits overthrow;
And be sure that you'll have approbation
Wherever you come for to go.

Chorus. Wherever you come for to go, &c.

Curtain.

KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO;

Or the Spanning of the Cur.

By J. ASHEY STERRY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PETRUCHIO, an English earl of unlimited means, but of somewhat penurious proclivities.

GRUMIO, his courier, factotum and rascal in general.

LUCENTIO, a travelling tutor, with only one line to speak in the entire play, who eventually marries Bianca.

HORTENSIO, chief cook of the Stella d'Oro at Padua, in love with Bianca, subsequently marries her mother.

GIBBON, a distinguished man-milliner from Paris in disguise.

MRS. MINOLA, widow of Baptista Minola, and landlady of the Stella d'Oro, a managing Italian mamma.

KATHARINE, her daughter, the shrew.

BIANCA, her pretty sister, an overgrown girl in short frocks, kept so to prevent her beauty from being any hindrance to Kate's marriage.

Waiters, Servants, Vetturini, Tailors, Haberdashers, &c. &c.

COSTUME.

Early Italian dress combines with modern English. A good guide for the former may be found in Leslie's famous picture, "The Taming of the Shrew." The combination may be left principally to the taste of the performers, but the following points should be especially observed. Petruchio wears a gray chevrot tourist's coat over his "bombasted doublet;" he also carries a knapsack and alpenstock. Grumio sports a courier's bag of enormous proportions. Lucentio wears a college "mortar-board." Hortensio, the white cap and costume of the modern chef. Mrs. Minola wears a gigantic ruff and a towering obignon. Katharine's costume is partly taken from one of Titian's beauties, and partly from the modern "girl of the period;" she has black hair of enormous length, ready to let down and fling about when she gets in a rage. Bianca has fair hair hanging loose down her back, and is dressed in short frocks, pinafores, frilled trousers, and strap-shoes.

SCENE I. *The Hall of the Stella d'Oro at Padua.*

Waiters, Chambermaids, Vetturini, and the whole army of harpies that feed and fatten on the British tourist, discovered rejoicing.

Glee, "Spring's Delights."

Waiters and Chambermaids.

All our rights are now returning,
 Autumn leaves are falling down,
 Golden money now we're earning,
 Fleecing tourists in our town ;
 Golden money now we're earning,
 Fleecing tourists in our town.
 In the autumn clap your shoulder,
 Clap your shoulder to the wheel ;
 In the autumn clap your shoulder,
 Clap your shoulder to the wheel.
 Ev'ry waiter now grows bolder,
 Looking out to cheat and steal ;
 Ev'ry waiter now grows bolder,
 Looking out to cheat and steal.
 Looking, looking out to cheat and steal,
 Looking, looking out to cheat and steal,
 Looking out to cheat and steal !

Enter MRS. MINOLA from back, down c. The crowd cheer as she advances.

Mrs. M. Friends, countrymen, Paduans, and porters ;

Swells, servitors, dairymaids, and daughters ;
 Cooks, housemaids, scullions, lamplighters, and lads ;
 Postillions, waiters, cab-drivers, and cads,—
 From reading *Galignani* I have reason

[*Flourishes newspaper.*

To apprehend the opening of our season !

[*Crowd cheers.*

In this I read the English world polite
 Is off due sunny southwards on its flight—
 Brides and their bridegrooms, barristers and snobs,
 With rich old lords, are on their way in mobs.
 Then hasten, cooks ; compound your choicest dinners,
 To tickle into payment northern sinners.
 Your macaroni serve—'tis very nice,
 And tourists find it filling at the price !

[*Cooks rap on stewpans and cheer.*

Ho, butlers ! see the wines are dear and nasty,
 And bottle ginger-pop for vino d'Asti !
 Get native-grown cigars in boxes handy ;
 Dilute the hock, petroliate the brandy.

[*Butlers draw corks, flourish corkscrews,
 and cheer.*

Trade secrets, these. Let prudence seal your lips,
 And don't forget your perquisites and tips.
 So now, my friends, as business is most pressing,
 I'll thus dismiss you briefly with my blessing.

[*They cheer, and all go out L., leaving
 Mrs. M.*

Voice [*without*] Lullulliety ! Lul-lul-lul-liety !

Mrs. M. I think that is a voice I ought to know ;
Our friend the courier, Signor Grumio !

Enter GRUMIO R.

Gru. [*talking to himself*] Gentlemen, here is an inn of a very good appearance. Messieurs, voici une auberge qui est d'une bonne apparence. Signori, ecco un albergo che ha gentile apparenza. Meine Herren, hier ist ein Gasthof der sehr gut aussieht. Senores, aqui hai una posada que tiene bastante buena apariencia.

[*Sees Mrs. M. ; shakes hands, leads her down to footlights, and begins singing.*

Air, " Simon the Cellarer."

Gru.

Old Grumy the courier knows very well
The way to be happy and free ;
At every town, in the leading hotel
He's welcome as welcome can be !

Mrs. M. [*enthusiastically*]

He's welcome as welcome can be !

Gru.

For every language he'll fluently speak—
Italian and Spanish, French, German, and Greek ;
The longest of tours he is fit to arrange,
And he's perfectly up in the rate of exchange !

[*Mrs. M. hands him purse.*

For Grumi-o

He well doth know

How landlady's gold in his pocket doth flow !

[Dance round, and strike attitude at conclusion of symphony.]

Mrs. M. [coaxingly]

But Grumio is so good-looking and tall,
And welcomed by Italy's dears
At any *albergo*, whene'er he may call ;
At *Murray* and *Bradshaw* he sneers !

Gru. [with meaning]

At *Murray* and *Bradshaw* he sneers !

Mrs. M.

He knows some rich lordlings, who'll come here, no
doubt,
With plenty of money, that they'll fling about ;
He gets the best dinners whene'er he inclines,
The quickest of service, the choicest of wines.
So Grumi-o
Lets all folks know
The best of all inns is the *Stella d'Oro* !

[Dance round to symphony, and at conclusion face one another, and nod with significance.]

Gru. [mysteriously] Now listen, madame : one
of England's earls,

Who's mad upon the dark Italian girls,—
His name's *Petruchio*—see trunk directed—

[Points to trunk.]

As much a swell as well could be expected,—

Will soon be here. Prepare the rooms of state ;
 He p'r'aps may fall in love with Mistress Kate ;
 Or p'r'aps—for which her sister wouldn't thank her—
 May spoony get on soft-eyed Miss Bianca !

*Enter KATHARINE L., who has been listening behind
 door.*

Kath. [*furiously*] Spoony on Bianca ! Only let me
 see

The swell that will be hankerin' after she !
 A baby simpleton but just from school—
 A silly gosling, a demure young fool !
 To her, pray, who would dare soft words to utter ?—
 A mincing miss, who dotes on bread-and-butter ;
 A pert young thing in pinafores and frocks,
 Whose ears, whene'er I see, I long to box.

Mrs. M. What is it, Kate ? Pray, why this man-
 ner wild ?

You quite forget Bianca's but a child.
 She grows, 'tis true, and talks of balls and "hops,"
 And cares not for her doll or lollipops ;
 A busy B who flits from flower to flower.

Kath. Your busy B improves each shining hour ;
 Not, though, in books, or work or healthful game,
 So sweetly sung by Doctor What's-his-name.
 She's fond of sweets and goodies. that I know,
 And loves our *cordón bleu* Hortensio !
 He stuffs the little pig with sugar-candy,

With puddings, *confitures*, and cherry-brandy ;
 His *gages d'amour* have sweet *meringues* for caskets,
 And love-notes come in barley-sugar baskets ;
 He'll send a sonnet, p'r'aps, or loving ballad,
 Enveloped in the choicest lobster-salad ;
 A mayonnaise for lunch he'll sometimes take her,
 Which isn't right—it may onaisy make her.
 Of course this darling beauty can't go wrong,
 Who barter's sheep's for bull's eyes all day long.

Mrs. M. Your spite, Kate, makes you oratorical,
 Your statement looks quite categorical ;
 Your plotting seems against my busy B
 A sort of Cato-street conspiracy.

But let us hasten. Quickly, Kate, get drest,
 And ready be to welcome coming guest,
 The richest of all England's noble earls,
 Who's money, mansions, diamonds and pearls !
 A fancy, Kate, he p'r'aps may take to you.

Gru. [*aside*] I pity him who weddeth such a
 shrew !

Mrs. M. But no one—peasant, general, or earl—
 Shall wed my youngest 'fore my eldest girl !

Gru. [*aside*] It seems, all things considered,
 clear to me,

There's precious little chance for little B.

Mrs. M. [*to Grumio*] Come, then, good Gru, in
 cups of early purl

We'll drink the health of this great pearly earl.

[*Excunt L.*]

Enter BIANCA R., with skipping-rope and a large tart. Skips down to C. singing. Kath. hides in cupboard L.

Air, "Boys and Girls."

Bianca.

Boys and girls, come out to play,
Lollipops are good, they say ;
Buns are good, and so are tarts,
Lips are sweet, and so are hearts.
Tell my mother when I go home,
Boys won't let the girls alone:
Big swell's coming here I know,
And his name's Petruchio !

[At conclusion of skipping dance, Kath. rushes on, seizes her fiercely, and drags her down to the footlights. Bianca begins to cry.]

Kath. [savagely] Don't cry, you little fool! you're bound at last;

[Binds hands with skipping-rope.]

With Mr. P. you sha'n't play loose and fast !
Remember, miss, for every look or glance
I'll box your ears right soundly in advance !

[Boxes ears.]

On your designs I soon will put a stopper,
You sneaking, meddling, mincing, sly eavesdropper !

[Boxes ears, and is about to go.]

Bian. O Katy, leave me not in such a plight ;

I cannot move, my hands are bound so tight ;
 My two wrists smart ; I cannot play the lute
 When smartly clad in such a two-wrist suit.
 O, let me loose ; I'll take you for my tutor,
 And won't make eyes at any tourist suitor.

Kath. You're in a line, miss, I'll not let you loose ;
 And now [*taking up skipping-rope*] I'll baste Hor-
 tensy's little goose.

The poet says, and doubtless he knows best,
 " De goostibus non disputandum est."

Bian. [*coaxingly*] O, spare me, Kate, you dark-
 eyed, darling belle !
 I've nothing heard of this great English swell.

[*Takes up large tart, and begins to sing.*

Air, "The beating of my own heart."

I wandered in the kitchen,
 I skipped all down the hall,
 I looked in at the larder,
 Upstairs I played at ball ;
 I heard no sound of voices,
 And nothing strange occurred,
 For the eating of my own tart
 Was the only sound I heard ;
 For the eating of my own tart
 Was all the sound I heard.

Air, "Voici le sabre."

Kath. [*getting furious*]

Lo, Miss Bianca, see my ire— [*Clenches fist.*
 Go to your schoolroom and your nurse ;

Never to rich suitors aspire,
 Or you may find it all the worse.
 Back quickly, you must be starting ;
 Never cross my path once again,
 Or your ears will be smarting,
 Tingling and ringing with pain.

[Seizing her by the wrist with increased fury.]

You I'll belabour, belabour, belabour,
 You I'll belabour, belabour with my ire ;
 You I'll belabour, belabour, belabour,
 Yes, on your ears my hand shall bang !
 Yes, on your ears my hand it shall bang !

*[Music, "Que j'aime les militaires !" Dance
 by Katharine and Bianca as scene closes.]*

SCENE II. *The State-room of the Stella d'Oro.*

MRS. MINOLA, KATHARINE, and BIANCA (*the latter
 still in disgrace, with her hands tied*), *are discovered.*

Mrs. M. 'Tis time we saw my lord Petruchio ;
 The Venice train came in an hour ago.

[Clock strikes.]

'Tis just struck one. *[Loud knocking without]* Ah,
 there's his double knock ;
 Old Grumy said he'd come like one o'clock.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO, dancing wildly about stage, and snapping their fingers like castanets. The Ladies retire to B., and look on with wonder.

Air, "Tarantella."

Pet.

Floating in gondolas, laughing and jollity,
Cyprian wine of the very best quality,
At Florian's café, midst fun and frivolity,
Venice the place for a capital lark!

All that the tourist can dream of or hear about
Crowds on your sight as you carelessly peer about,
Quaint water-streets you so carefully steer about,
See the Rialto and Square of St. Mark;
Musicians in plenty
Play *Ecco ridente*,
Or *Com é gentil* in the still summer night;
If you're in hurry,
Pray read it in *Murray*,
You'll find his description is perfectly right.
[*Dance by Petruchio and Grumio to symphony.*

Gru.

Thousands of thirsty mosquitoes are biting one,
[*Smacks forehead.*
Bright summer sunshine is ever delighting one;
Music and mirth every moment inviting one;
Dreary old London we quickly forget.

Shylock and Portia, in short, the whole kit of 'em,
Readers of Shakespeare recall ev'ry bit of 'em;

Troublesome guides, you can never get quit of 'em,
 Pictures by Titian and old Tintoret,
 The sock and the buskin,
 With Rogers and Ruskin,
 Are mixed in a muddle with palace and sight.
 It may be a worry,
 But don't forget *Murray*,
 He'll throw on your darkness some excellent light.
 [*Dance as before. At conclusion, Mrs. M. says "Ahem!" which calls attention to the presence of the Ladies.*]

Pet. Beshrew thee, Gru! pray get thee gone to
 Hades,
 I quite forgot the presence of the ladies.—
 Madame [*bows to Mrs. M.*], I am a stranger in your
 land,
 And here I come, because I understand,
 Although your men are mostly low-born churls,
 [*Kicks Grumio.*]
 In Padua you've lots of pretty girls ;
 Dark-eyed and wild—my heart is all aflame
 To catch some bouncing beauty and to tame.
 If I could see some plucky dark-eyed daughter,
 I'd wed her, take her to my house at Orta.
Mrs. M. [*aside*] A house at Orta? Now who'd
 a thought a
 An English gent would have a house at Orta?
 The very thing for Kate! I'm all a-tremble.
 I'd go and stay with them. I must dissemble.

[*Aloud*] You've travelled far, you seem quite hot and dusty.

Pet. Indeed I have; I'm hot and precious thursty;
No rest from London—yet we did just stay
A week or two at Venice on the way—
But not to rest; for how could any fella
Be easy at “Venezia la Bella”?

Air, “Galloping Dreary Dun.”

From London I came by the Chatham and D.,
Hurryng, scurryng quick!
From London I came by the Chatham and D.,
Hurryng, scurryng quick!
From Dover to Calais right over the sea,
By night or by day, why, it's nothing to me;
With my tearing, wearing, rushing, crushing,
Tossing, crossing, hasteny, basony,
Feeling awfully sick.

Distance is naught to a travelling swell,
Going along with the mail;
Distance is naught to a travelling swell,
Going along with the mail.
Right over the mountains I came pell-mell,
Safe borne by permission of Mr. Fell;
With its steaming, screaming, climbing, twining,
Shaking, quaking, staggery, craggery,
Over the central rail.

I saw the sun rise from the Rigi top,
Feeling awfully cold;

Pray let me drink the health of both the lasses.

[*Takes glass.*]

Air, "Here's to the Maiden."

Here's to the maiden of tender thirteen,

[*Bows to Bianca.*]

Tied up because she's naughty ;

Here's to the dark-eyed young tragedy queen ;

[*Bows to Kath.*]

The widow who's fair, fat, and forty.

[*Bows to Mrs. M.*]

Kate, do not wink ; [She scowls.]

Glasses we'll chink—

[*Aside to Gru.*] I never did taste such detestable
drink !

[*Advancing to Kath.*] Come hither, beauty, sweet
and tender Kate,

For I would have you for my loving mate ;

I'd worship you both early and both late.

My pretty Kate, your fate I predicate—

I know you'll love me dearly, sweetest Kate.

Kath. I'll slap you soundly on your saucy pate,

[*Slaps him.*]

You mean impostor, ill-conditioned chap,

A low-born clown who cannot 'take a slap' !

Pet. Peace, gentle Kate ; your husband soon will
see

You brought up in his lap of lux-u-ree.

She'll find a lesson I have duly taught her

Before she's been two days in lovely Orta !

Air, " Fisherman's Daughter."

My dear Kate Minola, I sing like Tom Hohler,
 Can paint, shoot, and swim well, can wrestle and
 fish ;
 I make it a rule, miss, that wise man or fool, miss,
 Or woman shall do just whatever I wish.
 I've plenty of siller, a very nice villa ;
 I'm tall, and as handsome as handsome can be ;
 I've plate and a carriage, a license of marriage ;
 So come and be married next Sunday to me.

Kath. [*indignantly*]

I'm ma's eldest daughter ; I won't go to Orta !
 In Padua I can be happy and free.

Pet. [*sternly*]

You're an innkeeper's daughter ; you shall go to
 Orta ;
 You'll have to be married next Sunday to me !

Gru. [*who has been drinking deeply the bad cham-
 pagne*]

I—I—I'm a Bactrian camel ; I once danced with
 Schamyl ;
 I've visited with the zodiacal signs ;
 I'm fond of jam bolsters, I've lots in my holsters ;
 And blacking I like to be mixed with my wines !

[*He is lead out dancing.*]

Mrs. M.

As matters are pressing, pray both take my blessing,
And kneel down before me like dutiful dears.

[*Aside*] Some money I'll borrow! [*Aloud*] O, pardon
this sorrow,

[*Business with handkerchief.*

Forgive a soft-hearted old 'ooman's sad tears!

Bian.

I'm glad that she's going, for there is no knowing,
Her slaps and her pinches were awful, you see;
My pow'r will be strengthened, my frocks will be
lengthened,
And lovers and suitors come flocking to me!

Mrs. M. [*taking hands of Kath. and Pet.*]

She's my eldest daughter, my best I have taught
her—

I think that Miss Kate is a bit of a blue;
So you, now you have caught her, pray take her to
Orta,

And she shall be married next Sunday to you.

[*Grand dance by Kath. and Petruchio, Mrs.
Minola and Bianca, as scene closes in.*

SCENE III. *The Kitchen of the Stella d'Oro. Hortensio preparing the wedding-breakfast c. Bianca sitting on dresser B., swinging her feet and munching a large cake. Door opening to courtyard L. Cooks, Scullions, &c.*

Air, "There lived in days" (*Grande Duchesse*).

Bian.

There lived in times not yet gone by, a cook—
 I see him from the dresser—
 Whose boast it is that he can vie
 In cooking with the best professor—
 Whose boast it is that he can vie
 In cooking with the best professor!

The puddings he is wont to make
 In plenty—French, Dutch, and Spanish—
 His toffee, *bonbons*, and plum-cake,
 Surprising how very quick they vanish!
 How quick! how quick! Ah!

[*Seizes jelly-mould for goblet, and advances to c.*

Ah, dear old boy, how he would cook
 The things in Francatelli's book!
 And what a cook, and what a cook
 For all the things in Soyer's book!
 Ah!—and what a cook is he for tarts,
 So says his loving queen of hearts—
 His queen of hearts!

Hor. [*sadly*] You sip the sweets of culinary art,
 But love me not [*she starts*]—Bianca, do not start.
 A little merry dancing busy B,
 Who loves my art—without the *h*—not me.
 I'll do my best as long as I am fit;
 And when I fail, I'll fall upon my spit.

[*Takes up spit.*]

Bian. You mean this trusty steel shall run you
 through ?

Hor. [*holding up spit*] 'Tis true 'tis spitty, spitty
 'tis 'tis true.

Bian. Pray calm yourself, sweet Horty ; I'm the
 same :

I love your latest bonbons à la crème ;
 I dream with rapture still, I fondly dwell
 On confitures of luscious caramel.

Hor. [*fiercely*] You love Lucentio ; let him be
 wary
 To conjugate with you the verb *amare* ;
 I'll slit the ears of that vile English tutor,
 I warn him. *Ultra crepidam ne sutor !*
 Of sweet Bianca I no longer boast,
 For humble Horty no more rules the roast.
 A fig for blood and culture ! let them know
 That Horty culture makes a rosy show.
 For if, when roused, I come across my rival,
 I'll knock him down, and smother him with trifle ;
 I'd batter him, and make him squeal and scream,
 And with a besom whip him like a cream ;

I'd trample on him, smash and slipper him,
 Pickle him, pot him, cure him, kipper him ;
 I'd boil his head, and put his toes in ices—
 Like cucumber I'd cut him into slices !
 I'd fry, boil, bake him, stew him, grill him,
 I'd make him into pies, and then—I'd kill him !

[*Noise without.*]

Ah ! there he is. His time is come—I'll slay him,
 And busy B shall see me hack and flay him !
 [*Fiendishly*] *Eh bien, m'sieu, comment ça va, ce ma-*
tin ?—

I'd like to cook an Oxford man *au gratin* !

Bian. Fie ! Foolish Horty ! Why in such a way ?
 Young Lucy's gone to Venice for the day.
 So why this temper ? why this language strong ?

[*Pouts.*]

For, if I please, I'll love my Lucy long.

*Enter PETRUCHIO curiously attired, and apparently
 drunk. Hortensio rushes on him with spit, but is
 held back by Bianca.*

Air, "Chickaleary Cove."

Pet.

I'm a very beery chap, and I take three D
 Each day before ten in the morning ;
 I am savage when I'm drunk and I've had DT—
 So all you rap-scallions take warning !

[*Knocks Hor. out of the way.*]

Bian. Gracious !

Pet. Ah, B, you little gipsy!

Bian. I'm quite afraid—he's rather tipsy!
He's been to the Pedrocchi, at the bar—

[*He attempts to shake hands.*

Be quiet, sir, or else I'll tell my ma! [*She screams.*

HORTENSIO rushes in with spit, and is knocked backwards into steupans. Mrs. Minola and Katharine enter hurriedly in full wedding-costume. Cooks, Waiters, Chambermaids. Tableau. Music, "Haste to the Wedding."

Pet. What, Kate, my beauty! so you don't seem ready?

Mrs. M. I'm sure upon his pins he don't seem steady.

Pet. Uprouse ye, men and maidens, and make merry—

[*Idiotically*] It's a remarkably good glass o' sherry!
Friends, 'tis our wedding-day! Commence the revel.—
And, Mrs. M—

Mrs. M. [*indignantly*] Sir?

Pet. Pray go to the devil!

[*To Kath.*] So, come along, old Kate; nor wait her prating—

I can't afford to keep the parson waiting.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine, followed by Mrs. Minola and Bianca. Grumio remains.*

Hor. Who are you, fellow?

Gru. Who are you ? D'ye see ? [*Pointing to spit.*
Put down that steel, and steal no march on me.
Drop it at once ! You hear ?

Hor. Make not so free !

Gru. I'll make you, fellow, a *felo-de-se*.
I thirst. I like not such absurd diversion ;
Go, fetch the wine—'twill be a "Cook's excursion" !
I'm dry—I want some drink. Be quick, and bring
it ;
You want an explanation ? Well, I'll sing it.

Air, "Tom Tough."

My name is Grumi-o ; the world I've travelled over ;
With first-rate swells and noblemen I always go ;
I'm known at ev'ry public-house from Petersburg to
Dover ;

A courier I now am to Petruchi-o.
I look after his carriage,
I've just arranged his marriage,
And all his private fortune I most accurately know ;
There is not a doubt
That he can't do without

His trusty old courier callèd Grumi-o—
His trusty old courier callèd Grumi-o !

[*Music, "Wedding March."*]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, MRS. MINOLA, and
BIANCA. *Music changes to "Walking in the Zoo"*
as they enter. Confusion among Servants.

Gru. In this "sad wale" no little space of bliss
is—

I hear my master, and here comes your missis.

Hor. Another chance we'll take to wet our throats ;

Put down the glasses, put away the bottles.

[Grumio puts bottle in each pocket, rushes down to footlights, and strikes attitude.]

Gru.

'Twas ever thus from childhood's time ;
I never sipped my fine Tokay,
My eau-de-vie, my Chartreuse prime,
But I was always called away !

I never quaffed some sweet Moselle,
Or drank my sherry pale and dry,
My *schnapps*, my *portère-biere*, *pellet*—
But master calls, and I must fly !

Pet. Ho, Grumio, most polyglot of foxes,
Pray look alive, and pack up all the boxes !
I start at once, so be no longer idle ;
I've caught my bride, and lead her with a bridle.
If she gets restive, and attempts to baffle,
I'll spur and gag her, drive her with a snaffle ;
I'll harness her and hold her, knout her, hit her—
The bit I drive with she will find is bitter !

Mrs. M. [*alarmed*] But, dearest P., beloved son-in-law,

The breakfast waits. You will not yet withdraw ?

Pet. Madame, I know your wretched wedding-feasts,

Symposia for idiots and beasts ;
 I know the silly speeches men are pat in,
 Cold fowls rosetted in absurd white satin ;
 The vapid " best men," the inane young shavers,
 And maids and flunkies clad in wedding-favours ;
 The sickly flavour of the sweet champagne,
 The rushing off to catch some special train ;
 The ghastly revel, and the hollow cheers,
 The parson's prosing and the bridesmaids' tears ;
 The funny men, who will make puns—the brutes,
 The leaving midst a shower of shoes and boots !
 A feast that's not a supper, breakfast, dinner,
 Is not the one to suit this married sinner !

Kath. I will not go. My home I'll not forsake ;
 I pray you stay and see me cut the cake.

Pet. [*fiercely*] You ope your mouth ? You very
 soon shall shut it.

No cake you'll have, though you will have to cut it.

Bian. It's very sad ; it does look so enticing,
 With all the silver flowers and almond icing.

Air, "Walking in the Zoo."

Pet.

Now, Katharine my dear, we'll start without ado ;
 The cab is at the door ; you need not look so blue ;
 Postillions do for some, but not for us, 'tis true ;
 I've lots of money in the bank, but not to spend on
 you !

Bian.

O, isn't he a screw ?

Hor.

O, isn't he a screw ?

Mrs. M.

I never thought Petruchio was such a precious screw !
 You are a precious screw !
 You are an awful screw !

Kath.

How sorry am I that I ever wedded such a — screw !
 [*Kath. and Pet. valse round.*]

Pet.

Now, Katharine my dear, for better or for worse,
 You'll have to share my house, my poverty and purse ;
 You are my horse, my slave ; I'll rule what is my
 own ;
 Let no one interfere with us ; we'll toddle off alone.
 For I can tame a shrew,
 I can tame a shrew.
 I'm equal to the task, I know, of taming of the shrew,
 The taming of the shrew,
 The taming of the shrew,
 The proper thing on Sunday is the taming of the
 shrew.

[*Grand dance as scene closes. Katharine
 and Petruchio, Bianca and Hortensio,
 Mrs. M. and Grumio.*]

SCENE IV. *The Villa Petruchio at Orta. Servants, Peasants, Stewards, "logger-headed and unpolished Grooms," "beetle-headed flap-eared Knaves," &c., waiting to welcome their master. Music, "See the conquering Hero comes."*

Chorus, "Lily Baker."

All.

All our hearts go pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,
 All our hearts go pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,
 All our hearts go pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,
 Waiting for Petruchio-o!

Married Coachman.

For he's bringing home a wife;
 Naught 'twill be but care and strife.

Housekeeper.

Monthly bills she will inspect,
 See the spoons are all correct.

Fat Page.

She'll cut down our grub-a-bub, bub-a-bub.

Sympathetic Housemaid.

Bully her poor hub-a-bub, bub-a-bub.

All.

Ev'ry one she'll snub-a-bub, bub-a-bub;
 We all of us give warning, O!

Enter GRUMIO excitedly.

Gr.

On your heads he'll rat-a-tat, tat-a-tat,
 On your heads he'll rat-a-tat, tat-a-tat,
 On your heads he'll rat-a-tat, tat-a-tat,
 Or my name's not Grumi-o!

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet.

Logger-headed lazy slaves,
 Beetle-headed, flap-eared knaves,
 Dolt heads, and unpolished grooms,
 Why ready not are all the rooms?
 See it's getting late-a-tate, late-a-tate,
 Getting on for eight-a-tate, bate-a-tate;
 Dine I will with Kate-a-tate, tête-à-tête,
 Sweet Mistress Petruchio!

Enter KATHARINE, looking tired, hungry, and dusty.
Servants cheer. Petruchio kicks them, and shies
furniture about generally. When order is some-
what restored, he leads her to a clothless table,
and seats her on a stool by his side.

Pet. Sit down, sweet Kate [*She looks despond-*
ingly at her dress.] Nay, do not change
 your frock.

This is our tête-à-tête at eight o'clock;
 You seem to hungry be; I'm not, I own;
 I hate to see a woman eat alone.

You seem to thirsty be. I know at Orta,

[*Fills tumbler.*]

There's lots of beastly insects in the water ;

And as for wine, 'tis mostly poor and thin,

[*Throws bottle out of window.*]

Almost as if it never had a bin !

Our beef is very good ; we have no mustard ;

[*Hands beef.*]

And pepper we delight in with our custard.

[*Peppers custard. She helps herself to mutton.*]

Stay, have a care. You reckless little glutton,

You must not have a bit o' saddle o' mutton !

Pray put a curb upon your appetite.

Kath. I would that I could happy be and tight !

I'm hungry, thirsty, dearest husband fond.

O for Hortensy ! O for Spiers and Pond !

Pet. We've everything in Orta it appears ;

There is the pond [*points to lake*], and what is this

but spears ?

[*Takes up fork.*]

Enter GRUMIO R.

Gru. My lord, a party of the name of Gibbon

Awaits with boxes full of lace and ribbon.

Pet. The snip, the rascal, I will break his skin !

No matter, I'll dissemble. Show him in.

Music. Enter GIBBON B. with a quantity of milliner's boxes, which he proceeds to unpack as he dances about the stage. Petruccio scowls at him, and Katharine looks on expectantly.

Air, "Hunting the hare."

Gibbon [sings]

Morning, my lord ; I've just come from the Tuileries,
 Site of Dame Fashion's imperious throne,
 Region of fancy, fresh dresses and frillery,
 Fashion's high priest universally known.

[Gives card.]

Every frivolity
 Of the best quality,
 I'm in a position the world to supply ;
 I set every fashion ; *[Pet. scowls.]*
 Don't get in a passion ;
 You'll be glad if I give you permission to buy !

[Dances round to symphony.]

Pet. [fiercely]

Away, remnant rag, with thy brazen-faced bravery !
 Thou half-yard, thou thimble, thou needle and
 skein !
 Begone with thy baubles, thy prating, and knavery ;
 Off with thy boxes—don't come here again !
 My Kate is a jewel—
[To Kate] Nay, don't think me cruel—
 That wants not the setting of bonnets or dress ;

Do not instil in her,
 Wretched man-milliner,
 Fancy for dresses she ne'er will possess !
[Shies boxes and dresses about the stage.]

Kath.

Surely of love this can never be thought a proof;
 Really, my lord, I'm not fit to be seen.
 Who can go out without sealskin or waterproof ?
 Torn is my dress and my new crinoline.
 Gloves five and a quarter
 You can't get in Orta ;
 My boots are all split ; I'm a terrible sight.
 And there's my best bonnet,
 You've just sat upon it ;
 You won't like your wife to go out such a fright !

*[Grand dance by Petruchio, Katharine,
 Gibbon, and Grumio. At conclusion
 Gibbon is kicked out. He falls at door ;
 his boxes are pitched after him.]*

Gru. He's gone ! A good edition that I call
 Of Mr. Gibbon—his *Decline and Fall*. *[Exit.]*
Pet. *[taking Kath. round waist ; walks about]* Well,
 come, my Kate ; we will unto your mother's,
 Even in these caddish queer habiliments.
 My waistcoat shall be loud, your gloves uncleaned ;
 'Tis the skirt that makes the body rich ;
 And as the thief breaks through the safest safe,
 So Poole appeareth in the oldest habit.
 What, is the Isis better than the Cam
 Because its "feather" is more beautiful ?

Or is the Tupper better than the Bard
 Because his prosing words content the fool ?
 O no, sweet Kate, neither art thou the worse
 For this torn crinoline.—Hip, hip, hooray !

Air, "By the Margin of Zurich's fair Waters."

Pet.

From the margin of Orta's fair waters.

Enter BIANCA from back.

Bian.

Lul-lul-liety.

Pet.

We will toddle off now by the rail,
 And to find quite the snuggest of quarters.

Enter MRS. MINOLA from back.

Mrs. M.

Lul-lul-liety.

Pet.

In the Stella d'Oro we sha'n't fail ;
 We might fare worse if we went far ;
 And I think I'd endure your mamma.
 We have not a good cook in Orta.

Enter HORTENSIO from back.

Hor.

Lul-lul-liety.

Pet.

Like Hortensy who cooks at the Star.

All.

Lul-lul-liety.

Lul-lul-liety, lul-lul-liety.

Pet. [*looking round astonished*] O, well, I'm sure,
this is a jolly party :

Dear ma-in-law, I hope you're well and hearty.
Bianca, love, delighted beyond measure,
A friend of yours? An unexpected pleasure!
Hortensio, by Jove, how well you're looking!
I've missed your honest face, and missed your cooking.

Hor. My son, I ne'er felt better in my life ;
I thought I'd come and see you with my wife.

Pet. Your wife? You've made it right with
little B ?

Mrs. M. Be careful, sir ; he now belongs to me.
[*Sternly*] Yes, sir. He is mine ; and please to recollect,
I'll have my husband treated with respect.

Pet. True, madam, he always was respectable ;
His soups and salads ever were delectable.
But now, I pray you, kindly take a seat,
A mug of beer or p'r'aps cold bread and meat ?
Take off your bonnet ; sit and have a talk ;
You must be somewhat weary with your walk.

Mrs. M. A seat ! Behold the boxes in the
chaise ! [*Takes him to window.*]
We've come to stop a few, p'r'aps many days !

Air, " For a few days."

We're all the way from Padu-a.

For a few days and a few days.

And longer p'r'aps we all shall stay,
'Fore we go home.

So call your servants and your grooms,
For a few days and a few days.
Get ready quickly all your rooms,
We won't go home.

I'll make my home in Orta,
For a few days and a few days.
I love my eldest daughter,
And like this pleasant land.

All.

We won't go back to Padu-a,
For a few days and a few days.
With Petruchio we long will stay,
And won't go home.

Pet. [*with alarm*] There are no beds, no locks are
on the doors.

Mrs. M. [*sweetly*] No matter, love; we'll sleep
upon the floors.

Pet. My cook is gone, as I'm a living sinner.

Mrs. M. My husband is unequalled at a dinner;
With forethought great, he brought a dainty pasty,
And half-a-dozen quarts of *vino d'Asti*.

Pet. I wish you would not thus surprise a fella.

Mrs. M. No matter, P.; let Horty search your
cellar:

No doubt he then can feed us, wine us, beer us,

And cook us something that can warm and cheer us.

[*Exit Pet.*]

And Kate, my love—you look but pale, my girl—
How get you on with this fine English earl ?

Kath. I'm changed, dear ma ; I used to be a shrew ;
I'm not so now, since wedded to a screw.

Bian. What, Katey, don't you scratch and pinch
and bite him ?

And do you never try to kick and fight him ?
And has he broken you to sober action,
By some strange power of gentle rarefaction ?

[*Exit Kath.*]

Enter GRUMIO with bottles and glasses.

Air, "The standing Toast."

Bianca [*sings*].

Now here comes old Gru with the glasses and ruby ;
I'll drink to my brother the host. [*Takes glass.*]
I'm delighted, I'm sure, though I don't know if you
be,

To hear Kate does not rule the roast.
E'en a sweetheart or wife
Ought to always soothe life ;

If she does not, we always must blame her.
So I drink to the health,
The well-being and wealth,
Of the man who's just,
And, if needs be, must

Use his strength and his justice to tame her !

All [*with enthusiasm*]

So we drink to the health, the well-being and wealth,
&c. &c.

Hor. [*sorrowfully*]

I gladly will drink ; for the ardent rays solar
 Have made me both thirsty and dry ;
 If the secret I knew, I would tame my Minola ;
 If I have the chance, I will try.
 O, why did I wed,
 To bring care on my head ?
 And to find all her cash settled on her.
 As cook I lived well ;
 But I find this a sell.
 I'm the worst of slaves ;
 For whene'er she raves,
 O my friends, it is *blitzen und donner* !

All.

So we drink to the health, the well-being and wealth,
 &c. &c.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINE *in gorgeous costume.*

Pct. We've done, my friend, with all our foolish
 pranks ;
 For Mrs. P. accept my hearty thanks.
 I own I'm weary quite of playing screw,
 As sweetest Kate appears of playing shrew.
 At housekeeping she's but a young beginner ;
 But take us as we are, and stay to dinner.
 If any gent's a shrewish wife, pray name her ;
 And o'er the wine, I'll tell him how to tame her.
 Let's all sit down—ma, pa-in-law, and friends ;
 An eating like to this doth make amends.

Air, "Walking in the Zoo."

Pet.

Our play is done at last ; we've nothing more to say.

Kath.

If I'm a shrew again, 'twill only be in play.

Luc.

To my Bianca sweet I'll promise to be true.

Bian.

I'm glad of that, my dear ; you've little else to do.

Mrs. M.

Then, ladies, say that you
Like taming of the shrew.

Hor.

And say you like our version much of Taming of the
Shrew.

Gru.

The Taming of the Shrew ;
The author hopes that you
Will like his reckless version of the Taming of the
Shrew. *[All repeat chorus.]*

GRU.

HOR. BIAN. PET. KATH. LUC. MRS. M.

Curtain.

HIS FIRST BRIEF.

A Comedietta.

BY SIDNEY DARYL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARLES DE MURBER, a young barrister.
MR. CONGOU POPHAM, a retired tea-merchant.
JEREMY POUNCE, a barrister's clerk.

MRS. FARRINGDON WARD, a young and wealthy widow.
MARTIN, her confidential maid.

Time, the present.

Scene, Mrs. Farrington Ward's lodgings at Highbury.

SCENE: *Sitting-room in Mrs. Farrington Ward's apartments. At R., in corner of flat, French window open. Small table in front of it, with china ornaments arranged upon it. Cupboard in flat L.C.; davenport R.; ottoman C.; table L.C.; fireplace L.; doors R. 1st groove, L. 3d groove.*

MARTIN *discovered lolling on ottoman, with a duster in her hand.*

Mar. [*yawns*] I sha'n't be able to stand this sort of life much longer. I'm getting just as de-

pressed and melancholy as missus. Goodness knows, when the old gentleman was alive, my place wasn't a bed of roses; but since he's been gone, thorns and stinging-nettles ain't the word. Missus is so particular—church once on a Sunday, and no male society allowed. Why, it ain't human! Because she's a widow, with a lawsuit all arising out of the will of that stupid old husband of hers, she needn't make every one else's life a burden and vexation. Why can't she marry again? If she'd only go into society, there'd be plenty glad enough to have her, and her lawsuit into the bargain. [*Yawns. A smart rap at door L. Martin jumps up*] Gracious me, a knock! Who can it be?

Jer. [*puts his head in at door L.*] Ha! have I found you at last? [*Enters*] Magnificent situation! Every obstacle defying, on wings of sweet love flying, I am here! [*Strikes an attitude.*]

Mar. [*retreating towards door R., screams*] The man's mad!

Jer. [*crosses melodramatically after her, and catches hold of her dress*] Fly not yet, but listen. Since first I saw that form divine, [*aside*] Shakespeare— [*aloud*] on the Rialto— [*aside*] Shakespeare again — [*aloud*] I should have said, within the classic precincts of the Temple, at the chambers of my respected employer, Soapy Sawder, Esq., I have breathed, existed, but for thee!

Mar. [*aside*] Why, I do declare it's that funny

little man I saw when I went with missus to her lawyer's!

Jer. In imagination I have fed upon thy charms, till the recollection of them was too much for me; I could stand it no longer. I fled the Temple—I hailed a Highbury 'bus, determined to declare my passion verbally or in writing; and now behold me at your feet! [*Kneels.*

Mar. Get up do, for goodness' sake! If missus were to—

Jer. [*jumps up*] I commend your prudence. Let it, then, be by letter. [*Puts his hand in his pocket, and takes out a letter carefully tied to a stone*] Take this, and take, O take my heart!

Mar. [*takes letter and looks at it*] What, is this stone your heart?

Jer. No, no. Listen. I was desperate. Mine was not a love to be thwarted by bolts and locks. Had I not obtained an entrance by the front door, I weighted my *billet doux* thus, that I might throw it in at yonder window.

Mar. [*tries to make him go*] There, that will do. You really must go.

Jer. I fly—but first disclose to me your name.

Mar. Well, if you will go—

Jer. Speak but your name!

Mar. My name—[*hesitates*] Well, really I don't know whether I ought.

Jer. Nay, do not hesitate.

Mar. Well, then—Melinda Martin. There, now do go.

[Jer. dodges her, runs round the table, and then comes down c.]

Jer. Melinda Martin and Jeremy Pounce. If any one knows any just cause or impediment—*[Looks round]* Nobody does! My personal appearance is prepossessing, my professional position of the highest respectability. So, Melinda—*[sidles up to her]* may I call you Melinda?—are you willing to abandon your patronymic—*[aside]* that's a good word!—*[aloud]* and to adopt in lieu thereof the less high-sounding but infinitely more business-like name of Mrs. Jeremy Pounce?

Mar. O, any thing you like; only do go.

[Stamps her foot.]

Jer. Melinda—you said I might call you Melinda—don't be rash! Read my letter. Not only does it clearly, and with poetical eloquence, set forth my love and prospects in life, but it may improve your epistolary style. *[Melinda exhibits great impatience, and continues to endeavour to lead Jeremy to the door]* Now that letter contains, I may say, the essence of no less than five breach-of-promise cases, which have, in the ordinary course of breaches, found their way to the chambers of Soapy Sawder, Esq. Thence I have culled the choicest sweets, and gathered inspiration—

Mar. O, do, do go!

Jer. Then away, away, to the mountain's brow!
[*Aside*] Sir Henry Bishop. [*Aloud*] Till to-night I give
you for reflection; then I shall look for your answer.
[*Goes to door L.*] Refuse me not, or there may be a
second edition of *Regina v. Jawkins*; the young man
who murdered his sweetheart in the Seven Dials.

Mar. O, Jawkins be hanged!

Jer. He was!

[*Exit suddenly.*]

Mar. Thank heaven, I've got rid of him at last!
It's all very well in male society, but a few more
visits from lunatics, harmless though they be, would
make a hermit's life a treat. Well, I must get my
room dusted, or missus will be blowing up. [*Sets to
dusting vigorously*] She always is a-blowing up now;
in fact widowhood don't seem at all to agree with
her—not that she regrets the late Mr. Farringdon
Ward. [*Dusts at table in front of window*] O dear no!
But the married state suits her. [*Knocks over one
of the ornaments and breaks it*] O my goodness me,
if I haven't been and broke one of those china cups
that the landlady thinks such a deal of! That's the
second. What ever shall I do! I never shall hear
the last of it. This looks like a month's warning.
O, I do wish there was some one I could throw the
blame on; but there's been nobody here except that
little madman, and I daren't say it was him.—Yes,
I know! I have an idea. There's his letter with the
stone tied to it. I'll put it down here close by the
window, and missus'll think some one has thrown it

in for her. [*Places letter near to foot of table on the floor*] Just in time; for here comes missus.

[*Crosses to opposite side of room, and begins dusting vigorously as before.*

Mrs. W. [*enters door R. ; seeing Martin, stops*] Martin, I have told you more than once that I have a great objection to your leaving the dusting of the room till so late in the day. I prefer dust for the present, so bring me my worsted work [*sinks languidly on to ottoman*] and my vinaigrette. [*Martin brings them*] Get the wools, Martin, and match me this blue.

Mar. [*fetches wools, and kneels down beside Mrs. F. Ward, sorting them*] Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. W. [*languidly*] Really, I feel terribly *ennuyée*. Life in this part of town is so very dull.

Mar. [*sighs deeply without looking up*] So it is, ma'am. Widowhood must be a heavy trial, ma'am.

Mrs. W. What has put that into your head?

Mar. Ma'am, I have eyes as will see, and ears as will hear; and some people's sighs is deep.

Mrs. W. Martin, you forget yourself.

Mar. I hope I knows my position, ma'am. [*Sighs*] Mr. Farrington Ward wasn't an angel; but—

Mrs. W. Martin, hold your tongue.

Mar. Ah, ma'am, I often wonder what it is makes you so dull now.

Mrs. W. Dull!

Mar. Yes, ma'am; you never go anywhere or see any body except Mr. Popham.

Mrs. W. I have heard quite enough of this, Martin. You can leave the room.

Mar. [*rises*] Very well, ma'am. [*Aside at door n.*] Like my luck, just when I was trying to get her into a good temper. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. W. Really, that girl is growing too familiar, and presumes on my having been compelled to make her so much of a companion. [*Pauses*] Perhaps she's not altogether wrong in what she says. I certainly am very lonely. Not that I have much to regret in the loss of Mr. Farringdon Ward, whom I was forced to marry, much against my inclination. And what has his money brought me?—a troublesome lawsuit, and the odious attentions of his cousin Mr. Timothy Popham, who lays claim to a large portion of his property, and who has declared himself willing to forego it, on condition that he may prefer another to my heart and hand. Worried and harassed with this interminable litigation, I consented. What would they say now, those who used to reproach me with being too romantic? Call it romance, or what you will, it seems to me that love ought to grow out of some adventure. But who would imagine an adventure in Highbury? [*Rises, and goes to window*] Just what I might have expected—another of my landlady's ornaments broken. Martin's clumsiness again. [*Stoops*] No, here's the culprit—a letter attached to a stone. Who can it be intended for? there's no address upon it; I suppose it's for me. [*Comes down*]

to c., opens letter, and reads] "To see is to adore you! I can no longer conceal my feelings from you. From that eventful hour when I first beheld you, my heart has been possessed with a devotion, a passion that only death can extinguish. Grant me but one interview, that from your own lips I may learn the verdict; and may I add that I hope it will be for the plaintiff, with immediate execution!" Verdict!—plaintiff!—execution! [*laughs*] What a jumble of law and romance! Who can have sent it? [*goes back to window*] There's no one in the street. Some one opposite, perhaps? Yes. There is a young man at the third-story window, smoking a pipe. It must be he. [*Comes down to c.*] He's a gentlemanly-looking fellow. How am I to get any information about him? [*Rings.*]

Enter MARTIN door R.

Mar. Did you ring, ma'am?

Mrs. W. [*sitting on ottoman*] Come here, Martin.

Mar. [*aside*] The broken cup doesn't seem to have made her very angry.

Mrs. W. As I believe you know everybody's name and business within a reasonable distance, can you tell me who lives in the opposite house?

Mar. O, yes, ma'am. Ground-floor, front and back, with scullery and wash-house, Mrs. Mullens and two daughters, as does their own washing at home. First-floor front and the attics the three Miss Perkinses; and on the third floor—

Mrs. W. Well, and who on the third floor?

Mar. A young gentleman they say is a barrister; and as for Mrs. Shark and the gal, where they sleeps the beetles and cockroaches only knows.

Mrs. W. What is the young gentleman, did you say?

Mar. A barrister, ma'am. Mr. de Murrer's his name; he's come out here for quiet reading. I don't know whether singing, and playing on the trumpet, is part of his professional studies; but I do hear the most awful noises over there sometimes at three and four in the morning.

Mrs. W. [*pensively*] A barrister. It's a daring thing to do; but why shouldn't I take his opinion?

[*Rises, and goes to writing-table. Sits and writes.*]

Mar. [*goes on tiptoe up to window. Aside*] The little man's letter is gone. [*Aloud*] Do you want me any more, ma'am?

Mrs. W. Yes. [*Looks up*] Common prudence warns me to have another legal opinion on that tiresome lawsuit of mine. You can take this letter [*hands a letter*] over to Mr. de Murrer. I desire to consult him professionally.

Mar. [*surprised*] To the young man, ma'am?

Mrs. W. [*frowning*] To the barrister, Martin.

Mar. Very well, ma'am. [*Exit, door L.*]

Mrs. W. [*turns round in her chair to front*] Have I been very indiscreet?—But it's done now. I should like to see him. I wonder what he will say, what he

will do. One thing, he cannot be very bashful to write such a letter. How will he begin? Will he throw himself at my feet, and take my hand? But no, that will never do. I must freeze him with my politeness, and appear to be offended at his presumption. I must teach him that he should not throw love-letters in at ladies' windows.

Mar. [*puts her head in at door L.*] He's a-coming, ma'am.

Mrs. W. So soon! [*Jumps up and goes to door R.*] What a state my hair is in! I look quite a fright. You can show him in here, Martin. [*Exit.*]

Mar. [*c.*] Well, I never did see such an alteration in any one in my life! [*Charles enters door L.*] Will you take a chair, sir? Missus will be with you in a few minutes. [*Goes.*]

Cha. [*stopping her*] Stay, young woman: not before I have an answer to the question I put to you over the way. What is the object of this mysterious interview? [*Martin looks up at him, puts her finger at the side of her nose, winks, and then runs off at door R.*] The woman's a walking enigma—a perfect sphinx in petticoats! What on earth does it all mean? I hate mystery—it's bad enough in sensation novels, but at Highbury it's simply intolerable! Now I put it to any one—how am I to understand this strange epistle? [*Takes letter out of his pocket, and reads*] “Mrs. Farringdon Ward,”—humph! smacks of the City—“presents her compliments to

Mr. de Murrer, and would be glad of a few minutes' conversation." Not a word more! What can it be to talk about? She can't want to see me professionally [*laughs*]. No, that idea is too ridiculous; no one would be so foolish as to engage my professional services, especially a widow. Still, why not? I am no worse than most other young barristers. I have passed through the required gastronomic ordeal—I have eaten seventy-two dinners in three years; digested Blackstone; devoured tons of *Coke upon Littleton*, which, with occasional visits to the Temple church, and contemplation of the chrysanthemums and pretty nursery-maids in the gardens, may not unfairly be said to qualify me to become a protector of the innocent, and a vindicator of the outraged; but in the present instance business is out of the question. By Jove, though, can she be a dun in disguise? No—impossible! I flatter myself that when I took up my abode at Balaclava Lodge, Alma-road, Highbury, Ephraim was nonplussed, and the wily nose of the sagacious Manasses thrown off the scent. I have it—it's those confounded supper-parties! I told Simpson and Jones only the other night that if they would play "Not for Joseph" as a duet on the cornet and fire-irons at 3 A.M. after a lobster-supper and a liberal supply of rum-punch, I should have to suffer for it. Already the three maiden Perkinses have threatened instant departure; already Mullens and daughters have declared that

either they or I must go; in fact, the malignant Shark has given me notice to quit at the end of the week; and now this Mrs. Farrington Ward—who, I daresay, distributes tracts on behalf of the Society for supplying Digestible Muffins and Crumpets to the Benighted Hottentot—has summoned me to her presence to exorcise me. My hour is come, and so is the lady. [*Mrs. F. Ward enters at door B.—Aside*] By Jove, what a charming creature! The Society is fortunate in having such a representative. The cornet and fire-irons assume a blacker hue!

Mrs. W. [*aside*] I really feel very nervous!
[*Aloud*] Mr.—

Cha. [*bows*] De Murrer, at your service, madam.

Mrs. W. Mr. de Murrer, pray be seated. [*Sits on ottoman. Aside*] He really is very good-looking. [*Pause.*]

Cha. [*sits on chair L. Aside*] Well, somebody must begin. Deuce take me, though, if I know how. [*Coughs aloud*] You desired my presence, madam. [*A pause.*]

Mrs. W. Yes, that is, I— [*aside*] O, this timidity on his part must be assumed.

Cha. Precisely; but of course— [*Pause.*]

Mrs. W. [*aside*] He surely cannot expect me to begin the conversation. I wish, though, he would speak out.

Cha. [*aside*] It's coming; I know it's coming. The volcano will burst in a moment, and Vesuvius in eruption would be a fool to it.

Mrs. W. [*aside*] This really is too embarrassing.

Perhaps I have been too rash ! [*Aloud*] I have a complaint to make, sir.

Cha. [*aside*] I thought so. The volcano has burst. [*Aloud*] A complaint, madam ?

Mrs. W. Yes ; a very serious complaint indeed.

Cha. Well, I can only repeat what I have said in answer to all like complaints ;—I am the unfortunate victim of circumstances over which I have no control—the melancholy creature of an untoward fate.

Mrs. W. [*aside*] Circumstances ! control ! Does he mean to say that he goes about throwing declarations in at ladies' windows indiscriminately ? If so, I will let him see that I at least am not to be thus treated with impunity. [*Aloud*] The object of my desiring this interview is that I wish to consult you with reference to an insult that has been offered to me.

Cha. An insult to one so charming ?

Mrs. W. Yes ! an insult offered to me, a lonely, defenceless widow, without a friend or protector.

Cha. [*aside*] A widow, eh ? [*Aloud*] You wish to consult me, madam, with a view to instituting legal proceedings ? I was not aware that my forensic celebrity had penetrated to these suburban regions.

Mrs. W. That is just possible ; though it seems that your nocturnal studies have created a profound impression in the neighbourhood ; indeed, from all I hear, you tax your brain too much, poring over books and papers till such late hours.

Cha. [*aside*] I can stand any amount of abuse,

but to be chaffed in this way is too trying. [*Aloud*] If, madam, the union of the cornet and fire-irons be not altogether harmonious, believe me it is not for want of remonstrance on my part. If I have spoken once, I have protested a hundred times, but Simpson and Jones are—

Mrs. W. [*rising. Aside*] Simpson and Jones! cornet and fire-irons! This evasion is incomprehensible. [*Goes up towards window.*]

Cha. [*aside*] Well, of all the extraordinary situations I ever was in, this is the most extraordinary. [*Kisses*] The widow is an enigma.

Mrs. W. [*turning round, and coming to front*] I wish to consult you with respect to the breaking of this china cup. [*Aside*] He must understand now.

Cha. A broken china cup! That is a curious thing to consult counsel upon.

Mrs. W. It is not so much about the cup itself, as the way in which it was broken. I said an insult had been offered me. [*Hands him the letter, with the stone tied in it.*] Do you see these, sir?

Cha. [*looks at them through his eye-glass*] Yes, madam, I do. Nothing very remarkable, as far as I can see. A rather dirty letter, and one of the parish flints. Perhaps you would permit me to examine them more closely.

Mrs. W. That is precisely what I wish you to do; the letter especially. Read it. [*He reads. Aside*] Even a barrister's impudence must give way now.

Cha. [*folds letter carefully up, and hands it to Mrs. W.*] Poor devil! his composition decidedly smacks of the *Halfpenny Miscellany*.

Mrs. W. [*aside*] Really, his coolness quite baffles me. [*Aloud*] Suppose, sir, you, for instance, had written that dirty letter, as you are pleased to call it, and had secured a perusal of it by the lady for whom you intended it; I presume you would not have remained satisfied there.

Cha. Certainly not, madam.

Mrs. W. Then, pray, what next would you have done?

Cha. There, madam, you embarrass me.

Mrs. W. [*aside*] So I should think [*Aloud*]! Well, sir?

Cha. If you insist upon knowing, I should, presuming that this strange and romantic method of avowal proved displeasing, put a speedy termination to an existence that would be no longer bearable; on the other hand, were it successful, I would throw myself at the lady's feet, there to remain her slave for ever. [*Aside*] Now I flatter myself that I put that rather neatly. Upon my life, I begin to feel as if I should not at all mind being the happy man.

Mrs. W. [*aside*] So, so, he is beginning to give way at last.

Cha. Forgive me, madam, if I have indulged in greater warmth than—

Mrs. W. The occasion justified.

Cha. [*drawing his chair closer to hers*] Nay, say not so; the theme was well worthy of the rhapsody. Pray, say I have not offended.

Mrs. W. On the contrary, I admire your candour, and feel sure I may put the fullest confidence in you.

Cha. Indeed you may. Believe me, if I can be of any service to you, you may command me.

[*Draws his chair still closer.*]

Mrs. W. Many thanks. I shall take advantage of your offer at once. To make a long story short, I am involved in a lawsuit, which it is superfluous to say seems interminable. I have already accompanied my solicitor to a consultation with that very eminent Queen's Counsel, Mr. Soapy Sawder; but I cannot say that he quiets my anxieties. I very much wish for a younger and fresher mind to consider my case. [*Rises and crosses to davenport.*] May I ask you to look over these papers [*takes some papers and hands them to Charles*], and to give me your candid opinion upon them as to the safety of my position?

Cha. I fear my opinion will be of little value; but the task will be a pleasant one.

Mr. P. [*heard without*] Did you say some one was with her, Martin?

Mrs. W. [*aside*] What an unfortunate interruption! It's that odious Mr. Popham! [*Mr. P. enters D.L. Aloud*] I am sorry to have to wish you good-

morning. I shall be glad of your opinion at your earliest convenience.

Cha. Madam, rest assured there shall be no delay. [Exit D.L.]

Mr. P. [*comes down the centre*] Who's that young man, Mrs. F. W. ?

Mrs. W. That young man, Mr. Popham, is my legal adviser.

Mr. P. Legal adviser ! Are not Skinflint and Sawder enough, without having a young jackanapes like that dancing about the place ? [*Aside*] He's a deal too good-looking.

Mrs. W. I believe, Mr. Popham, that, at present at least, I am not obliged to account to you for those I may think proper to receive either as visitors or on business.

Mr. P. I don't so much know about that. In our position, I think you ought to pay a little deference to me.

Mrs. W. Out of consideration for your advanced years, I suppose ?

Mr. P. Advanced years ! We are neither of us chickens. A widow can't be a chicken.

Mrs. W. O, this vulgarity is insupportable !

Mr. P. Well, ma'am, truth is truth, and I am one of those as calls a spade a spade. I hate beating about the bush, and making a lot of palaver ; so, to cut a long matter short, when is the happy day to be ? My old father used to say, strike the iron

while it's hot; so come, just say when we are to be tied up.

Mrs. W. [at D.R.] Mr. Popham, allow me to answer you after your proverbial fashion, "*Chi va piano va sano.*" [Exit, slamming door in Popham's face.]

Mr. P. The key of whose piano? What's the woman got into her head now? She's always talking some of that foreign lingo. I hate French! Last year I had a course of twelve lessons with a distinguished nobleman whom political reasons had compelled to live in Dean-street, Soho. But I never could learn anything. The fact is, that he always used to suggest beer and pipes at my expense, and very often took me to dine at a dirty restaurant near Leicester-square, in order, so he said, that I might learn to express myself by ordering and paying for everything.

Enter MARTIN D.R.

Mar. You've worked a miracle, sir. Missus is a laughing as she hasn't done for months!

Mr. P. Laughing, eh, Martin? Capital! We must amuse her, Martin.

Mar. Right you are, sir. Some nice treat to take her out of herself a little, and give her a change.

Mr. P. Yes, yes, yes! I'll take her and show her our Company's hall in Houndsditch—the Leather-breeches Makers.

Mar. [*aside*] How horrid vulgar he is, to be sure. [*Aloud*] No, sir; none of your leather breeches.

Mr. P. Well, wouldn't she like a nice intellectual evening at the Polytechnic—Professor Pepper and the "Tentoonstelling"? It's cheap, and you get plenty for your money.

Mar. Certainly not, sir; the Opera is the only place.

Mr. P. Ah, dear me! but it's so much money, and so very little for it. Nothing venture, nothing win. I'll take her this evening, and you may tell her so.

Mar. Certainly, sir.

Mr. P. And, Martin, you won't forget to put in a good word for me now and then?

Mar. O, no, sir!

Mr. P. And, Martin, be sure remind me of that sovereign for yourself.

Mar. Hadn't I better remind you now, sir? [*holds out her hand*] Never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day.

Mr. P. O, don't trouble; any time will do. I haven't any change just now.

[*Turns round towards D.L. and sees POUNCE, who enters with a huge bouquet in his hand.*]

Mar. [*aside*] Nasty stingy old hunks! But I'll pay him out.

Mr. P. [*turns to Martin*] Who is that extraordinary person? [*Points to Pounce.*]

Mar. [*seeing Pounce. Aside*] O, my goodness, if it isn't that tiresome little man again! What ever

shall I say? [*Aloud*] That, sir, that's missus's new doctor.

Mr. P. [*at D.L.*] Humph! doctor, eh? [*Looks at him through glasses*] Well, there's nothing much about his looks to fear. [*Exit.*]

Jer. [*shakes his fist after Popham, and then comes down to c.*] Melinda Martin, who is yonder old man of aldermanic proportions? Is he fattening for the next Cattle Show?

Mar. O, that's nobody; that's only old Popham the tea-dealer, as is going to marry missus.

Jer. O, tea is it? No green in it, Melinda, I hope. But, hark you, no too close conversations, no rendezvousing in your mistress's absence, for I have a heart, Melinda—no, by the way, *you* have my heart.

Mar. [*pertly*] I shall rendezvouse, if I like, for anything you may say.

Jer. O, Melinda, sweet Melinda, be not thus cruel, but forgive me. Take, O take these blooming flowers. [*Kneels, and hands bouquet. Aside*] Tupper!

[*Mrs. Ward's voice is heard outside.*]

Mar. Get up, do; here's missus!

Jer. I'm off!

[*Makes for D.R. Martin follows, seizes him by coat, and drags him towards cupboard in flat, opens door, and pushes him in; Pounce puts his head out.*]

Mar. Hush! not a word, or missus would pack me off at a moment's notice.

Jer. Mum's the word. I'm dark, and so's the cupboard.

Mar. Now do be very quiet. [Closes door.]

Jer. I say, look out ; you've shut my fingers in !

Enter MRS. WARD D.R.

Mrs. W. Martin, you can go. [*Martin lingers.*]
Martin, I told you to go. Go !

Mar. Yes, ma'am. [*Exit slowly L.*]

Mrs. W. [*sitting on ottoman c. Pounce looks out of cupboard*] He really is a very nice-looking young fellow, and so lively in manner too ! Let me see ; his eyes were blue—yes, dark blue.

Jer. [*in cupboard*] Magnificent situation number two !

Mrs. W. How strange it is, that at first sight I should have been so much struck by him ! I really do begin to think that he has made an impression upon my heart.

Jer. Thrilling disclosures !

Mrs. W. [*taking letter from her pocket*] His letter ! I cannot resist reading it again.

Jer. A letter, eh ? I must hear that.

Mrs. W. [*reads*] "To see is to adore you."

Jer. [*starts*] Hullo ! what's this ? I think I've heard these words before.

Mrs. W. [*reads*] "I can no longer conceal my feelings from you."

Jer. It is—it is my letter! Happy being that I am! [*Puts one hand on his heart, and kisses the other towards Mrs. W.*]

Mrs. W. [*reads*] “Passion that only death can extinguish—”

Jer. My own burning words! my inspired composition!

Mrs. W. Poor fellow! though I fear he is somewhat of a Don Juan, I daresay he would make a very good husband.

Jer. He would! Make your mind perfectly easy on that score.

Mrs. W. I should fancy he is not very rich.

Jer. Decidedly not; on the contrary, his means are far from being extensive. I'm paid all I can get, that's Sawder's principle, and the interest ain't large.

Mrs. W. But what matter? I have ample means for both.

Jer. A ministering angel thou!—Shakespeare. Henceforth, Sawder, adieu for ever!

Mrs. W. But for that previous engagement to that odious Popham, I could marry him.

Jer. Popham, your days are numbered!

Mrs. W. O, why did I ever allow that horrid man to extort from me a promise in writing that I would marry him if he would forego his lawsuit?

Jer. Ah, why indeed?

Mrs. W. But he—he, I feel sure, will reclaim it

for me; and I shall be free—free to exercise my choice.

Jer. Popham, consider yourself a mangled corpse.

Mrs. W. [*rises and sees bouquet on table*] What a lovely bouquet! I suppose *he* must have sent it me. [*Takes it up*] O, precious flowers, sweet messengers of love! [*Pounce from cupboard imitates her*] I should like to be sure to whom I am indebted for them. [*Rings bell, takes one of the flowers out of the bouquet, and picks the leaves from it*] He loves me, he loves me not; he loves me not, he loves me! O blissful thought! [*Pounce imitates her.*]

Jer. O, my romantic soul, my bouquet!—Shakespeare.

Enter MARTIN D.L.

Mrs. W. Who brought these flowers?

Mar. [*hesitates*] I don't know, ma'am.

Jer. O, you wicked story!

Mrs. W. Sweet flowers! I will go and put them in water myself. [*Exit D.R.*]

Mar. Now, Mr. Pounce, you may come out.

Jer. [*comes out of cupboard, pushes Martin contemptuously aside, and walks up and down in front*] O bliss, I am loved!

Mar. Loved, indeed! Well, there's imperence!

Jer. She will marry me!

Mar. I never said anything of the sort.

Jer. She will be mine—mine only, mine! My poppet, my pet, my piccaninny!

Mar. You'll be the ninny, I think.

Jer. Ah, is that you, young person? [*Looks patronisingly at Martin*] I'll take care you sha'n't be forgotten, my worthy creature.

Mar. Young person! worthy creature! What do you mean by calling me a young person?

Jer. No, you're not a bad sort, decidedly not a bad sort. [*Chucks her under the chin*] But any familiarity between us must for the future be put a stop to. It might excite jealousy, you know. And if the sight of witnessing me happy with another should be too much for you, I shall have much pleasure in giving you a character to any future situation. Ta, ta, little one. [*Aside at D.L.*] And now to execute my vengeance on Popham's devoted head. [*Exit.*]

Mar. [*aside*] He really is quite mad; there's no mistake about it. He's worse than ever now. Love don't appear to agree with him at all. [*Looks to D.L.*] O, here's Mr. de Murrer.

Enter CHARLES D.L.

Cha. Is your mistress still within?

Mar. Yes, sir. I'll tell her you're here.

[*Exit D.R.*]

Cha. Well, I think I understand all about her case now, and am prepared to give her a most elaborate and erudite opinion. She certainly is a charming woman. What a bore she's going to be married again! Ah, here she is.

Enter MRS. WARD D.R.

Mrs. W. Well, Mr. de Murrer, have you quite made up your mind upon my case?

Cha. Thoroughly and entirely, madam, and without any very great mental effort.

Mrs. W. And do you think I ought to resist Mr. Popham's claim?

Cha. Most emphatically I do.

Mrs. W. But are you aware that I have promised to marry him?

Cha. Promised to marry him! Do you love him, then?

Mrs. W. Love him! He is positively odious to me. I detest the very sight of him.

Cha. Then you must not, you shall not sacrifice yourself thus. [*Aside*] Steady, steady; this won't do. She is very charming, but you must moderate yourself.

Mrs. W. But I gave him a written promise; he induced me to give it.

Cha. Still there is time yet; you can reclaim it.

Mrs. W. How? In what way? Who can do so?

Cha. The man your love gives the right to represent your interests. [*Aside*] By Jove, I only wish I were he!

Mrs. W. [*aside*] He must mean himself. I knew he loved me.

Mr. P. [*without*] Engaged, did you say? O, she'll see me.

Mrs. W. Detestable old nuisance !

Cha. Confounded old fool !

Mrs. W. [*goes to door L.*] O, pray come in, Master Popham. [*Comes down to door c.*]

Enter MR. POPHAM.

Mr. P. I have brought you a box for the Opera this evening.

Mrs. W. I shall not go !

Mr. P. Not go ? What, throw away six guineas ? miss the chance of hearing Titiens' and Kellog's lovely voices ?

Mrs. W. I repeat, I shall not go !

Mr. P. And, pray, may I ask why ?

Mrs. W. Because I do not choose to go with you. [*Popham aghast*] Mr. Popham, we may as well have an explanation at once. Our engagement is at an end. The written promise you in my weakness extorted from me I reclaim !

Mr. P. O, indeed, madam ; but I won't give it up ! Hark you, madam ; I am not to be bullied, to be frightened out of my legal rights in this style. Let me see the man who dares to oppose me ! I'd fight him, madam—I'd fight him ! Damme, Mrs. Farrington Ward, I'd kill him !

[*Walks up and down stage in great excitement.*]

Mrs. W. [*looking at Charles, who is sitting at table L. in arm-chair reading a newspaper. Aside*]

I wonder why he doesn't interfere? He's surely not afraid!

Cha. [*aside*] I only wish I had a right to put my oar in; I'd soon quiet this blustering old idiot!

Mr. P. [*stops by Charles*] Have you anything to say, Mr. Six-and-eightpence? [*Charles pays no attention*] Well, sir?

Cha. [*looks up*] If you really do want my advice, I should say, keep your temper. [*Aside*] And now, as I seem to be somewhat *de trop*, I'll take my leave. [*Aloud*] I regret that I can be of no assistance to you farther, and so must wish you good-morning. [*Goes to door L. Aside*] I should like to wring that old ruffian's neck! [*Exit, door L.*]

Mrs. W. [*aside*] He's a coward! Alas, I'm deceived in him, then, after all!

Mr. P. Now, Mrs. Farringdon Ward, will you be good enough to explain the meaning of all this?

Mrs. W. Mr. Popham, once for all, I hate you, I despise you! If I marry you, it will only be to tease you, to worry you, and to make your life as— [*sobs*] as miserable as my own! [*Exit sobbing.*]

Mr. P. How that woman loves me! Women have such strange ways of showing their affection! [*Jeremy enters at door L., and comes down to side of Popham during speech*] I wonder if she cares at all for that young devil of—

Jer. [*smacks him on shoulder*] She does! Behold the devil!

Mr. P. I thought you were the doctor ?

Jer. All the same ! Now come—where's the promise ?

Mr. P. What promise ?

Jer. Her written promise.

Mr. P. What, are you the chosen one ?

Jer. [*tragically*] I am the widow's mite ! Hesitate, old man, and you are lost ! Know that I am a fire-eater !

Mr. P. [*aside*] O law ! this is a pretty state of things !

Jer. Behold me here, thirsting for your blood ! Listen, and be warned in time ! I have hit the running deer on its native slopes [*aside*] at Cremorne ; [*aloud*] I have pierced the bull's-eye time after time [*aside*] in Greenwich Park for gingerbread ; [*aloud*] I never missed my man, [*aside*] for I never fired at one !

Mr. P. Merciful powers, what a bloodthirsty mite ! I'll have you bound over to keep the peace !

Jer. Peace, old man ! There won't be many pieces left of you. Come and be slaughtered ! I can no longer delay ! I will despatch you upon the doorstep !

[*Drags him out at door L. ; Popham shouting, Help ! help !*]

Enter MARTIN D.R.

Mar. The men are all gone mad now. [*Goes to window*] There's Mr. de Murrer sitting at his win-

dow, looking the picture of misery, and the other two is a-tearing down the street without their hats on! There'll be some strait-waistcoats wanted afore long!

Enter MRS. WARD D.R.

Mrs. W. Martin, why are you always idling about this room? I sha'n't want you any more for the present.

Mar. What dress will you wear at the Opera to-night, ma'am?

Mrs. W. I shall not go to the Opera, Martin.

Mar. But if Mr. Popham comes back?

Mrs. W. Tell him I am not well. [*Knock at door*] Go and see who that is. [*Martin exit*] My little dream of romance is all over now! Heigho, it was very short!

Enter MARTIN with letter.

Mar. A letter from Mr. Popham for you, ma'am.

[*Hands it.*]

Mrs. W. [*opens it and reads*] "Madam, under threats of personal violence I have been compelled to surrender the written promise of marriage you once gave me.—CONGOU POPHAM." Poor Mr. de Murrer, I did him an injustice, after all. How could I doubt his courage?

Mar. [*showing Charles in*] Mr. de Murrer, ma'am.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CHARLES, who comes to front.

Cha. Madam, I could not resist coming to see you once more. I have come to say adieu.

Mrs. W. Adieu—why adieu?

Cha. I can keep silence no longer! In a word, I love you!

Mrs. W. You love me! Could I doubt it, when I have this proof of your affection?

[Shows him Popham's letter.

Cha. What! have you recovered your written promise?

Mrs. W. Yes, thanks to you.

Cha. Thanks to me?

Mrs. W. Yes, to you; for I know it was you, and you only. *[Throws herself into his arms]* It's useless longer to endeavour to hide the truth from me.

Cha. O, I'll admit anything to enjoy such happiness.

Enter POPHAM D.L.

Mr. P. Mrs. Farrington Ward in a young man's arms! Can I believe my eyes? I've had a lucky escape.

Mrs. W. What do you mean?

Mr. P. Mean! that there must be something very wrong somewhere. The man to whom I surrendered your written promise is—

Enter JEREMY D.L.

Jer. Jeremy Pounce, at your service!

[*Mrs. Farrington Ward and Charles laugh.*

Mrs. W. and Cha. This is too good!

Jer. What means this mirth? I expected your arms would be opened to receive me! Are you not my affianced bride?

Mrs. W. I your affianced bride?

Jer. Did you not read my letter, and say that you loved me?

Mrs. W. Your letter?

Jer. Yes, my letter! I repeat, did you not say that you loved me?

Mrs. W. Good gracious! what next?

Jer. Did you not praise my lively manner and dark blue eyes?

Mrs. W. [*aside*] This is strange! [*Aloud*] How came you to hear all this?

Jer. [*melodramatically*] From yonder cupboard, wherein I was concealed!

Mr. P. My dear Mrs. Farrington Ward, where is your plate-basket? You should have your spoons counted at once. [*Goes to D.R.*]—Martin, Martin, fetch a policeman!

Enter MARTIN D.R.

Mar. Fetch a policeman, sir? What for?

Mr. P. To take this man into custody.

Mar. [*aside*] O dear, O dear, if it ain't that funny little man! The murder must out now!

Mr. P. He says he was concealed in that cupboard.

Mar. [*aside*] There's no help for it. I must make a clean breast of it. [*Aloud*] It was I who put him there, ma'am.

Mrs. W. You! O, now I begin to understand! Then the letter I read—

Mar. Was intended for me, ma'am. I broke the china ornament; and as I was afraid you'd be angry, I put Jeremy's letter and the stone with it to hide my clumsiness.

Jer. My hopes are shattered! [*To Popham*] It's lucky your brains are not blown out!

Cha. [*to Mrs. Ward*] A pleasure I should have appropriated to myself, had I not thought another possessed a better right.

Mr. P. Really you are exceedingly kind! I am deeply indebted to you for your humane and kindly intentions, which, as I prefer to keep my brains in their proper place, I am glad to think you have not had an opportunity of carrying out. [*To Jeremy*] Suppose, as you seem so much disappointed, you operate upon yourself.

Jer. Cease your funning. [*Crosses to Martin's side*] Beauteous Melinda, let me, on my bended knee, supplicate for pardon!

Mar. That will do, young person! I have had quite enough of you, my worthy creature!

[*Tosses her head.*]

Mrs. W. Mr. de Murrer has interceded for you, Martin, so for this once I will look over your fault. [*Aside to Charles*] Particularly as it has been the means of securing me such happiness.

Mar. Thank you, ma'am.

Mrs. W. So far all's well; but it still remains for some one to appeal to the Court on our behalf for a merciful sentence.

Jer. [*pushing to front*] Well, let me! I'm used to speechifying.

Mr. P. In Trafalgar-square, I should think. [*Drags Jeremy back*] Suppose I try my hand.

Mrs. W. Confine yourself to your hands; and meanwhile [*to Charles*] will you accept a retainer from me to perform the task?

Cha. With all my heart. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, am I demanding too much in asking you to give us your verdict? I see what you would say, Not guilty; but don't do it again! Well, we cannot want more; and I only hope that others may be as fortunate as I have been with my First Brief.

JER. MAR. CHARLES. MRS. W. MR. P.

Curtain.

1

2

THE GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

BY A. B.

.....

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT DE VAURIEN.

MR. SYKES.

CHARLEY GOAHEAD.

FRED, nephew to Sykes.

POLLY.

ARABELLA, niece to Sykes.

SARAH, a servant.

The dress of present day.

.....

SCENE I. *A Drawing-room. Piano R.; door into study R.; door at back.*

ARABELLA *is seated at the piano, playing.*

Ara. [rising from piano, and coming down c.] O, how I do detest this everlasting strum-strum on the piano! Just because uncle has, or fancies he has, a taste for music, I must sit here practising for hours! I am sure I was meant for something better than a mere musical-box, a sort of live hurdy-gurdy, a machine for playing tunes! I've no amusements, no

novels, no acquaintances; or rather, only such men as uncle delights in—musical amateurs of every description. I know the whole race, and I heartily abominate them. There's the young man who plays without notes, and the young man who brings his music, and the young man who sings, but wants the accompaniment played. How I hate the sight of a musical amateur! [*Takes up newspaper*] There's nothing in the paper, I suppose. If some one would only run away with somebody else, or commit a good murder! The last Drawing-room! Ah, I wonder if I shall ever be presented! "Mrs. Charles Goahead, on her marriage," would sound sweet! [*Reads*] "Miss Pouter Pigeon, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Carrier Dove; Miss Toe, by her aunt, Mrs. Left Leg;" how delightful it all sounds! And here am I left to mope away my life, without any reasonable prospect of ever getting married; for I don't dare tell uncle about Charley, or he might treat him as he did poor Mr. Green Finch when *he* proposed. And now Charley talks of going to New Zealand, and returning in ten years to fetch me. O, the troubles I have to endure! But I will never give up Charley, never!

[*Goes to piano and sings.*]

Enter POLLY, back.

Polly. Well, Arabella, my pet; so jolly to find you here all alone!

Ara. O Polly, I am not so very jolly, as you call it, to-day. [Sighs.]

Polly. In the doldrums, eh? Rather down in the mouth about the exquisite Charley?

Ara. I am the—most miserable—girl in all—Brighton. My uncle swears that he will never consent to my marriage, or even allow Charley to come here, till he has enough to live upon—as if we cared about that!

Polly. Humph! Rather a bad look-out for you, Arabella, if he hasn't enough to live on. People can't always live on spoonmeat, you know. My advice is to give him up, and look out for some one better worth hooking.

Ara. Polly, how dare you suggest such a thing! Never, never; it would break his heart.

Polly. Well, all I can say is, I am thankful I am not troubled with such inconvenient sentimental ideas myself. As for me, I have at least half-a-dozen lovers, and don't care a snap of the fingers for one of them; so I am the better able to make a cool and sensible choice. There's Mr. Tibbs, the timber-merchant; the top-sawyer, I call him. He looks all sawdust, except the tip of his nose, and that's port-wine. But, after all, what's beauty—in a man, I mean? Then there's young Baines, the farmer; he's very rich indeed, and *not* so bad-looking, if I could only persuade him to cut his hair.

Ara. My dear Polly, he's always talking about

his *carn* and his *craps*, and then he drinks such a quantity of beer!

Polly. Well, I think you are right about young Baines. I certainly could not settle down to a life of Baines and bacon. But what do you say to Tom Lancaster of the 5th? He's not much to look at; I describe him as three hairs and a hairpin. But then he'll be Sir Tom one day, and I should be "my lady." Then there's—

Ara. Spare me the rest of your list, I entreat! You horrify me with your mercenary worldly views. You can't really mean that you would marry one of these men, whom you cannot possibly love?

Polly. Pooh! what's love?—that for love! If you fall in love with a man, he is sure to despise you for it. I like a little occasional scorch well enough; but as for burning off my wings altogether—no, thank you! No; give me real comforts—diamonds, opera-boxes, my own carriage—something substantial to fall back upon when one's past the bread-and-butter sentimental age. But as for you, Arabella, I foresee what your fate will be. You will marry Charley Goahead on nothing a year. Of course you will both think it paradise for a year or two; then Charley will begin to find it all very *really*, and will take to drinking (your blue-eyed, warm-hearted men always do); and you, with your dozen children, will have to live on begging-letters, or pathetic advertisements in the *Times*, or appeals to your uncle.

Ara. [*sobbing*] Polly, how cr-u-el you are ! But you shall never persuade me to give up my Charley, even if we have to live in the open air, without a roof to cover us !

Polly. People are not allowed to live in the open air nowadays ; you would be taken to the workhouse. But come, don't cry, darling ; I won't plague you any more about your love-affairs ; and if you are resolved to have the Charming Pauper, why, have him and welcome. I'll help you to run away at any time. Now let us take a turn on the pier. I want some one to talk to, and we might meet Charley—who knows ?

Ara. Alas, I dare not ! Uncle left me strict injunctions on no account to leave the house till I could play this music perfectly, as he wishes me to play this evening to a horrid Frenchman, Count Vaurien, one of the "Erring Harpers," who is coming back with uncle from town presently.

Polly. What a bore ! And the Frenchman is to make love to you over the piano, I suppose ? Can't you get out of it anyhow ?

Ara. No ; I fear there's no escape, unless I could take poison.

Polly. Stop, I've a capital idea in my head ! Can't your brother Fred play ?

Ara. Yes, Fred plays a great deal better than I do.

Polly. Well, he is about your height, and you

are very much alike in every respect. We will dress him up in one of your dresses, and he shall be 'Arabella' for this evening. You and I will conceal ourselves in the study and enjoy the fun. Your uncle is so blind, he will never find it out; and the Count will have all the trouble of making love to no purpose. O, won't it be glorious!

Ara. [*clapping her hands*] O, what fun! Fred can imitate my voice exactly. But, Polly, suppose uncle should—

Polly. Impossible! I'll lay my ermine muff to your sealskin jacket he will never know you two apart. Get your hat, and we will hunt up Fred, and coach him up in his part of this charming little farce.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Two hours are supposed to elapse between the first and second scene. The curtain may be lowered for a minute, and then raised again.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ARABELLA and POLLY at back, dragging FRED dressed in one of Arabella's gowns.

Polly. Now, Fred, sit down here, and we will finish you.

Fred [*groaning*] Finish me, indeed! I'm half-stified already, this gown's so confoundedly tight.

Polly. That's your stupid shape. You mustn't

breathe in that inconsiderate way. Take short breaths.

Fred. Suppose I want to laugh?

Ara. No young lady should laugh; you must never venture beyond a smile. Now let me put on your fichu; and you must remember to sit very upright in it, or it won't fit.

Polly. Now, Fred, for your chignon. It's a very fortunate thing that your hair is the same colour as Arabella's, or we should have had to dye it. I suppose you won't mind my cutting it the least little bit shorter behind?

Fred. Indeed I *do* mind! I won't have any scissors brought on the scene, spoiling my back hair.

Polly. [*aside*] O the vanity of a *very* young man! Well, I suppose I must tuck it in. Where's the chignon, Arabella?

[*Arabella fastens a large chignon at the back of Fred's head.*]

Ara. Will he do, do you think?

Polly. He looks rather bare about the neck, and uncommonly like a recently-hatched sparrow!

Ara. But, Polly, we have forgotten his *suivez-moi jeune homme*. Hold up your chin, Fred.

[*Unties her neck-ribbon, and puts it on Fred.*]

Fred [*rising*] Well, I do hope that's all! How you girls ever contrive to get dressed at all, I can't imagine! A bit of ribbon here, an end of lace there!

Why can't women adopt some sensible garment, up to the throat and down to the feet?

Polly. An elegant simplicity, I suppose! Well, Fred, when you men give up your embroidered shirts and expensive jewelry, your lavender kids and your velvet suits, we will think of your suggestion and the one sensible garment.

Fred. Now, Polly, honestly, how long do you take to dress?

Polly. It all depends on what I'm dressing for.

Fred. Whom you are dressing for, more likely!

Polly. Don't be saucy, sir, or I'll stick a pin into you! I'm going to put this rose in your hair, so stoop down. I don't wonder a rose is said to blush, considering the things that are done under it sometimes!

Ara. [*laughing*] O Polly, the get-up is most perfect! He is enough to upset the gravity of the earth itself!—But, Fred, you had better rehearse a little. Polly and I will act uncle and the Count, and will come in; and mind you take little steps, and don't fall over your own train.

[*The two Girls go to the door, and enter talking. Fred advances and kisses Polly.*]

Fred [*demurely*] Good-evening, uncle.

Polly [*boxing his ears*] You audacious boy!

[*Loud ring.*]

Ara. O, there they are! Come, Polly, quick!

[*Arabella and Polly go into study, and keep door ajar.*]

Ara. Fred, sit at the piano, and mind you talk lots of French; and don't move your arms about too much. [*Fred seats himself at piano.*]

Enter Mr. SYKES and COUNT.

Mr. S. Come in, Count! "*Ongtray*," as you say over the water; don't be shy—*mauvaise honte*, and that sort of thing, eh?—Arabella, my dear, come and speak to the Count de Vaurien. My niece—*Mademoiselle Sykes*. The Count is writing a book about England, my dear; so I thought I would bring him down to see a little English life at the seaside.

Fred [*bowing*] *Bong soir, monsieur.* [*Aside*] By Jove, what an ugly old frog he is!

Count [*aside*] A fine specimen of the English meess! [*Aloud*] *Mademoiselle*, I am charmed to make your acquaintance! This is indeed a happy moment. *Adolphe de Vaurien* feels that he has lived long enough!

[*Fred bows and sinks on to the sofa. Shows his boots.*]

Count [*aside*] *Elle est joli: mais, mon Dieu, quelles bottines!*

Polly [*in study*] Fred, your boots!

[*Fred hastily conceals them.*]

Fred. Do you understand English well, Count?

Count. A little, *mademoiselle*. I think, without presumption, I may say that I can speak the glorious language of Shakespeare a very little.

Fred [*aside*] Very little indeed ; pas de tout, I should say !

Mr. S. Now, my dear, I'll just go and take a turn before tea, and you take care of the Count. —Mademoiselle Sykes will take care of you, Count, avec—avec—empressement ! [*Aside*] I shouldn't be surprised if he took a fancy to Arabella ; and that's just what I should wish. My niece a countess ! She sha'n't be an old maid ! An old maid is like an old boot—no use without a fellow. No, she shall be the Countess de Vaurien ! He's evidently one of the old noblesse ! [*Exit.*]

Count [*seating himself*] Mademoiselle doubtless loves the beautiful sea ?

Fred. O yes ! Comprenez ? Oui. I'm very fond of bathing. Comme cela ! [*Appropriate action.*]

Count. Ah yes ; mademoiselle occasionally becomes a sea-nymph — une sirène. [*Aside*] What hands these English have !

Fred. This is your first visit to England, is it not, monsieur ? How do you like it ?

Count. Ah, mademoiselle, what a question to ask ! There is but one answer to make—I love England ! Her institutions, her government, her good heavy sensible people, her nice dull Sundays, her London fog, the substantial English papa, and the comfortable English mamma, and the adorable English meess are all alike dear to this susceptible heart !

Fred [*simpering*] O Count, you flatterer ! Now

I daresay in this book you are writing you will give a very different account of us poor English girls.

Count. But listen, mademoiselle, this is how I describe your lovely compatriots: they are lovely as angels, but prudent as statesmen; ready to undertake anything, from the writing of a book to the making of a pudding. If admirable before marriage, how much more afterwards! Happy the man who is managed by an English wife!

Fred [*shaking his fan*] O Count, that's all pretence! You know now *you* wouldn't like an English wife!

Count. Mais, mademoiselle, I assure you it is the ardent desire of my heart to win one of the fair daughters of Albion. Ah, if I only dared to hope—

[*Leers at Fred.*]

Enter MR. SYKES.

Mr. S. Here, Count, is that violin I was speaking to you about. It has been handed down from the remotest ages. Queen Elizabeth used to dance as she played on it. It isn't every one I would allow to handle it.

Frank [*aside*] Confound this fish thing! it's come undone!

[*Pulls at the fitchu.*]

Ara. [*whispering in study*] Fred, you are all coming to pieces—come here!

[*Fred goes to study-door, and Arabella's hands are seen helping him with the dress.*]

Mr. S. Arabella, find me that fantasia on "Airy nothings," and come and hold up the music while I play to the Count. What *are* you standing there for? Make haste!

Fred. It's all very well to say make haste, uncle; but if you had the pins and needles in your left leg, you would—O!—ugh!—ah!—it's better now. Where *is* the music?

Mr. S. [*testily*] Why, where you put it, to be sure. You always keep it.

Ara. [*in study*] On the piano.

Mr. S. [*starting*] What the deuce is that!

Fred. Only the cat mewing, uncle. Pussy! poor pussy! Here's the music.

Count. Permit me, mademoiselle!

[Takes the music, and squeezes Fred's hand, who casts down his eyes, and pretends to be coy. Mr. S. plays on violin.]

Ara. [*in study*] Ring for tea, Fred. [*Fred rings.*]

Enter SARAH with tea, &c. Giggles explosively.

Fred makes signs to her to be quiet.

Count. That is really charming! ravissant, mon cher Sykes! You have the touch of a seraph! You happy man, with such a fiddle and such a niece! How I should like to hear mademoiselle play!

Mr. P. She plays on the piano, and you shall hear her presently. Now, Count, *à la thé*—that's a

thing you can't get in France, I flatter myself. Nor shrimps either; try 'em—mongez!

Enter SARAH with toast; looks at Fred, giggles, and rushes out of the room roaring.

Mr. S. What the deuce is the matter with that girl!

Fred. She's rather hysterical, that's all, uncle.

Mr. S. Fiddlesticks! And why on earth does she leave all the doors open?

[Gets up, shuts door back, then study-door.]

Fred [aside] O, confound it; he's been and shut up the girls just as I was going to ask Arabella how much water to put in!

Count. Mademoiselle eats nothing. A little shrimp?

Fred [affectedly] No, thank you, Count. I never touch shrimps; they are such vulgar things—all legs and tails!

Mr. S. [at side-table] How badly this salmon-pie is cooked! That girl makes a hash of everything except mutton; but there, I never knew a woman who could dress anything except herself.

[Seats himself, and gorges salmon-pie.]

Fred. Another cup of tea, monsieur? How many lumps? One more?

Count. Any cup from that fair hand would be sweet to these lips!

Mr. S. [aside] He's getting on like bricks with

Arabella. [*Aloud*] Where's that boy Fred this evening?

Fred. Out fishing, I think, uncle. [*Aside*] I wish he were.

Mr. S. Well, don't let's wait for him. We all have finished, I think. *Nous avong monges et nous avong bou, eh, Count?* My dear, you go and play one of Twangdillo's "Dewdrops" to the Count, and I'll take my usual little nap.

Fred. If you won't really have another cup—not a little half cup?

Count [*theatrically*] Ah, mademoiselle, the power, not the inclination, is wanting.

[*Fred goes to piano, and plays. Mr. S. goes to sleep in arm-chair. Count comes down centre.*]

Count [*aside*] She is pretty, very pretty; all these English girls are. But, then, what hands, and what feet! Still, I might get accustomed to *them*; and if the uncle is so rich—a good, solid, golden uncle—why, I could not do for myself better. She has not certainly the grace of Coralie. [*Opens locket*] *Pauvre Coralie!* Nor the wit of Thérèse, petite Mignonne, [*opens another*], nor does she charm me like that little Trautchen. *Tiens!* what was the name of my little German? Ah, I am getting old! So many have occupied this heart, that I cannot remember them all. But now I must *settle*, as these good English say, and have an English wife, and an Eng-

lish uncle. It will be triste, perhaps; but what of that? On n'est pas toujours gai! Allons! I will begin the attack at once. These English like plain-speaking. [*Goes to piano, and leans over Fred*] Ah, mademoiselle, what a wonderful talent you possess! what a touch! And when joined to such beauty—

[*Takes Fred's hand.*]

Fred [*playing softly with one hand*] O, Count, don't! You will make poor little me quite vain.

Enter CHARLEY GOAHEAD L.

Charley [*aside*] Hullo, why who the devil's that! I come round through the garden to get one last word with my own Arabella, and there's old Sykes, as I expected, fast asleep; but there's my Arabella allowing that ruffian to hold her hand. By Jove, it's too much! Perfidious girl, are you faithless like all the rest of your sex? O, Arabella!

[*Great emotion.*]

Count. Do not turn yourself away. Be not so charmingly mutinous! your coldness crushes me. Do you not think you could?—Say yes.

Fred. O, monsieur—I—I! You—you quite frighten me! You naughty man, you are making me blush—you really are!

Count. The blush of a rose—a sea-shell! so becoming, so pink, so tempting! [*Tries to kiss Fred.*]

Fred [*starting up and hitting out*] Hullo! drop that, or, by Jove—

[*Count falls over sofa and bursts open study-door.*]

Charley [*advancing*] Bravo! give it him, Arabella!

Ara. [*rushing out of study*] Charley, my beloved!

Mr. S. [*waking up*] What's all this noise about? Arabella, why—[*looking from one to the other*] which is Arabella?

Polly. Ha, ha, ha! which indeed!

Fred [*throwing himself on sofa*] Ha, ha! the cat's out of the bag now! Ha, ha!

Charley [*embracing Arabella*] My blue enslaver, then it was not you who let that old scamp—

Ara. [*in incipient hysterics*] No, no, Charley! it was only—

Mr. S. [*sternly*] Arabella, I command you instantly to leave off kissing that young reprobate, and explain who is this young lady on the sofa, who has had the impertinence to deceive me all this evening!

Ara. O, uncle, don't be angry; it's only Fred!

Mr. S. Fred!—And where's the Count?

Polly [*laughing*] Here he is, Mr. Sykes. The tea was too strong for him, but he's coming round.—Come, get up, do!

Count [*sits up on the floor and rubs his head*] Que diable! Hang—the deuce! O, my poor head! Sacr-r-r—but the English meess *can* hit hard!

[*Retires limping up back with Polly, who explains everything to him.*]

Mr. S. And pray, what does that young man want here?

Charley [*crossing his arms defiantly*] I am Miss Sykes' affianced husband—Mr. Charles Goahead!

Ara. [*falling on her knees*] O, beloved uncle! I entreat you to give your consent to our union. I have loved Charley for centuries. O, uncle! you were once in love yourself.

Mr. S. [*grimly*] Yes, and a precious time I had of it! There, don't cry; I never could stand a woman's tears. I can't say I admire your taste; but if you are resolved to have your own way, I suppose I shall know no peace till I say yes; only don't expect anything from me. I will pay your passage out to New Zealand, and that's all.

Charley [*sarcastically*] Generous creature! pray don't trouble yourself about her. I will provide a side-saddle and a tin pannikin, and with those highly useful articles we will roam the world together.

Mr. S. Hold your tongue, sir! Do you suppose I wish my niece to starve, whatever *you* may do? [*To Arabella*] Arabella, you are a fool; but no one shall say I don't do my duty to you. I shall give you ten thousand pounds to start with, though you're sure to make ducks and drakes of the money, and great geese of yourselves.

Ara. O, uncle—O, Charley, hold me! I'm going!
[*Charley supports her to a sofa, and fans her tenderly.*]

Count [*coming down*] *Mon cher Sykes*, I quite understand it all. It is quite a romance, and I honour and respect your tender heart; shake hands, you are a very fine fellow! I come down to Brighton to tea, and I find myself assisting at a little domestic drama. It will form a delightful addition to my book on the English.—[*To Charley*] Shake hands, sir.—[*To Ara.*] *Mademoiselle*, may you be happy! Be happy, my children!

Polly. Well, I must say it's the jolliest wind-up to a spree that I ever heard of. You've got the *Charming Pauper* at last, *Arabella*; and now you had better begin economising at once: leave off taking sugar in your tea, and turn all your old silk dresses.

Ara. [*sentimentally*] It's a poor silk that knows no turning.

Polly [*to Count*] As for you, *Count*, I don't pity you in the least. You deserved to have your ears boxed for thinking you might kiss English young ladies; I think I must take you in hand myself, and teach you better manners.—[*To Mr. S.*] And now, *Mr. Sykes*, let me give you one word of advice: keep for the future to your "Airy nothings" and your violin, and don't attempt to interfere with girls—they won't stand it, and you can't understand them.

Mr. S. Well, well, *Miss Polly*, it seems you are right for once. Now let's all go to supper.

Polly. And I shall propose the health of the Emigrant Pair.

Charley. Joining to that toast another—The Girls of the Period.

CHARLEY. ARA. MR. S. POLLY. COUNT. FRED.

Chorus.

*Strepitoso.*⁷

Music from the "Château à Toto" (OFFENBACH).



Now to sup- per let us go, For we are hun- gry, you must know! But

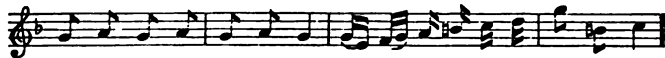


first we'll ask a - bout our Play; Give your o - pin - ions free - ly, pray!

Polly.



But don't be too se - vere on me, Tho' a girl of the pe - ri - od I may be! I'm

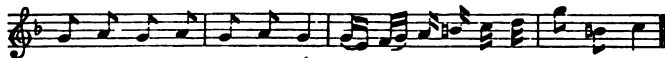


none the worse be - cause I can Ride or shoot as well as an - y man!

Count.



I see it doesn't do to kees, Without her leave, an English



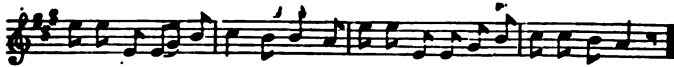
Mees; Tho' but a boy 'twas af - ter all, I've learnt this les - son from my



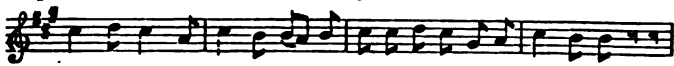
fall: The ways of Par - is wont do here, Nor an English wife for me, I fear!

Arabella.

We're both so hap-py, Charley and I, We don't know whether to laugh or cry!



Don't call it fool-ish to pre-fer, To mar-ry for love up-on nothing a-year!

Charley.

Spite of Sa-tur-day Re-view, The girl of the pe-riod I like, I do!



Clever, and brave, and true-hearted is she! Then a girl of the period for me, for me!

Chorus.

Don't you think that this is true? Oh, yes! oh, yes! We're sure you do. You



must know many such girls as these, Then don't be a-fraid to say so, please!



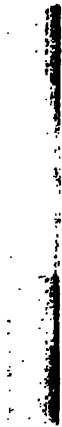
Clever, and brave, and true-hearted is she! Then a girl of the period for me, for me!

THE END.

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